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“C HEATING THE CORONER” SUGGESTED BY MR. GEORGE MOORE’S VERDICT THAT ART IS DEAD BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN

IN a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, John Lloyd Balderston records an interview with George Moore, in which the latter, speaking *ex cathedra* from his study-chair and fondling a black cat, announces that art is dead. And under art he includes all the fine arts and crafts as well as music and literature. It died in 1880 and the cause of death was locomotion. For art, says the oracular Mr. Moore, is the product of parochialism, of segregation; and the cosmopolitanism, due to locomotion, has killed it. The thesis is entertainingly stated and presents, on its surface, so many suggestions of truth that it may be taken more seriously than perhaps even Mr. Moore intended, for he has a pretty taste in paradox.

It will be admitted by all except the invincibly complacent that art is sick; that all forms of it are infected more or less with the toxin of commercialism, and that the condition of the patient has been weakened by the substitution of mechanical reproduction for the free creativeness of the artist. Further, that, in consequence of its sickness, art has lost much of its prestige; that compared with the healthy activities of life, it is looked upon by many as of small account. But to admit the sickness is not to despair of the patient, still less to mistake a syncope for death and to assume the functions of the coroner.

“All art,” says Mr. Moore, “springs from the attempt to imitate nature.” This scarcely covers the origin of the arts of architecture and music; but it does emphasize the fact that art originated in some instinct of man, and, unless man is to-day physiologically different from primitive man, which physiologists deny, it is reasonable to

assume that the instinct inheres and must be gratified.

Mr. Moore calls it an instinct of imitation. Imitation is certainly involved but primarily, one may believe that art springs from the instinct to make things, to fit and fashion things; it is the rudimentary instinct of the creator, the organizer. He is influenced by his instinct of imitation in the way in which he makes, fits, or fashions things; but primarily it is the constructive instinct that impels him. He makes things to serve his needs, tools whereby he can fashion other necessary things, and in all these he satisfies an instinct of fitness. Thus primitive man selected flints and gave them a saw-edge to render them more fit for cutting. He learned to fashion clay into vessels, discovering by experiment the fittest forms.

Later he obeyed his instinct of imitation by scratching on a reindeer horn a row of chamois heads and the likeness of a reindeer, or incised a wavy line round his drinking-vessel, perhaps in imitation of water. In both these directions he had developed something more than necessary fitness; an instinct to fit his handiwork to some inner call of creating for the joy of creating.

When, after an immensity of time, these early efforts had developed into architecture we find another instinct brought into play; that of arrangement and orderliness, the instinct to be a creator had developed a sense of proportion, balance, relation and harmony that permitted man to be an organizer. He had begun to exercise the highest function of creation.

If we accept this concept of the artist, as fundamentally a creator and organizer, we may, in the first place, feel confident that art is neither dead nor in risk of dying, and secondly may have a suspicion that the limits hitherto assigned to art have been too narrow; that, both as a principle and a practise, art may spread beyond the

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specialized arts and be coterminous with life. This is a modern conception of art, toward which under the watchword efficiency, the world has been for some time heading. But Mr. Moore has evidently overlooked it. He is thinking in the old, restricted terms of art as applicable solely to the fine arts and to literature and music.

He dates the death of art at 1880; that is to say, at the time that the tenets of painting as developed by Manet, Monet and Whistler, were fairly well recognized. The battle of Impression had been won: Art for Art's sake was entrenched against intermittent attacks, and Mr. Moore having done his bit in his two books, "Impressions and Opinions" and "Modern Painting," retired from active service as a critic and an interpreter of the new movement, and devoted himself to developing the functions of a novelist. As to the movement that was then new, he seems to have assumed that it was final; that further evolution was impossible and that there were no more battles forthcoming.

He seems to explain his belief in the finality of impressionism by saying that "the life of art depends on the discovery of new ways of seeing, on fresh vision, new formulae." The statement and its context suggest in the first place that Mr. Moore knows nothing of any subsequent or, indeed, possible change in the painter's way of seeing.

Meanwhile, it was about 1880, when art "died," that a young painter shook off the dust of Paris and returned to his native city, Aix in Provence. He had been a schoolmate of Zola, who had dedicated to him his "Confession of Claude." He had gone to Paris with the intention of pursuing a literary career, but Zola had introduced him to Manet. The latter's personality and work decided him to become a painter, and he enrolled himself enthusiastically as one of Manet's pupils. But with all his admiration of the master of impressionism he was an independent student, and studied also the masters in the Louvre. By degrees he became aware that the great examples of impressionism fell short of the great works of the old masters in impressiveness and power to stir and hold the imagination. Why was it? How could the deficiencies of impressionism be reinforced? Might it not be possible to build a bridge that should unite impressionism with the Louvre?

So, about 1880, the man, now in the prime of life, returned to Aix to think it out and work out the problem; and it was not until some twenty-

five years later, toward the time of his death, that Paris again became aware of Cézanne.

To-day the world, except such critics as do not keep up with the march of time, knows Cézanne as the hermit-herald of a "new way of seeing," a "fresh vision," a "new formula." His attempt to build a bridge occupied the rest of his life—a life of tireless experiment that resulted in successes more or less complete and, as he admitted, many failures and only partially realized ideals. Meanwhile its actuating principle was clear and constant.

Impressionism had relied upon the natural way of seeing and, especially in the case of Seurat, Monet, Signac and Pissarro, had derived both a working theory and technical suggestions from the researches of optical scientists. True to the spirit of the age that was realizing more and more the desirability of basing progress on the firm foundation of the ascertained facts of science, Cézanne sought to carry the application of science further and under the inspiration of a new motive. It was a motive at once technical and psychological. It aimed to suggest the actual cubic capacity for forms and spaces, and thereby to stimulate and impress the imagination.

For the impressionists, influenced on the one hand by Japanese prints and on the other by the discovery that sunshine gives an illusion of flatness to forms in nature, strove for flatness in their composition. In following the example of the prints of the Ukiyoe (The Passing Show) they had accepted the motive of representing the transitory, the fugitive, the superficialities of the visible world and had rejected that realization of the plastic, the tactile qualities, and that reliance upon the enhanced sense of actual forms, occupying actual hollows of space, which distinguish alike the great masters of Italy and the little masters of Holland genre. In the second place, this capacity of painting to make us feel the significance of form and of the distance of space was further sacrificed to the defects of eyesight when partially blinded by a strong light. It was a capitulation of the higher possibilities of art to the limitations imposed on us by nature, and in thus making a fetish of the limitations it was denying or at least neglecting the truth of nature.

So Cézanne set himself to the discovering of how he could apply the hints that impressionists had derived from science to the rendering of the cubic capacity of forms and spaces to increase their expressional appeal to the imagination.

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The effort involved a new way of seeing; that is to say, as compared with the impressionists; though actually as old as painting. It saw form as bulk instead of as surfaces, and saw space as not merely a background, but as having hollow-ness and distance and as being a constructive element in spatial composition. In order to render this new way of seeing, Cézanne made a new use of the palette of colors that the impressionists had formulated from the researches into optics made by the scientists.

The spirit of the age is to subject everything to scientific analysis and to employ intellectual processes in every form of organization. The artist must no longer be a mere receiver of impressions and react like a child to his sensations. He should study more exhaustively the facts of nature and intellectualize his sensations. It is not sufficient to summarize the appearances of surfaces, the artist must take into account the complex web of planes or different angles of which the surfaces are composed. We must build up facet by facet, as far as possible, and thereby suggest the reality of structural formation below the surfaces. We cannot reproduce all the facets; but his synthesis, if it is to conform to the spirit of the time, must be vastly more subtle and complex, and nearer to the facts of nature than that which satisfied the impressionists. The modern artist must be more alert than ever to sensations, but must submit them to correspondingly intense intellectual scrutiny in order that his synthesis may be more effectively organic. In a word, he must work toward a superior organization more efficient in the sense that it interprets more convincingly the significance of form and space.

Where the impressionist swept his brush over the canvas or employed separate touches in close juxtaposition to produce a sense of vibration, the artist of to-day multiplies the planes, building them up into a compact fabric that presents the suggestion of structural reality. It is upon emphasizing the facts of form and space that he relies to affect ultimately the imagination. In so doing he will be emulating the old masters, but in a manner peculiarly expressive of his own age, since it responds to the more subtle and varied consciousness of colour-tones and colour relations that the modern artist has derived from science and is aimed at emulating the modern trend toward organization that is at once more complete, more closely founded upon facts and

more deliberately and exhaustively efficient.

And, to repeat, the motive of this new way of seeing and rendering is psychological as well as technical. It not only aims at a more exactly thorough science of technique; involving a stimulus to the intellectual faculty, but it also appeals to the emotional and spiritual imagination. For the imagination is excited in proportion as the mind is encouraged to realize and feel the significance of facts. For example, the beauty of the summer with its masses of luxuriance yields to the beauty of the fall, that is at once more inviting and more marvellously suggestive. The beauty is no longer one of patterns but is structural. Each individual tree proclaims its ordered intricacy of construction; vistas of ground are opened up and the eye can follow the infinite variety of planes of structure as the ground swells upward to the woods. And these no longer are merely patterns of masses against the sky-line. The eye can penetrate the intricacies and intimacies of the woods. The masses are resolved into forms of structures in which the sturdiness of trunks are united with infinite delicacy of branches while the summit of the hills presents no longer a barrier of foliage but a screen of lace-like tracery through which are felt the distances of sky.

The miracle of nature's architecture is revealed; we enjoy an enhanced consciousness of structural facts, and thereby the imagination is incited to a height of feeling in which material sense becomes rarified into the spiritual. It was such a spiritual reaction that Cézanne aimed to stir and he realized, as oneself does in the presence of this scene of nature, that it is to be stirred by an enhanced realization of the significance of natural facts.

Cézanne's example, therefore represents what Mr. Moore declares to be essential to the life of art—"discovery of new ways of seeing, fresh vision and new formula." But it is to be suspected from the context that Mr. Moore is thinking only of the optical vision. He has not moved beyond the condition of 1880, the date he assigns to the death of art. For by that time the world had capitulated to science. Some were frightened, others allured by its promise of power. The vast majority of people, completely ignorant of science, groveled before the claims of science to be the ultimate reason. The old forms of faith and the old standards of life and conduct began to go to pieces, and the world settled down to a period of materialism.

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The *reductio ad absurdum* of this fatalism that made a fetish of science as the sole nostrum of man's salvation is the present World War. But, even before cataclysm, thinking people had realized that a reaction was inevitable; that man only for a short time can live by bread alone; that he has emotional and spiritual appetites that will not forever brook being starved. Mr. Moore, of course, is aware of this, but on his own showing he seems to have overlooked the part that art can play in restoring finer ideals to life. The art of the day to which he looks back so fondly was essentially and frankly an expression of the world's preoccupation with materialism and it had transmitted its blight of emotional and spiritual indifference to the present time. A "fresh vision" is demanded of the artist and is within his reach; one that will help, especially in the restoration of his sense of spiritual values.

There is still another new field for art to which we will return after considering a few of Mr. Moore's propositions. One may omit more than a reference to his remarks about Whistler, by whom he admits that he was once subjugated. In order to prove his subsequent emancipation he digresses into personal recollections that put his former idol in the role of a rather contemptible egoist. This is not atoned for by his admiration of passages in Whistler's "Ten O'Clock," since he is evidently affected mainly if not exclusively by the beauty of the words and has no real critical appreciation of their meaning.

For, implicitly, they protest against the materialistic conception of painting—the conception that impressionists did so much to impose upon art—and enforce the conception of the artist as one who transfigures the facts of life by submitting them to the alembic of his spiritual imagination. And in saying this Whistler virtually asserts that art must continue to live as long as the activities of the spirit survive in man.

Again, "art," says Mr. Moore, "was born in parochialism and cosmopolitanism has killed it." Florence is an instance; a small city, but with a life so concentrated and keen that it cradled a great school of individualistic painters united by a common bond of high ideals of art. Holland while establishing her republic in the seventeenth century included many such civic centres, and as a little country was permeated with an artistic revival. Here a nation's ardour for liberty and self development supplied the immediate impulse,

whereas in Florence it was supplied by a ruling family; but in each case the area was small enough for the influence to penetrate it thoroughly, and sufficiently compact to promote the growth of a school. It is equally certain that when Holland abandoned the natural isolation and proceeded to dabble in foreign fashions and culture, her own art degenerated into lifeless imitation.

On the other hand, it may be possible to lay too much stress on the importance of such centres as these. Florence was but one of the foci of a Renaissance that affected the whole of Italy, and Holland was only taking the lead in a liberating movement that was permeating Western Europe. Athens in her "Great Age" during a period of some thirty years was the leader of what may be called a federated ideal, that held sway over the imagination of all Hellenes from the Aegean to the Pillars of Hercules. And while this ideal found individual expression in focal cities, it was maintained by the coming together of representatives from all parts of the Hellenes world in the National Ceremonial Games, and by the free circulation both of commerce and culture. In this respect, however, a still more remarkable instance is furnished by the growth and ascendancy of the Mohammedan culture. It extended from Gibraltar to the Ganges, including different races as well as focal centres; but, while each of these developed its own peculiar art characteristic, all were influenced by a common ideal which was reinforced by the continual coming and going of students and artists of various races throughout the whole length and breadth of the Mohammedan dominions. Nor must one omit that great stirring in the eleventh century, which flooded Western Europe, culminating in the great age of Gothic Cathedral building.

In fact, by paying too close attention to art centres and schools of art, we may easily overlook the importance of the movements of which they formed but a part, those great periods of artistic abundance which overflowed countries and swept different nations into the current of a common ideal. And in every case it is to be noted that the ideal was not primarily an art ideal; it was the ideal of a common faith, promoting a certain community of conduct, and art was but one of the mediums through which it found natural expression, itself being invigorated by participating in the common ideal.

Now can we sense in the future the possibility

of a new ideal, sufficiently vital to unite not only the citizens of one nation but nations themselves into some community of faith and conduct that will seek and find expression in art—an art that necessarily will exhibit "a new vision" and "new formula"? One may hazard the reply that there are already symptoms of the growth of a new ideal, that of the brotherhood of man; one which will reunite in closest human harmony the citizen of the individual state and will at least mitigate the rivalries of nationalities with some sense of internationalism.

Such an ideal would have little to do with a cosmopolitanism fostered by locomotion; but it is also promoting gradually a better understanding of others outside our own immediate circle and thus tending to closer sympathy and sense of fellowship. Locomotion is, of course, a blessing to the world; such evil as it involves being the result of its misuse. Men, for example, clamour for speed and greater speed; until locomotion is regarded merely as a means of getting from point to point in the shortest time, without reference to any benefits to be gathered by the way. And when the point is reached, so confirmed has become the habit of speed, that men rush through both their business and their pleasure. To speed is being sacrificed understanding, reflection and imagination; everything that tends to the possible expansion of the intellectual, emotional and spiritual faculties. And the starving of the latter must necessarily involve for the time being the atrophy of art. But we may admit all this, thus sorrowfully endorsing Mr. Moore's contention without the pessimism of despair. For experience shows that exaggerations entail their own reactions.

Signs of an awakening are multiplying. Grave issues are occupying to-day the minds of men and women; they are thinking more deeply and with a deeper concern for human and spiritual values. Among other things the belief in scientific efficiency that aimed at securing a maximum of material results, is yielding to a conception of efficiency that includes as an essential aim the mental, emotional and spiritual welfare of the workers. Scientific efficiency must include human efficiency. Cézanne's problem of readjusting the need of science to the claims of art is being extended to economic and social organization. Men and women are working to establish on the foundation of science a new art of life. Scientific

efficiency is to be crowned with artistic efficiency.

It may not be a rash prophecy to suggest that the art of living will be the supreme art of the future, to which the specialized beautiful arts in a fuller degree than ever before, will contribute inspiration and enrichment. For the specialized artist alone enjoys that control of his material and processes which permits him to attain completeness of organic harmony. To the layman, however, dealing with the infinite variety of human material and the varied contingencies and circumstances of life only an approximation to so complete a harmony is possible. But his very limitation will cause the layman, who is working for the beauty as well as the necessities of life, to hold the special arts in higher honour. He will see in them the fulfillment of his own partially fulfilled ideals and a perpetual example to their nearer fulfillment. Moreover, he will need them more and more to round out the beauty of life toward which he strives.

On the other hand, as this larger and more vital relation of art to life is developed, the specialized arts will reach their higher development in proportion to the degree in which they subserve for the time being the art of life. Hitherto in the world's history each of the beautiful arts has had its periods of high development, according as it happened to be the fittest expression for the time being of a nation's necessities and ideals. And as the latter changed, the development of that art has been checked; the wave of movement has declined, later and elsewhere to rise again when the conditions of life called for it. There is no warrant in history for the notion that all arts can reach a high development at any given time in the same country; and the attempt to promote this and to substitute for natural and necessary development an artificial system of enforced production leads only to the commercialization of art and its debasement.

That in the new art of living, to which so many signs are pointing, there will be opportunity of new life for all the arts is no idle belief. But how they will rank in honorableness must depend upon how they measure up to the intellectual, emotional and spiritual needs of the community. As the democratic ideal advances to fuller expression, the specialized arts can no longer depend upon the privilege of traditional prestige. They must prove their value by service to the common weal.

ART IN THE TRENCHES

PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES BY
SOME FRENCH ARTISTS
AT THE FRONT



PASSAGE OF PRISONER SNIPERS

BY GEORGES VICTOR HUGO

Art in the Trenches



THE ATTACK

BY GEORGES VICTOR HUGO



A SPIRITED SKETCH BY AN ARTIST WHO SIGNS ILLEGIBLY



FIRST LINE TRENCHES IN CHAMPAGNE
BY GEORGES VICTOR HUGO



SENTRY AT THE LOOPHOLE
BY GUÉRITOT

CHINESE PAINTING: ITS SIGNIFICANCE AND ITS EFFECT ON AMERICAN ART
BY MARGARET MACLEAN

THE magnificent collections of Oriental paintings owned by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, Mr. Charles L. Freer of Detroit, Dr. Clarence Webster of Chicago, Sir Edmund Walker of Toronto, the late Sir William Van Horne of Montreal, and others, have done much to create a general interest in the art of the Far East, and the special exhibition at Ann Arbor, May, 1910, of Mr. Freer's Oriental and American paintings showed that the spirit of the Orient was gradually impressing itself on the modern art of this continent. To the lovers of art who are seeking to understand better the great forces that lie hidden in the wealth of symbolism in Oriental paintings this interpretation of a classic Chinese landscape may be interesting.

The picture of a Chinese landscape shown in the illustration was not painted to give a view of an actual scene as a photograph would. Indeed, Orientals laugh at the idea of applying the word "art" to a picture that merely reproduces the outward facts of nature. To them this picture reveals great universal thoughts.

This is a Chinese Buddhist representation of the great facts of life. Pine-trees are emblems of eternity; mountains of ages. The peculiar way the mountains are piled up indicate the revolutions of the Wheel of the Law. In Chinese Buddhism all Chinese revolve on this Wheel of the Law until they reach the height of their spirituality, after which they are cast off on the earth for another spell of mortal life. Once again the Wheel takes them up and whirls them on to a still higher plane. This continues until the height of a Buddha is attained, or, if on the downward grade, the depths of the Evil One. There is a Buddhist Purgatory; but this picture is concerned only with the thought that good claims its own upon the eternal heights. The mountains piled up in ridges tell of the revolutions of the Wheel of the Law that bring mortals, as the ages roll on, nearer and nearer to Heaven, wherein is the sun. Do you see it? A red sun, the symbol of happiness. Just one patch of colour in an otherwise black and white painting.

Let your mind be filled with the thought of the great vastness of eternal life: allow your eye to

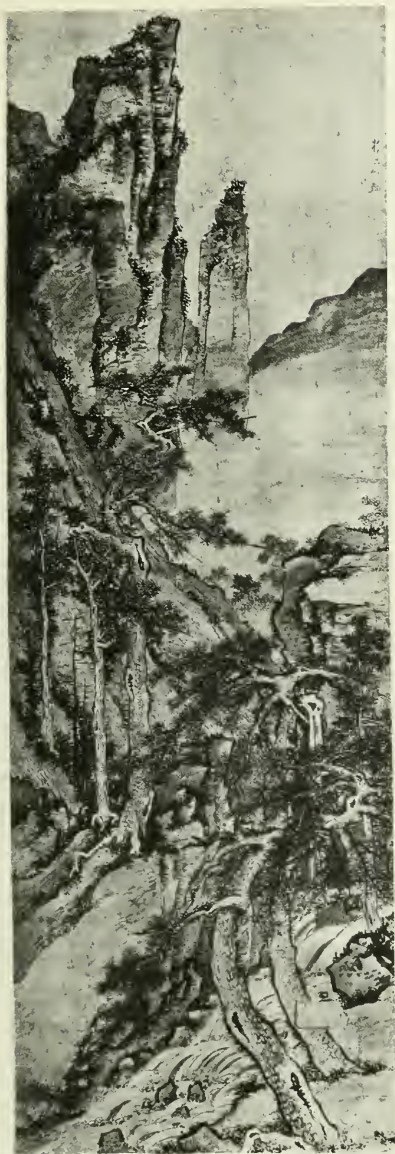
travel slowly up this painting from the rushing river of Perpetuity, from the old pine-trees of Eternity, to the rocks of Ages piled higher and yet higher, and then you will know why there is no indication of the sun until Heaven itself is reached. This sun is merely a decorative symbol. If this sun were a natural sun it would light up the mountain tops, while deep shadows would lie in the valley, and then the sense of the "Great Infinite" would be lost.

On the long journey of life there may be mists, but see! Heaven and the sun are beyond. The Buddhist heaven is extinction—the germ of life is at last killed and extinction, the utter rest of annihilation, follows. When Buddhism was founded in India, oppression and wrong abounded and so heaven, or Nirvana, the utter rest of annihilation, was the ideal of happiness to be sought. The Buddhism of China is somewhat different from that of India. It is well to bear this in mind, for what may be true in one country may not be true in another. The Buddhists of China have a heaven a little lower than Nirvana, which is called the "Pure Land," "the Peaceful Land," or "Western Heaven."

In the almost endless lengths of ages as shown in the painting by the rushing river, the huge pine-trees, the piles upon piles of mountains, man while on the earth is but a small part; consequently the two human figures are small, almost unseen. Nevertheless they are looking upward and are reminded by the mist that the worldly prizes so earnestly sought after by the ignorant masses of mankind are, after all, nothing but mists.

We, with our unromantic thoughts and our practical world filled with molecules, atoms, and electrons, have so marked a preference for the solidity and facts of nature that the spiritualized suggestions of a picture like this meet, I fear, with a shrug of the shoulders and a probable "rubbish! rubbish!" Without an appreciation of and a sympathy for this suggestion to spirit and imagination, few old Chinese paintings can be understood. Suggestion is the key that opens the magic door to the realm of thought.

Buddhism teaches that matter—matter being that with which we have become acquainted by our bodily senses such as touch, or sight—that matter is impermanent and the forms in which matter appear to the eye are temporary. This impermanent matter is the temporary manifestation of the universal spirit which alone is eter-



Royal Ontario Museum Gift of Bishop White, Honan, China

PAINTING ON PAPER

PROBABLY 15TH OR 16TH CENTURY COPY OF A 10TH
OR 11TH CENTURY PAINTING

nal. The Japanese, whose art is founded on the old Chinese, speak of this spirit as "Kokoro," and the highest aim in art is to express this "Kokoro." A picture that merely gives a temporary appearance to objects in nature is not art. A picture only becomes "art" when it expresses the spirit. The aim of the artist is to put into his picture the spirit that resides in the object before him—the spirit actually there. The artist does not create the spirit. It is something beyond his control. In order to free the spirit from the burden of impermanent form he simplifies, generalizes, conventionalizes, until the material facts are reduced to being just the habitation of the spirit—the "Kokoro." In fact, in this picture the material passes out of sight and is forgotten when once the mind has grasped the spiritual.

All this is done by the extraordinary use of the line. There are no shadows, few washes, but the whole meaning is vividly rendered. Even without knowing the symbolism in this painting, no one looking at the bottom of it can turn away without unconsciously allowing the eye to follow up to the top. Why? Because of the marvellous power of the artist in making those trees and mountains manifest the spirit—the "Kokoro." The Chinese and Japanese artists are supreme in suggesting just enough to lead the mind further.

Occidentals have something in their nature which delights in finding fault, hence the most general criticism of Chinese paintings is that there is no perspective, no atmosphere. But there is no need of atmosphere. Atmosphere would at once suggest a time of day, therefore, a limitation. To throw in a thought of season, of time, of locality, would narrow the great idea of eternity. The only limitations of a picture like this are those set by the individual capacity to understand. If Western rules of perspective and atmosphere are applied to this picture, it is a failure; but, is it a failure? Have you ever been on a mountain top with a wonderful and vast view before you? If so, you will remember that the particular forms of the trees, rivers, and nature generally, ceased to concern you because your whole being was filled with the great spirit of exaltation. You came down feeling you had been in a Divine Presence. Then you know, in part at least, the impression made on an educated Buddhist mind by a picture of this kind, and also have some idea of the meaning of Chinese symbolic landscape painting.



STUDIO BUILDING ON THE SITE OF WASHINGTON'S HOSPITAL

NEW SCHOOL ON OLD GROUND

THAT memorable line of Schiller's "The eye sees the Heaven open," alluding to the dawn of love in a youthful breast, might just as well have commemorated a visit to Chester County, Pennsylvania, with a trip to Chester Springs and the Pickering Valley. Here amidst incomparable surroundings has sprung a new school of art with every promise of efficient vitality. The intimate knowledge of Chester County, possessed by Mr. John Frederick Lewis, president of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, acquired by more than twenty years' residence added to a reverential love of this particular slice of Pennsylvania, gave him the opportunity that he was quick to seize of purchasing a large tract of ground, comprising some forty acres, and including a number of historic buildings, which he foresaw would be an admirable nucleus for an open-air school of art in connection with the Academy.

The hotel where Washington maintained his headquarters still stands, a substantial building of stone, and additions to it comprise spacious dining-room, bedrooms and dormitories. Very dignified and at the same time quaint is the entrance lobby, with its old tiled floor, low raftered ceiling, and supporting columns, needing no portrait of Washington over the hearth to assign the

period. The site of the old frame hospital for sick and wounded soldiers in the times of the Revolution, is occupied by a large, modern school-house, with excellent studios and assembly rooms. It looks from a 700-foot eminence over typical Pennsylvania farm-land and the beauties of the valley enhanced by several famous springs, which provided the locality with its old names of Yellow Springs and Bath, and with the pleasant and oft-repeated reminiscence of how Jenny Lind bathed in the pure water of the Diamond Spring and profited exceedingly in the process.

The turmoil of the past is over; nothing but memory and tradition haunts this valley that once played so important a part in American history. The dead have buried their dead, the stage has been swept and garnished; a new set of actors has replaced the old, and theirs is the task to create new history.

The advantages of fine-art instruction in such surroundings to supplement the work of the classroom and to give opportunities of study in summer to those unable to do much in the winter are obvious. The transformation has now been effected, some teachers and students are already in residence, each day brings others. Every opportunity is given for great art and, if great art does not follow in the wake of this happily inaugurated school, we can only blame the pupils themselves. *Nous verrons.* W. H. DE B. N.



MEN'S BUILDING AND FACULTY BUILDING OPPOSITE



HALL FORMERLY WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS, SEPTEMBER 16, 1777



DECORATIONS IN THE HOTEL TRAYMORE, ATLANTIC CITY

BY GEORGE HARDING

MURALS BY HARDING BY EVA NAGEL WOLF

EXPERIENCES, the result of traveling to the ends of the earth, inciting the vivid imagination of the versatile young Philadelphia artist, George Harding, have given to the American public a mural decoration that is most unusual in conception, colour and execution, yet typical of the American hostelry—The Hotel Traymore—in America's great playground, Atlantic City. It gladdens the artist and enralls the layman with pure colours, well drawn figures, and entertaining subject.

The Isle of Enchantment! With this theme, the artist has decorated in a manner as unique as the material drawn upon, the large circular café. The panels balancing one side of this room, which is one hundred feet in diameter, show a fleet of sun-lighted Eastern craft beyond the sand dunes which run around the entire room. The next panel is one of nearly life-size figures, disembarking from a wondrous sailing craft. Standard bearers, gaily dressed musicians and dancing figures prance across the sand dunes and past wind-swept and gnarled pine trees. The central panel of all is a group of these dancing figures between two pine trees: while balancing the landing panel is another procession coming out of the gate, beyond which lies the City of the Isle of Enchantment with its Arabian Night palaces.

On the wall of the other half of the circular room and beyond the same sort of sand dunes, primeval natives of a sort only found in the South Sea islands peep in astonishment at the antics of the procession opposite. The costumes and instruments are repeated in the head-dresses and shields of the natives and the same ultramarine sea and gold-leaf sky is a background to them.

The square columns in the room have been treated as panels. Peacocks, cockatoes, parrots and flamingoes make brilliant panels against the dark pine trees on the wall. On other columns about the musician's space are brilliantly costumed dancers against a gold-leaf background.

Then there is the problem of artificial lighting; doors, windows, ventilators and the heating apparatus. As if this were not enough to distract the artist, there was the fact that the room was not ten feet high. This was serious and it was thought necessary to change to a higher ceiling level the middle portion of the ceiling, a circular space about forty feet in diameter and three feet higher than the balance of the ceiling, by fitting in a mirror. But with the advent of the mirror comes the added problem of reflection. The illusion that a pool is overhead is carried out by painting upside down on the vertical surface below the glass. Cranes, leopards, bullfrogs, lily-pads, peacocks with all the colour of the tropical jungle, painted as a reflection below to come right side up in the mirror. Looking up, one has in-



DECORATIONS IN THE HOTEL TRAYMORE
ATLANTIC CITY
BY GEORGE HARDING

Murals by Harding



DECORATIONS IN THE HOTEL TRAYMORE, ATLANTIC CITY

BY GEORGE HARDING

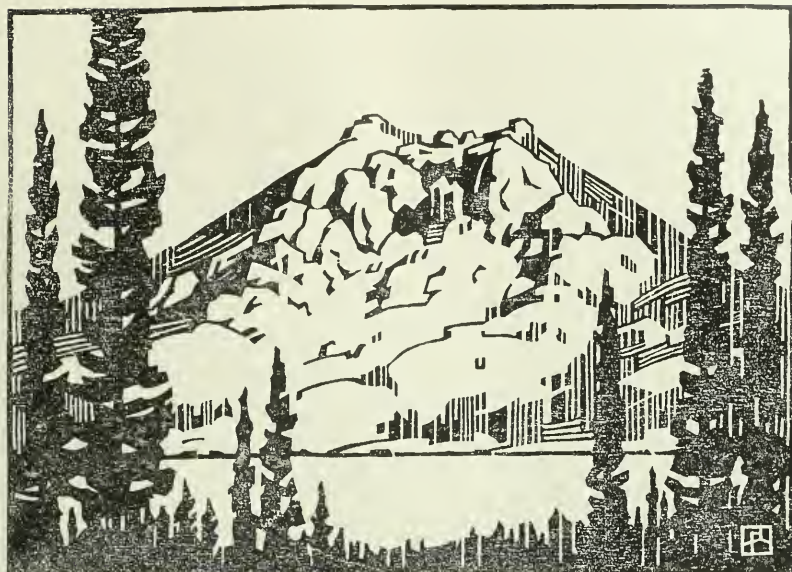
deed the impression of seeing through a pool. This was but one of the many problems encountered. As with columns so with the ceiling painting: everything had to be designed in colour and shape to compose with the main mural decorations on the walls, not only from one point, but

from every point. The material used from the curiously shaped musical instruments to the head-dresses impress one that it is gained from the artist's own knowledge, while the atmosphere is that of one of the far East India islands whither journeyed the travellers in Arabian Nights.



DECORATIONS IN THE HOTEL TRAYMORE, ATLANTIC CITY

BY GEORGE HARDING



THE MEDIEVAL MOUNTAIN

WOOD-BLOCK PRINT BY DEAN BABCOCK

THE WOOD-CUT PRINTS OF DEAN BABCOCK

BY THEO. MERRILL FISHER

A CHANCE meeting with Helen Hyde when she was visiting friends in Colorado, a few years ago, seems to Dean Babcock one of the crucial points in his artistic career. Then just out of art school, and as yet uncertain of his powers, the opportunity of discussing with Miss Hyde the history and methods of the Japanese print makers and her own work in this field, gave Babcock at once the inspiration and essential technical knowledge needed for initial effort along similar lines.

Fortunately, as time proved, the enthusiasm of the moment was more than the "flash in the pan" experience of so many artistic experiments. Taken up as a possible means of self-discovery and quite in the amateur spirit, the artist soon found that it was his good fortune to have been introduced to a means of expression which was fascinating in its unusualness and challenging in its endless opportunities for experiment. His

original purpose has been justified not only in the splendid training in design which has come from his studies, but also in the production of a number of subjects which of their kind are probably unsurpassed.

To the print worker there are two courses open. He may turn over his original design to artisans for the carving of the blocks and the printing, or he may himself be both artist and craftsman and so make the finished print entirely a product of his own genius and handiwork.

One who, like Babcock, prefers the latter course can hardly carry on print making in a commercial way unless he give it his attention almost to the exclusion of all other artistic endeavour.

It is as a diversion rather than a commercial phase of his art activities that he regards his print work and, of course, entirely secondary to his examples in oil and water-colour from the standpoint of both reputation and revenue. His limited total of print subjects to date, numbering in all less than a dozen, is therefore readily accounted for.

The Wood-Cut Prints of Dean Babcock

From one to six blocks, depending on the number of separate colours the design requires, have to be carved for each subject. Ultimate success we see then, is a matter of more than artistic ability in the usual sense of the term. To facility in design we must add patience, manual dexterity and a sort of mathematical as well as artistic ingenuity. These personal resources rather than any knowledge of tricks of the process, which indeed is extremely simple in its elements, are the main essentials of accomplishment.

colours must be placed in masses with no blending, as is possible in oil painting, for instance, the master of his craft or the bungler is revealed at the very outset.

Following the Japanese precedent, cherry is the wood the artist generally uses for the printing blocks. The carving is done with a set of knives, gouges and chisels which he has himself ground, after Japanese models of which he had illustrations. On each block is pasted a tracing of the original design made transparent by oiling. As



THE JAPANESE TREE

WOOD-BLOCK PRINT BY DEAN BABCOCK

At this point a consideration of the various processes employed by Babcock may be of interest. It should be remarked, first of all, concerning the original picture to be reproduced, that if the final outcome is to be praiseworthy, the artist's drawing must be such as to lend itself to the special requirements of the reproductive process. In the nature of the case, simplicity of composition and an elimination of detail in drawing are fundamental. Colour must be handled from the standpoint of its decorative quality and the power of a few tones skilfully used to suggest vastly more than is actually depicted. As the

printing of each of the particular lines and masses of one colour is the function of the separate blocks, the craftsman cuts away from these all the rest of the design. The part so left in relief is consequently the printing surface.

A Japanese etching paper of a very tough and fibrous sort is used. At first Babcock adhered strictly to the Oriental method of slightly moistening the paper, but experimentation has shown him that as the climatic conditions of dry Colorado are so dissimilar from those of moist Japan as to make duplication of this part of the original technique at best only approximate, he now employs

The Wood-Cut Prints of Dean Babcock

dry paper. This is rubbed into contact with the blocks by heavy pressure from a large photographic mounting roller. He has found that this manner of handling secures a suggestion of the texture and grain of the wood which are elements of charm in the finished print.

Another variation from the methods of the Japanese masters is in the use for printing of water-colours without the addition of rice paste or other body colour. Translucence rather than opaqueness of tone is in this way obtained.

It is the artist's aim, so far as possible, to make each print an individual work of art. So he runs off at one time only a small number from each set of blocks. In this way he can vary the tones of each to suit his fancy or even plan two or more distinct colour schemes for each subject.

Being as he is ardently devoted to out-of-door life, a student of nature and, and finding in landscape subjects the compositions which especially appeal to him, it is obvious that such a wonderland as Estes Park should attract Babcock as the place for both his work and year-around home. When we know, too, his particular interest in carefully worked-out design, and what we may term an elemental treatment of his compositions, it is equally obvious that the winter phase, when a mantle of snow has blotted out a world of pictorial unessentials, should be that of greatest appeal.

We find in Dean Babcock's prints, as in all his other work, a distinct mastery in design, marked decorative quality and a skilful use of colour.

Pictorial interest is obtained not only without the sacrifice of natural form but by a quite faithful adherence to it. His natural forms have remarkable accuracy but are free from undue literalism and the attempt to reproduce petty detail. As to composition, he tells us that his aim is to find and emphasize nature's own designs rather than use natural forms as simply the basis of his own arrangements.

In the sense that he has caught the essential elements of character in his mountains, rocks, trees and streams and has so skilfully set them forth that we are impressed instantly with their reality, we might even term his work photographic. The discerning cannot fail to find here a wonderfully vivid depiction of nature which, though fundamentally truthful, is more poetic than a mere representation would be. Objectivity in the largest and broadest sense of the word his work has, for it reflects an intimate knowledge of the snowy peaks and timbered wilderness and a fresh, vital conveyance of their meaning.

BUREAU OF ADVICE

ON PAINTINGS

THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO gives authoritative opinions upon old and modern paintings. Mr. Raymond Wyer, who is a recognized authority, is in charge of this department and will give special attention to letters addressed to this magazine under the above heading.



THE LONE MAGPIE

WOOD-BLOCK PRINT BY DEAN BABCOCK

LOST PAINTINGS AND OTHER MATTERS
BY MARRION WILCOX

THE COLLECTOR.—Sorry, Mr. Director, but I really can't afford to give the Art Museum anything more just at present.

THE DIRECTOR.—I'm sorry, too—heartily sorry. I can only hope for better luck next time.

THE COLLECTOR.—Don't go yet. There's something I'd like to speak about. . . . I wish we had a catalogue of the *lost* old paintings by great masters. It would include, for example, the lost original (by Giorgione) of the *David* in the Imperial Gallery at Vienna, and the lost original (quite certainly by Velasquez) of another copy in the same Viennese gallery, namely, Mazo's portrait of the *Infanta Margarita*. It would include also the lost originals (both by Titian) of the Duke of Westminster's copy of *Urbino and his Son*, and of Lord Malmesbury's copy of *Lucretia*. It would include the lost series of illustrations (by Michelangelo himself—think of that!) for the *Divina Commedia* of Dante, and the sketch (by Velasquez) of that Prince of Wales who was afterward Charles I., the loss of which my old friend de Beruete used to deplore. These are a few of the great things that may still be found. . . .

THE DIRECTOR.—Suppose we *should* discover all precious lost originals, together with a lot of lost school-pictures and lost good old copies? Let us suppose they all belonged to you and me.

THE COLLECTOR.—Gladly!

THE DIRECTOR.—Well, then. Should we have them catalogued, hung in serried rows, and exhibited publicly in a gallery no better suited to the purpose than are, with a few exceptions, the European public art galleries and museums—or, to be frank and fair, our own American galleries, with, perhaps, a few noteworthy exceptions here also? Wouldn't the precious old pictures *remain* lost?

THE COLLECTOR.—Don't exaggerate.

THE DIRECTOR.—I mean, of course, to all intents and purposes *lost to sight*—if you could never look at them in the way it was intended they should be looked at.

THE COLLECTOR (deliberating).—I know what you mean, and I often think of a saying of one of our distinguished art critics or experts, to the effect that the public collections of Europe seem to put every possible or conceivable obstacle in

the way of our enjoyment. He believes, if I rightly remember, that each masterpiece should be isolated in a special niche like the image of a jealous god, and he complains that, on the contrary, it is often stuck like a postage stamp on a wall covered with paintings that have little or nothing but archaeological or historical interest to recommend them. And another writer, looking backward to the times when altar-pieces and easel-pictures were visible in the very places for which their painters had designed them—and therefore in their own sympathetic surroundings—manifests an art-lover's longing for the restoration of surroundings that might at least be suitable, though, naturally, never again quite the same. . . . I fancy you think we should never consent to public exhibition of really great pictures until provision has been made for showing them in their own sympathetic surroundings—so that we can really and adequately see them—so that their supreme qualities (often not the most obvious ones), which make them what they are, shall not be, as you put it, practically "lost to sight."

THE DIRECTOR.—Exactly! . . . Now, what do you think about it?

THE COLLECTOR.—I should like, of course, to isolate every masterpiece in a special niche, or, if that is not practicable, I should like to build galleries with wall-space so ample that even those pictures which lack something of the superlative quality that we revere in the great masterpieces need not be crowded together; since I find it very difficult to appreciate fully any single painting when others *in the same field of vision* compete with it for my attention. Moreover, many a good picture to-day hangs where you cannot back away to get it at the right distance; or the glass protecting it mirrors other objects so clearly that your gaze can at no hour, from no angle, quite overcome the confusing reflections. In the latter case you can more literally employ your pet phrase, "lost to sight." And, furthermore, for the better enjoyment of all the old paintings, I should like to reproduce such surroundings as they had originally. That is what I should like to do if it were at all possible to carry out such an ideal plan. But *would* it be possible?

THE DIRECTOR.—With only a small collection, that certainly could be done. Moreover it is, I think, possible for us to achieve, even with very large collections, vastly better results here and

now, or in the near future, than any to which we have hitherto attained in this country. Let's start with the proposition that all the various collections in a large museum of art should be arranged in chronological order, to bring out the historical, as well as the æsthetic, relationships. . . .

THE COLLECTOR.—But I prefer the purely æsthetic to the chronological arrangement.

THE DIRECTOR.—Certainly: within each group, the æsthetic; but the larger groups themselves in chronological order, so that a visitor can observe and study the history of art, from the earliest times to our own day, simply by making intelligent use of his eyes in one gallery after another, taking the rooms or galleries in the prescribed sequence and consulting such catalogues as will be supplied then—the last word in competent connoisseurship. That ideal arrangement was, as you of course know, not indeed realized but approximated long ago in a European museum, and maintained on a very large scale. We should do the same thing in America on a much larger scale, planning the development of a more nearly perfect art museum with such liberality that it may, through the steady and vigorous growth that will be insured by public appreciation of its noble aim—so high and yet so easy to understand—become the very first in all the world.

THE COLLECTOR.—Hold hard! We were talking about the arrangement and the display of paintings only, and now you are planning the entire museum, with all its collections—its architecture, its sculpture, and what not, as well as the pictures!

THE DIRECTOR.—Quite so. I do that because a systematized collection of paintings in the midst of unorganized collections of (as you say) architecture, sculpture, and what not, could never produce its proper effect. It must be part of one harmonious development that shall prevail in every part of the splendid museum of the future. . . . Naturally, the effort to arrange and display the pictures in such a manner as to illustrate the history of painting in all important schools will give us harmonious combinations and help us to show many of the pictures, though, perhaps, not every last and least one, in perfectly sympathetic, not conflicting or hostile, surroundings.

THE COLLECTOR.—I suppose you have thought about the cost. For the additional buildings your plan necessitates, and for maintenance, we must

have—I mean, beside what we have already—how much?

THE DIRECTOR.—We must have, beside what we have already, a mere trifle—a mere trifle, I say, in view of the fact that my plan—or let me say *our* plan—when applied to our very large though generally still unorganized collections in many departments of art, will confer benefits above all price upon the greatest city in the world and the richest. Let us say ten millions.

THE COLLECTOR.—I shall be one of ten to give one million each.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE ART OF INTERIOR DECORATION by Grace Wood and Emily Burbank. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, 1916. Price \$0.00.

The four fundamental principles of Interior Decoration, *viz.*, Good Line, Correct Proportion, Harmonious Colour Scheme and Appropriateness are the foundation of this book. The subject matter of the first few chapters includes the creation and re-arrangement of rooms and their furnishings, and the treatment of individual problems. Following this is a brief outline of the historical periods of furniture, which, with the accompanying thirty-two illustrations, should be well worth studying by the reader who may want to furnish a house, and is in search of definite ideas and information. It is only within the past few years that Interior Decoration has been recognized and given its place as one of the arts. Much has been written about Art, and we have come to regard it as a thing apart from our ordinary existence. It is the object of modern interior decoration to reveal the relationship existing between Art and Life, and to encourage the growth of art appreciation in the home. The authors have sought to help us obtain this appreciation which will enable us to differentiate between that which is good in interior decoration and that which is not; we are encouraged to realize that harmonious surroundings are not only a continuous source of pleasure to (our æsthetic sense) but contribute largely to the comfort and peace of our every-day life. The manner of presentation is somewhat didactic, but the authors have kept as their aim clearness and brevity, and the terse suggestions offered should have interest for the general reader as well as for those who are giving special thought to the study of this subject.

BOOK REVIEWS

DECORATIVE ELEMENTS IN ARCHITECTURE: RANDOM OBSERVATIONS ON THE ETERNAL FITNESS OF THINGS FROM A DECORATIVE POINT OF VIEW. By W. Francklyn Paris. (John Lane Company.) Price \$5.00.

A fine vision of art by a decorative artist.

Certainly the artist of to-day has need of extensive vision, standing, as he does, looking alternately behind and ahead for inspiration and hope. His vision backward, down the richly coloured perspective of the years, impresses him with the happy and helpful conditions which favoured the men who created from dreams the complex artistic realities of their times. Under the warm sun of benign and intelligent patronage, there flourished a remarkable production of artistic effort, in every kind of creative work, which we see now carefully harvested in the granaries we call museums, both public and private.

In the present-day artist's vision of the future, he tries earnestly to see some revival of the old kind of art patronage—some time when he will not be forced to harter in competitive market-places with a commodity that should never be conceived as a competitive one. But our present-day artist stands as bravely as he can (though often, alas, nervously) in that small and very debatable terrain we call with often misplaced pride, "the present time"—a foothold as insecure as the "no-man's land" of the great European battlefields, the shell-scarred area between the two opposing first-line trenches.

This terrain, "the present time," is still in the thick of the fracas so far as the artist is concerned. It has not been won by the past nor yet by the future, and those who occupy it are assailed by fire from both sides. The past cannot be re-lived—we can only hope that certain fine impulses of the real art patrons of the past can come to actuate (perhaps even more splendidly) some real art patrons of the future.

Meanwhile we find promise of finer and better things in the contemplation of a small body of artists—painters, sculptors, architects, interior decorators, furniture designers—bravely holding their own in this "no-man's land" of the present, bravely guarding what they can of the treasures of past art, in trust, as it were, to hand on to the betterment of future art. One of these earnest believers in both past and future is W. Francklyn

Paris, who has supplemented the admirable work of head and hand and taste in interior decoration by writing a very inspiring book which he calls "Decorative Elements in Architecture." Its excellent sub-title throws revealing light upon the remarks I have made above, and upon the (I hope) not too remote analogy they contain: "Random Observations on the Eternal Fitness of Things from a Decorative Point of View."

Many of the really sincere artists of to-day must rest content to "do their bit" for the cause of future arts, by devotedly following high ideals in their work, by preserving the fine old ideals of the past and by refusing to join the ranks of the mutineers, deserters and insurrectos—the camp-followers and æsthetic anarchists who devise strange names for their cults. These names, perhaps, serve an intended purpose in distracting public scrutiny from a true appraisal of the mad originality they purport to justify.

But among the few earnest ones there are those who do more than occupy a telling place in the firing-line—there are those who give further service by dropping explosives in the enemy's camp from aeroplanes, rising to a fine height above the conflict in such writings as this new book by Mr. Paris.

As befits a book upon art by an artist, it is very finely produced and splendidly illustrated. A rich but not sumptuous cover, good paper, excellent typography and margins—these are, in themselves, details of an art which must be handed on, with the rest, to the waiting future—the Art of the Book. And a most refreshing thing about the illustrations should be welcomed—they are all of *unusual* works of art. I am thinking, particularly, of some of the illustrations of fine furniture: Empire chairs that add vastly to the appreciation of a too-little appreciated style, furniture of Louis XV and Louis XVI revealing new beauties of an accepted beautiful period of art, Gothic furniture, carving and metal work, instinct with that intensely personal and craftsman-wrought spirit of the mediæval genius.

Mr. Paris has done a great deal in this new book—much toward projecting upon the mental screen which is our mind, a fine image of a splendid vision of art. Here is an excellently intelligent co-relation of the many things which go to make up art—especially the fine art of interior decoration, which is not any one thing, but many.



MRS. CHARLES PRESBREY
BY LAWSON ADAMS

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Frankly, but not bitterly, this protagonist of "the Eternal Fitness of Things" traces the evolution of taste up to its present regrettable eclipse by dollars. But his horoscope forecasts a passing of this eclipse, and leads the mind on to a glorious destiny for art. That which was created by human genius and inspiration cannot go down into oblivion because of human stupidity and blindness, for the simple reason that genius and inspiration are forces, while stupidity and blindness are conditions. However hard the fight may seem to go at times, however much ground may temporarily be lost—*forces* must always overcome *conditions*.

The "Random Thoughts" of Mr. Paris go on to show with a succinct lucidity hard to reconcile with one's idea of "random" the real meaning of interior decoration, and there is disclosed, too, a keen architectural vision on the part of the author. Furniture, ornament, wood-carving, tapestries, painted glass, metal work—these and many other essentials of co-related decoration go to make up the interesting chapters.

Upon reading the main title: "Decorative Elements in Architecture," my first thought was that Mr. Chesterton would have said: "Yes, I believe that food is a distinct aid in the art of cooking." Even before the time of this esteemed essayist, there was some incident in the Bible, I believe, relative to the difficulty of making bricks without straw.

Certainly the decorative arts, in other words, *all* the arts, are inseparable from architecture, or should be so regarded. Decoration, embodied in all the decorative arts, might be said, indeed, to make the distinction between "architecture" and "building." A building devoid of any decorative art may be an architectural theorem, as inspiring as a proposition in Euclid—but it would bear a quite similar relation to our life or our æsthetic sensibilities.

Artists—architects, decorators, designers, craftsmen and all that goodly company, joining hands with the really appreciative layman must gain a fine spiritual stimulus from this book. If they are already upon its plane, they will find new happiness in the knowledge that they *are*; if they may attain this plane through reading it—more power to the author: if it leaves them uninspired—they can find certain consolation in retiring to pass their declining years behind the shelter of a "brownstone front," resting their

eyes in the happy contemplation of a "Rogers group" on a marble-topped black walnut pedestal.

INDICATION IN ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN by D. Varon, Architect, Diplômé Ecole des Beaux-Arts, Paris. (The William T. Comstock Co., Publishers, New York.) Price, \$5.00 net.

Amongst the many technical books devoted to architecture discussing this or that phase of the mother of the Arts, a very interesting book containing hundreds of drawings, has been written by Mr. Varon, who has most certainly simplified and clarified the science of design in a way to



make the volume an indispensable purchase for all who are interested in the genesis of a building. The main aim of the work is to make the architectural student see with the eyes of an artist and memorize with a few lines the outstanding character and essentials of any significant structure; in fact, to get beyond a mere working drawing and see in three dimensions. Indication takes the place of analysis in suggesting all kinds of problems in design. Mr. Varon was formerly professor of architectural design at Syracuse University and at the University of Illinois, and knows how to bring his great knowledge to others in a practical and interesting manner all his own.

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R ELIGION AND NATURE IN ORIENTAL ART BY WILFRED SHAW

PART II*

The illustrations are from the Collection of Mr. Charles L. Freer, now owned by the Smithsonian Institution.

FOR centuries the painters of Japan sat at the feet of the Chinese masters of Tang and Sung. By the sixteenth century, however, the torch was passed across the inland sea. Japan found her own masters, like the great Sesshu, to carry on the classical tradition. She found others, too, who infused into it something of the mobility, the buoyancy, and a certain nervous eagerness which characterizes the Japanese temperament. Native scholars are fond of claiming a proud position for Japan as a mirror of the whole Asiatic genius; taking her religion and her philosophy from India, and her art concept from China, she fused them

through her heritage of Indo-Tartaric blood into a "unity in complexity" which gave new life to fading Chinese ideals. Though China always remained to Japan what Greece and Rome were to Renaissance Italy, she was more; as one critic observes, she was Palestine as well. Buddhism came to Japan as a Chinese civilization, acquired centuries before through China's intimate relationship with India. And though twice in her history Japan was drawn to China in almost complete surrender to the older culture, each time the national, the "Yamato," spirit of Japan broke forth, to be reflected immediately in her literature and her art.

Japan's insular position, too, left her free from foreign invasion; while the alternate ages of closest *rapprochement* with China, and of rigid seclusion from the world, gave her periods of inspiration and self-realization, which not only kept alive the spirit of earlier masters but added new qualities, the expression of her own ripe culture. A new and more aggressive type of Buddhism, known as

*Part I appeared in September, 1916.



SIX-FOLD SCREEN BY KORIN

Religion and Nature in Oriental Art

the Zen sect, also came with the Sung culture from China and became predominant during the Ashikaga Shogunate, or approximately the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It is a philosophy which still holds its sway, in the self-abnegation and the chivalry of the Japanese. It taught self-control, sacrifice and simplicity. Japanese soldiers became crusaders—they did not wield the sword, they *were* the swords, the high instruments of the immutable. It was, too, a religion of the people, the very antithesis of the esoteric mysticism of former eras. Perhaps the art of this period lacked a little of the fine idealism of preceding epochs, but it was dominated by a healthy vigour, a strong emphasis on the line, and an increasing richness in colour. As religion became more simple and personal, art became more direct and vivid. Influenced, then, by her Chinese culture, which was tempered by an intense national spirit; always modifying the Chinese intellectuality; ever adding a new delicacy and grace, and inspired by a philosophy which made a religion of chivalry, Japanese art has been a consistent development almost to the present time.

And yet, though everything must finally be referred to the religion and the national philosophy of China and Japan, they are still by no means all that is to be considered in tracing the pathway of Eastern art. There are other factors of great importance; such as their universal love of nature; the intimate relationship of their art to poetry; and the simplicity of the means they employed, as regards not only the essential principles, but also as regards their actual technique.

Their love of nature fostered by their religion, but none the less vital, dates almost from the first. It was as far back as the time of the first painter of whom we have record, 450 A.D., that the Chinese name for landscape, "mountain and water picture" was evolved. They assumed, in Fenollosa's phrase "that in a perfect landscape there must occur both the upheaval of form and the contrast or softening of it by alluvial motion." Few examples of Chinese landscape fail to include these elements. All the great artists studied nature—landscapes, flowers, birds and beasts, in addition to the usual religious paintings. They were all part of the divine unity. The eternal dragon, the genius of the waters—symbolized for them the power of the spirit, the Infinite—while the tiger, the genius of the mountains, represented the power of material forces. The eagle was en-

dowed with the same qualities we are accustomed to give him. Nobility and restrained power are well represented in a fine *kakemono*, shown in the September, 1916 issue, by Pien Luen (Tang). The beauties of the misty riverside, the flight of wild geese in Autumn, or the quiet of the reedy lake at the foot of towering mountains, all embodying the elemental and august in nature, were subjects again and again repeated.

Only now, in our own intensely modern age, have we come to the point where we can appreciate the immense significance landscape art has had to the Oriental painter. Their landscape was synthetic. It was the seizing of a single impression, evoked by nature in the soul of an artist who was akin at heart to the lyric poet, and struck onto the silk or absorbent paper with a responding certainty of hand. Liberation—the far-off effect—was the object. Aiming always at the essential, discarding the trivial, it was an art "as modern as that of Corot or Whistler," an art of infinite suggestion, in which the beholder becomes collaborator. The slenderest, daintiest sketches, as often in monochrome ink as in colour, are held in what seem to us an exaggerated esteem by the Oriental connoisseur. Yet nothing can better indicate the refinement of their culture.

They tried to express the inexpressible, to suggest that absolute beauty which lies beyond. The last flower, or bird on a craggy pine, was as important as the human figure. All were related to the ultimate and universal, and bore equally the message. There is a picture by the old Sung master, Mu Ch'i, called *The Evening Bell from a Distant Temple*, which has been compared to *The Angelus*. The theme is the same. But where, in *The Angelus*, we are shown the effect of the call for prayer on the two figures in the foreground, in the Chinese picture there are no figures. It is for us, the unseen beholders, that the call is sounded from under the curved roof of the temple just revealed above the misty foot of a range of hills. It has all the sweetness of the poet Keats's "unheard melodies."

This was true impressionism. It was the fusion of poetry and art. The essence of it is summed up by an artist poet of the Sung Dynasty, who quoted the dictum of the ancient sages "that a poem is a painting without visible shape and a painting is poetry put into form."

It is characteristic, too, of Oriental painting that of six canons of art laid down by an artist



A SCREEN BY SOTATSU
KORIN SCHOOL



PAINTING BY KIYONAGA. UKIO-VÉ SCHOOL

of the fifth century the first is a principle he names "rhythmic vitality," or as a Japanese critic, Mr. Okakura Kakuzo, the late curator of the Oriental Collections in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, translated it, "the life movement of the spirit through the rhythm of things," for art, he says, "is the mood of the Universe, moving hither and thither amidst those harmonic laws of matter which are rhythm." This conception of a vital relationship between art and the harmonies of creation, almost axiomatic with the Eastern artist, is hardly conceived by our artists. There are some, however, who have caught it. It is one of the charms of Botticelli, who, of all our artists, was nearest, in spirit, to the East. It was this principle, too, which perhaps drew Whistler first to the art of Japan.

But this law of rhythmic vitality was only one of six laid down by that Chinese critic of fifteen hundred years ago. Less distinctive, or perhaps more in accord with some of our ideas, the others suggest the common ground, as well as the points

of departure, between the art of the East and the West. They comprise: organic structure, or the incarnation of the creative spirit in a pictorial conception, conformity with Nature, appropriate colouring, composition or division of space, and, finally, finish.

All art is, after all, only a series of conventions which represent the truth according to the artist's vision. We of the West have found many elements necessary quite foreign to the Oriental spirit, composition in space, tactile values, chiaroscuro and the use of cast shadow, a wide range of colour, and, above all, an appreciation of the beauty of the human figure. In fact we have left no means untried to express the beautiful. The artists of the East have limited themselves severely; at once their weakness and their strength. They have a mastery over line, a subtle charm in composition and an exquisite sense of balance and colour which our artists cannot equal. They have taught us that restraint and delicacy of handling can be combined

with an entirely masculine vigor and directness. Their use of the human figure is characteristic. For the most part they keep it strictly subordinate, though there are exceptions, particularly in religious art. But in the early Tosa school of Japan, as an example, we have pictures full of figures, each intensely alive, and definitely related to its immediate surroundings, but with no obvious reference to a larger unity, such as seems essential to us. Here, too, religion and love of nature govern. Lacking our concentrated attention upon the human form, these paintings are apt to appear to us disorganized and incoherent. But unity is there, only it is not obvious. It lies in that principle of hidden balance, with which we are more familiar in simpler applications, particularly in the dainty pictures of birds and flowers whose unusual composition seems so charming in our eyes. In the East man is only

a part of the all-enveloping nature; in the West he is the most interesting phenomenon of the natural world.

Differences in technical methods are, perhaps, the most interesting though by no means the most fundamental distinction between these two great divisions in the world of art. Some of the earliest Chinese masters were familiar with painting in an oil medium, but soon abandoned it. It did not suit their temperament or their impressionistic ways of working. They chose deliberately the soft absorbent paper, or silk, and the ink brush, which leaves a record never to be altered. Thus was born that certainty and precision, that powerful yet infinitely subtle line, which came from the elbow and shoulder of the artist as he sat at work on the floor. Thus came that love of flat colour, wherein lie harmonies of almost unimaginable refinement. Beautiful writ-



TWO-FOLD SCREEN BY KOYETSU. KORIN SCHOOL

ing is almost as much a branch of fine arts with the Chinese and Japanese as is painting, and we, who are not trained from infancy to draw and write with a brush, can hardly overestimate the influence the art of writing has had over their painters. To this life-long practice with the brush we can ascribe that unique sense of line which every Eastern artist shows, and his unflinching courage and directness. Nothing is more prized than an ability to combine the boldest, freest, stroke, given by a full sweep of the arm, with the most exquisite detail.

In addition to the main periods of Chinese art which have been noted, the main schools or styles into which Japanese painting is divided are of importance. These, in general, are the Tosa, the Kano with its later development into the decorative school of Korin, and finally the more popular Shijo and Ukio-yé schools. The earliest of these schools was a fusion of the early styles which, following the first impetus from China, flourished before the eleventh century. The name, Tosa, was that of one of those painter families which kept a single tradition alive for many generations. Often it was by an undeniable streak of inherited genius, and when that failed, it was maintained by adoption. As official painters of the Fujiwara Shoguns (794-1186), the Tosa maintained a "strange and sumptuous art far removed from Chinese impressionism," in essence purely Japanese. Here we see those interiors seen as though below the level of the eye, with the roofs off—rich with incrustated gold. Flat masses represent conventional clouds and cut off the non-essential, affording a richly decorative whole, finely balanced and perfectly related to its architectural setting. Whenever Japanese art breaks with its Chinese antecedents it reverts to the principles of design which this style inaugurated.

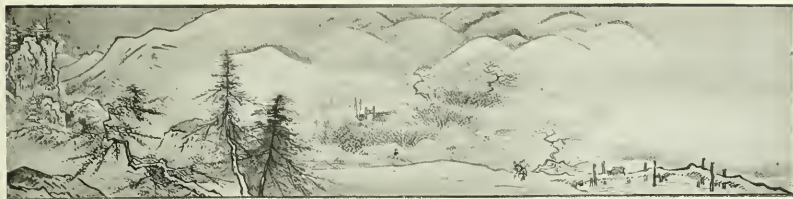
Following the early magnificence of the Tosa painters there came a return under the Ashikaga Shoguns (1368-1644) to the Chinese influence, particularly the landscape painters of the Sung Dynasty in which Sesshu, perhaps Japan's greatest painter, was the leading spirit. This was the period of the idealism and chivalry of Zen Buddhism, which took a great hold upon the people, replacing the lofty abstractions of preceding sects. Chinese ideals were also powerful in painters of the Kano family, a style which has continued to the present from the era of Kano Motonobu, who lived in the latter part of the fifteenth century.

For a time he was the single thread which continued the Chinese tradition, maintaining the classical style of Sesshu and his followers, but at the same time adding a certain freedom and intensity, born of a supreme need of self-control in an epoch of internal struggle. With his son, Kano Motonobu, classed with Sesshu among the great painters of Japan, there began a second general assimilation of the Chinese idealism with the freer, more vital spirit of Japan.

The vogue of the Kano masters grew as that of Tosa waned, until the extravagant splendor of a Napoleonic conqueror, Hideyoshi, at the end of the sixteenth century gave to Japan an entirely new style of gorgeous decoration. This culminated with the grandson of Motonobu, Kano Yeitoku and his followers. Castles and palaces of hitherto unknown magnificence arose everywhere. They had to be furnished with pictures and wall paintings in keeping, heavy with gold and richly coloured. Screens in this style were set up along the road for miles when the great lord traveled.

The reaction was quick in coming. Japan was closed once more by the Tokugawa Shoguns (1587-1867) and her artists turned again toward an earlier simplicity. Again Japan devoted herself to assimilating Chinese elements received during the preceding era, and giving them a new expression, with a richness of invention in the use of natural forms and a brilliancy of colour hitherto unknown. All through the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries the Kano academy remained the aristocratic school at the Shogun's court, with Tanyu, the last great master, as its leader. But there came several new developments in the native Japanese art. Another aristocratic school more characteristically Japanese, that of Korin, centered about the court of the Mikado, while equally important, among the lower classes, entirely new and different schools of art arose. The times were changing. The people were beginning to have a voice.

The school of Korin, whose great master was Koyetsu, flourished during the seventeenth century, and united the splendor of gold leaf, colour and noble design, of Kano Yeitoku, with the more national spirit of the older Tosa painters. The whole combined to form the most sumptuous, most purely decorative art the East has ever known. Line was subordinated. Flat masses of colour, sometimes glowing and sometimes som-



PART OF A SCROLL PAINTING AFTER SESHU. KANO SCHOOL

berly revealing themselves in rare gleams, lent a refinement to screens which might otherwise have degenerated into the merely gorgeous. Gold was used lavishly, in the delicate veining of a leaf as well as in great solid bands forming the backgrounds. It was an art which utilized as never before the decorative values of masses of flowers. Yet it was like nothing in nature. It was, rather, a new convention, a realization of the pure beauty of colour, bold and yet refined, and of a composition in which decorative, rather than pictorial, values were emphasized.

Meanwhile the populace was becoming interested in art, heretofore a prerogative of the nobility.

Among the artificers and tradesmen of the two capitals, Kioto and Yedo (Tokio), there arose popular bourgeois schools, of which the best known are the Shijo and Uki-yé. Despised by the aristocracy, these won immediate favour with the people.

Under Okio and his many followers, the Shijo painters introduced a new realism. They chose familiar landscapes about Kioto, and the birds and beasts which their public knew, upon which to found a style, at once intimate and vigorous, even though it lacked in great part the spirituality and depth of earlier masters. Similarly, the Uki-yé school was characterized by its scenes from the gay life of the people—the theatres and *yoshiwara*—and corresponds somewhat to the late growth of *genre* with us. This was the art of the East which first became recognized in the West. The power as well as the charm of the little colour prints of this school, so disregarded by the Japanese collector, but containing, in essence, the traditions of the East, was quickly recognized.

Now that we are face to face, as it were, with this new old art, its supreme aim in Eastern eyes—to express that universal rhythm which informs

creation—is coming to have a meaning for us. We are learning that for these peoples, at least, the ultimate reality lies in the spiritual essence of things.

They carry the doctrine that the physical world is all vain illusion much nearer a logical conclusion than we of a different way of thinking can well appreciate. Just as in their writing their ideographs represent neither sounds nor phonetic spelling, only mental conceptions, so their paintings express ideas rather than the mere form of external objects. We may find the breadth of their vision narrower than ours, but it is at least a question whether, within the limits they have set themselves, they do not see a world of subtle form, exquisite colour, and delicate harmonies to which our vision has not reached.

Screens by Okio, Yeitoku and Hokusai, mention of which is made in this instalment, were published in the earlier issue.



Exhibited at the Sculptors' Gallery

THE SOURCE

BY CHARLES CARY RUMSEY



HERVEY WHITE

BY DEWING WOODWARD

PORTRAIT DRAWINGS BY DEWING WOODWARD
BY DIANA HUNEKER

DURING the past summer I was a guest in the home of Dewing Woodward at Shady, N.Y., a spacious rambling abode snuggling against a terraced hillside with towering pines overhead. A hospitable house, too, for through its old Dutch portal came and went a goodly crowd, the adherents and proclaimers of diversified artistic faiths: there were Birge Harrison, Henry Lee M'Fee, Jonas Lie, William Schumacher, Helen Penniman, Eugene Speicher, Marion Bullard and Andrew Dasberg. Old and new, painters of emotionalism and writers of *vers libre* check by jowl with the classical and uncompromising, like lambs of the same fold enjoying a common pasture.

Dewing Woodward herself leans to the "freedom of the individual," standing between the

rigidly classical and the ultra modern. While her drawing in portrait and figure composition is impeccably and exquisitely true, she sees no valid reason for outraging the laws of perspective to obtain pattern because pattern is more lawfully beautiful. Her technique is her very own and, like Zuloaga, she paints what *she* sees. I well remember one day in this artist's atelier in the rue Caulaincourt, Paris, I had the temerity to murmur before his *The Cardinal*, but recently on exhibition in New York, "what an extraordinary sky!" Like a flash came the reply, "I see it that way." So if this woman artist sees a green figure against a rosy dawn or a purple form merging into a golden sunset, why question it?

Miss Woodward is a lover of nature and a seeker of solitude, perhaps in the magic depths of the Catskills she has elucidated the problems of colour and light. Being familiar with many of her canvases, *Rose Curtains*, *La Farandole*, *Morning Song of the Pines*, I was under the im-



POULTNEY BIGELOW, F.R.C.S.

BY DEWING WOODWARD



SOPHY SCHUYLER DEY

BY DEWING WOODWARD



BIRGE HARRISON

BY DEWING WOODWARD

pression that oil was the preferred and natural medium of her expression, so was naturally surprised to assist at the evolution of a new method, to bear witness to a midsummer miracle.

Asked one day to paint the portrait of a woman whose delicately chiselled and faintly tinted beauty was the despair of those who had tried and failed to record, Miss Woodward replied, "I cannot; she is not paintable, she is an etching—ask Helleu." But seeing daily the cameo-like head and obsessed by the desire to fix its loveliness, she essayed with some *creta lævis* pencils and lo! the portrait drawings had come to pass!

Then we all became the victims of the searching, indefatigable pencil, a little collection grew and was shown informally among friends and neighbours. These portraits are almost primitive in their simplicity, recalling Luini; the pencils admit of no erasures or alterations.

One painter has proclaimed them "the last word in portraiture," and my hostess declares she has not had so much sport since she did the caricatures of her school days in coloured chalks.

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D R. CHRISTIAN BRINTON RE-DECORATED

It is with pleasure we record the latest decoration just, and justly, bestowed upon this famous art critic, who is so well known to the readers of *THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO*. Dr. Brinton may now add to his many distinctions the knighthood of the Royal Order of Vasa, conferred upon him by the King of Sweden, as a token of recognition of his services to modern Swedish art, in connexion with the Swedish exhibitions, 1912-1913, and 1916, in America for which Dr. Brinton was invited to prepare the official catalogues. Subsequently, lectures and articles upon Swedish art added to the importance of his services, which have now been so royally rewarded.

We hope that the day is not far distant when Dr. Brinton, with his wonted perspicacity, will have discovered American art, and that American knighthood or its equivalent may be added to his numerous honours.

A Musée Rodin in Paris

genius the history of a masterpiece obtained by sixty years of indefatigable labour and of irreproachable conscientiousness. Rodin, in gratitude, proposed to leave the property consisting of all his works, both sculptures and drawings, and his collections of antiques to the State in exchange for the magnificent casket in stone in which were to be encased his jewels."

Attention was called as well to the fact that, while the United States can boast of a whole gallery in the Metropolitan Museum devoted to the works of Rodin, and that everywhere else, the world over, Rodin occupies a prominent place in museums, France as yet had taken no steps whatsoever to institute a Musée Rodin.

Judith Cladel and Gustave Coquiot were immediately supported in their demand by scores of the great master's admirers; but owing to many interruptions and delays of one sort or another, it is not till now, six years after the proposal was launched and an effort made to interest the government, that the Musée Rodin has become a fact.

It is placed in the hôtel Biron in the old Faubourg St. Germain. It is an important historic landmark, having been occupied in turn by princes and prelates of illustrious name and by some fine ladies of equivocal fame. The masterpiece of the architect, Jacques Gabriel, it was built by him for a certain financier of the eighteenth century. After his death, it passed into the hands of the duchesse du Maine and then became the property of the duc de Biron, with whose name it has been connected ever since. As to the career of the old place during the period following the Revolution, the less said the better! Finally, with a succession of lodgers such as the duc de Bethune, a pope's legate, and an ambassador, and especially upon its transformation into a convent of the Sacred Heart, it undoubtedly regained its former good name.

The chief title of nobility, however, belonging to the hôtel Biron is its association to-day with a name which will be spoken with awe long after the ducs de Bethune and Biron have sunk into a restful oblivion.

A few years ago, when business was coming in almost as fast as art was going out, the masterpiece of Gabriel had a sensational adventure with a band of unscrupulous utilitarians. These individuals pronounced the old house impossibly out of date from a commercial standpoint, guilty of

transgressing the laws of space economy and what not, and a menace to business expansion. Naturally enough, therefore, the fine old mansion was condemned as a non-conformist to business canons and as detrimental to commercial expansion with a cold-bloodedness calculated to make one's hair stand on end, and was sentenced to a speedy *auto-da-fé*.

It happened that for a number of years Rodin had been residing in this old hôtel. Even though not amenable to business purposes, he had found the place most adaptable for the housing of his ancient and modern marbles and an ideal place in which to live and work. Now notice was served on him to vacate the premises in order that the work of levelling the old dwelling to the ground might begin without delay. Imagine the shock and indignation of the old master upon receiving this announcement! His beloved hôtel Biron was to share the fate of many another antique of Paris and fall a victim to commercial vandalism. He lost no time in arousing all art lovers among journalists, politicians, actors, men of every profession, to protest against such an act of impiety. Such an outcry was raised that *ces messieurs*, the would-be promoters of a "modern Paris," were forced to abandon their programme of iconoclasm so far as the hôtel Biron was concerned. The government proceeded to acquire the property that it might be henceforth preserved as an historic monument. Thus, thanks to Rodin, the hôtel Biron continues to flaunt its uselessness in the face of an outraged utilitarianism.

Certainly a more appropriate use could not be found for this fine old edifice than in consecrating it to the great works of art which Rodin is presenting to his country. A touching condition is attached to Rodin's gift. It is that he himself be permitted to remain to the end of his days under the same roof which gives a home to the products of his art.

Thus the Musée Rodin is no longer a dream but a reality. It will in all time give added lustre to the glory of Paris. Here lovers of art will find the best examples of antique sculpture and ceramics from Greece, Rome and Egypt; and of a rare collection, made by the great sculptor himself, of the paintings of Monet, Renoir, Manet, Ziem, and others of the Impressionist School, as well as fine examples of the great painter, Zuloaga, and other modern masters.

But above all, here are found the magnificent



VICTOR HUGO IN THE GARDENS OF THE PALAIS ROYAL

BY AUGUSTE RODIN

collection of Auguste Rodin's own works. Of these there are not less than eighteen hundred, including his drawings. The famous *Gate of Hell* is here, that vast conception which hitherto only those privileged persons who have visited the master's studio have been able to see. The *Sphinx* is here, also new to the public, as well

as the *Balzac*, *Adam*, the *Bronze Age*, besides many others already familiar to us.

When these world's battles are over, and men will turn from the preoccupations of the war to the eternal beauty of art, many will be the pilgrims from all the countries of the world to that shrine of beauty, the Musée Rodin.



FRENCH POPLARS

BY WALTER GRIFFIN

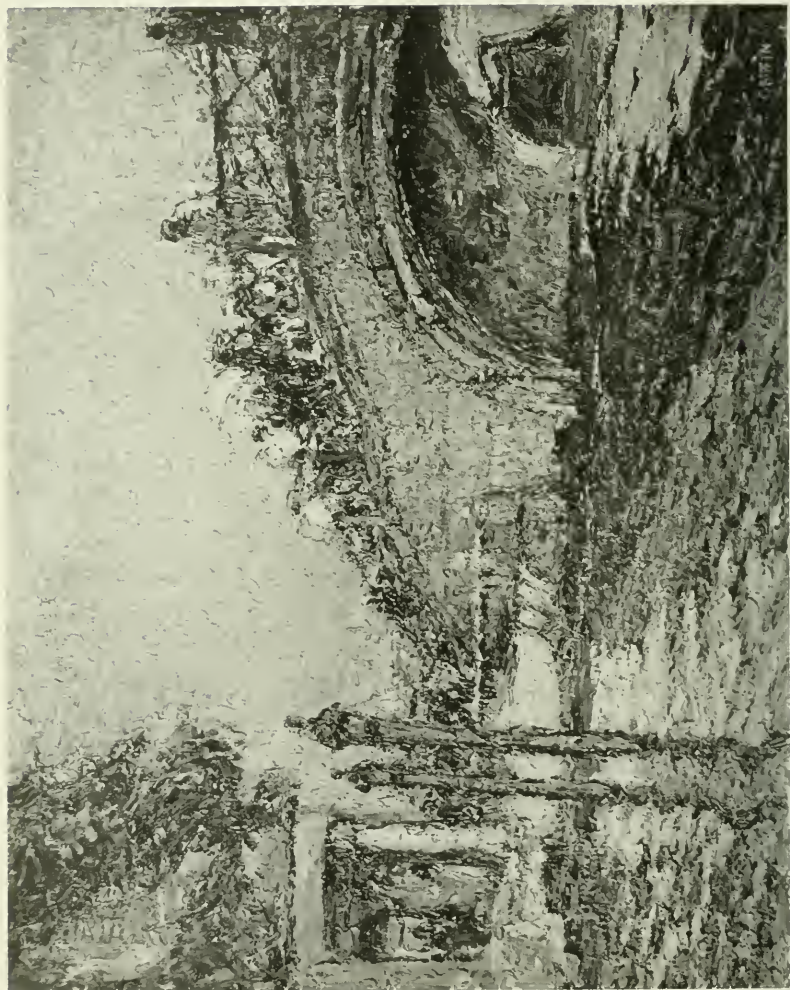
WALTER GRIFFIN, ARTISTE
BY L. MERRICK

IN contemplating the work of Walter Griffin, its sincerity and robustness, one becomes aware of sensations similar to those realized when in the presence of a powerful personality, or in hearing of a deep voiced messenger who refreshes us with a new phase of life.

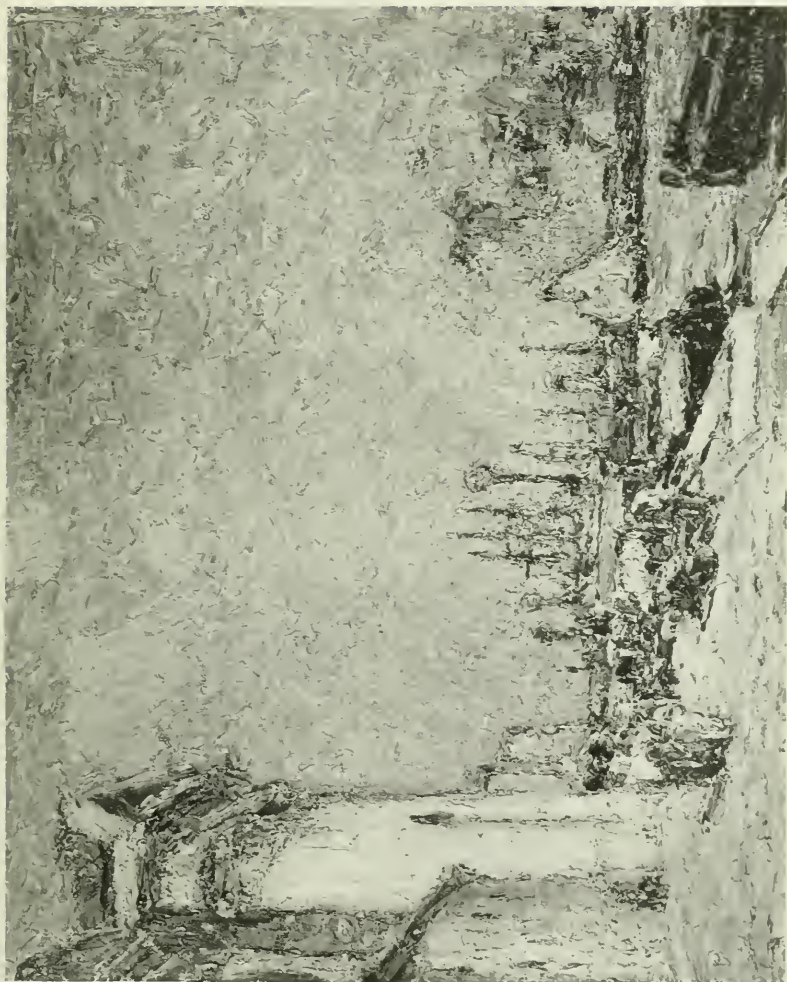
A great French painter, on viewing a group of this artist's work a few years ago, in Paris, exclaimed, "It is the manly quality that he has infused into his canvases that entitles him to the high place he has achieved in modern art."

That was indeed a worthy description; it is that "manly quality," the force and directness of his brush, that instantly command respect and

are strongly impressed upon the observer's memory. In other words, his work evokes thought. Not thoughts of merriment, curiosity or surprise, such as are stirred by the grandstand players—the "isimists"—but reflections, deep and serious, of color, light and the atmosphere of places one would love to know, or having known is happy to meet again, in the guise of poetry and romance with which Griffin permeates them, for it is generally conceded that while he realizes his subjects in luminous, liquid colouring, their depth of feeling and warm, rich tones give to his art an intimate quality that makes it real and personal. There is firmness in the brushwork, backed by a deep-seated ability for drawing that reveals profound study and high intellectual attainments, for it is said that while colour, where it is a natural gift, may be advanced comparatively easily, it



BRIDGE, ST. TROVASO, VENICE
BY WALTER GRIFFIN



ZATTERE, VENICE
BY WALTER GRIFFIN

takes years of patient, monotonous struggle to achieve a grace and quality of line that marks the true artist—the master.

Born in Portland, Maine, in 1861, the son of a wood carver, Griffin's art studies began when a child. As a wood carver he worked during his boyhood under his father's direction. Later he was drawn to sculpture, which mode of expression occupied him for a considerable length of time. Some public buildings and private residences in the vicinity of his native city stand to-day as proof of his early promise.

When he had mastered form in the moulding of figures, decorative designs, bas-reliefs, etc., his ambition carried him into the fields of colour. After some years of study in Boston and New York, he went to Paris, where he worked under such masters as Jean Paul Laurens and Raphael Collin.

He remained in France eleven years, during which time he met with deserved honours. His work was regularly represented in the Salon and elsewhere. In 1897 he returned to America.

At that time his work was redolent of tenderness, lightness of touch and filled with enthusiasm, while it often suggested the uncertainty of youth, which combined features are always attractive in the work of young and gifted painters. Naturally his early efforts reflected the teachings of his masters and expressed in technique the art language of the day. It had not the robustness, the independence and personal conviction revealed in his more mature examples. But rhythm and movement in sweeping curves, a distinct love and sympathy with nature, won him at that time the serious consideration of his fellows. During the years that followed, when America claimed him, he was represented in important exhibitions and museums throughout the country.

Perhaps it was the attractions of the Post-Impressionists, the vibrations of Monet, Manet and Sisley that lured him back to France, for in 1909 he again sailed for that country and painted in the quiet and quaint old towns of Borgneville, Fleury and Cely-en-Biere, where he lived and worked with nature his sole companion for months at a time. To this latitude, this freedom from outside influence, may possibly be attributed the absence of commercialism from his work, and his high artistic integrity, so difficult to understand in our material age. But certain it is that he has acquired a mastery of line and colour that could only be attained by absorbing concentration and sac-

rifice. There is no restraint in his artistic selections, which he reveals with a tenaciousness indicative of his strength, and all of his later examples show that he pursues well-thought-out plans and—remains his own master.

During his last stay abroad his work underwent a change; it was then that he really found himself, and out of the many years of study and sacrifice he evolved an art profound and personal, free from schools and scholastic ideas.

The canvases he displayed to the New York art public, on his return from Paris shortly after the outbreak of the war, were a revelation of strength, rhythm, line, poetry and realism. The National Academy, ever alert to the best, was the first to discover that he had sounded a new note. It opened its artistic arms to him at once; a place on the line in the Vanderbilt Gallery was given to his picture *Church at Boigneville*. The jury of awards of the Panama-Pacific Exposition recognized in the new Griffin a power to stir the emotions. They awarded him the Medal of Honour. Who could wish a warmer welcome?

The art director, at the close of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, asked for a group of his canvases to remain until Spring, 1916, and offered a special room in which to show them. And if purchase be a sign of appreciation, Western art lovers displayed good taste, for nearly a dozen of the pictures shown at the time have since become the property of collectors.

It is in his later canvases that his training as a sculptor is most evidenced. Rough hewn, almost sculpturesque, they are nearly monumental in their bigness. Their simplicity of design and frank statement of facts are suffused with a romantic element that is the outcome of hard won knowledge and a rare ability to combine strength with poetry; all of which bespeak a vigorous integrity and a clean and wholesome art.

Though he has reached the high noon of life he paints with the enthusiasm and intensity of a boy. There is no better proof of this than his collection of water-colour drawings made in Venice within the last few years. The delight that he has shown in these studies, in colour harmony, are convincing, and their joyousness reveals the youth in his brush. Bathed in an atmosphere of truth and poetry, with a depth of feeling and intimate, personal expression, they stamp his greatness; and like his oils reveal an intimate, inevitable refinement.



Courtesy Lewis & Simmons

Owned by H. C. Frick, Esq.

THE COUNTESS OF CLANBRASSIL.
BY VAN DYCK

ON ART CRITICISM

ON ART CRITICISM

It is little wonder that so much contempt is felt for the bulk of art writing. True art writers are indeed rare and very precious. The few we have should wear haloes, sit upon golden thrones, and sip nectar with the gods. Meanwhile we possess a host of scribblers who with almost divine impudence enter the sacred portals of art and desecrate its chambers with absurd rubbish, generally adulatory, occasionally abusive, nearly always personal and familiar to the point of exasperation. The artist in his wisdom ignores their verdicts, good or bad, but the unsophisticated public evidently enjoys these fountains of art that gush in printer's ink from all quarters during the greater part of the year, for if that were not so we can rest assured that the different magazine and newspaper proprietors would not accord the space.

Very many writers upon art are ladies— young ladies fresh from college, and many spinsters and widows of more advanced years who have failed in other paths of endeavour but imagine that the field of art can employ any labourer, and that no particular training is necessary. It used to be customary, if a boy appeared unfitted for ordinary professions, to dedicate him to the Church. Apparently a large number of feminine misfits have been pitchforked into art writing in spite of the fact that their knowledge of art is extremely limited, with powers of literary expression on the same scale.

Occasionally their efforts are so outrageous that they barely escape sublimity. The following gem appeared recently in a far western paper and deserves to be a classic for all time. The writer has condescended to crown some artist and takes the public graciously into her confidence as to the why and wherefore of this coronation. Miss Blank, it appears, was crowned "a signal success as an artist in New York by driving a roadster automobile over the Sante Fé route from New York to Los Angeles in thirty-one days." It is terrible to think that Rembrandt's fame may be eclipsed by any artist who can fly from here to Boston in less than record time.

Another lady from the recesses of her brain and arm chair is analyzing the work of an exhibiting portraitist and concludes her remarks by observing "I like him—and you will like him." Quite so, but not very convincing.

This lady may like tripe and onions, we may not.

Another writer upon art, likewise of gentle persuasion, sees a great boon to factory workers for the reason that a few artists have selected machinery as the medium of their inspiration. "Certainly"—this lady writes—"those who work in factories will be happier in their daily work and will work better and with less weariness because with a certain elevation of spirit and a certain fulfillment of the mind." We do not in all our experience recall anything more deliciously absurd and unreasoned. Yet this lady reposes upon a pinnacle very far removed from most of her sisters in art writing.

Writing of a photographer, a lady art writer exclaims "her life studies in the nude are the greatest achievements in photographic art ever yet accomplished. Her photos in oil and water-colours are unique and are accepted everywhere as works of art. She has never misrepresented her work *which could not be detected as of photographic foundation except by experts.*"

Ours the italics. It may readily be conceived that a self-respecting photographer would shudder at the idea of proclaiming his or her work to be other than photographic. Supposing however the opposite, this writer should be able to judge the futility of misrepresentation. How monstrous to suggest that only an expert could distinguish!

The temptation to write upon such a subtle subject as art must be on account of the opportunity it presents of deluging the reader with historical references and anecdote. Armed with some stock expressions from the glossary of art, it needs no conjuror to weave legends around almost any piece of painting, tapestry, or marble. When will the public cease to cater to such penmen and penwomen? Art writing should be confined to the few who can qualify. Why not a competent degree to a competent writer for this particular profession?

W. H. N.

BUREAU OF ADVICE

ON PAINTINGS

THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO gives authoritative opinions upon old and modern paintings. Mr. Raymond Wyer, who is a recognized authority, is in charge of this department and will give special attention to letters addressed to this magazine under the above heading.

Service Together



SERVICE TOGETHER

WHENEVER a crisis arises where practical help is paramount, no class springs more alertly to the front with ideas and money, or money's worth, than the brotherhood of art. Their generosity is proverbial. The war that has plunged France into such distress was the first summons and reminder of all that France signifies to an American artist, and the American artist has responded nobly at a time when the outlook for art is darkest, art being ever the first to suffer in times of retrenchment. Nothing, however, has daunted the spirit of benevolence, and each month of each succeeding year since hostilities commenced ushers in some new form or feature of charity by which necessitous allies at war and the glorious Red Cross service are benefited.

It is essential, now that America itself is amongst the belligerents, that funds should be secured for the relief of workers in the arts and of families dependent upon them, who are or may be in distress because of the war. With this purpose in mind, the National Arts Club of New York City, 15 Gramercy Park, through its American Artists' War Emergency Fund Committee, has developed a plan, the object of which is twofold—the arousing of interest in the vital necessity of making our earth contribute to the utmost its farm products for the maintenance of our armies and the peoples of the world for whom they are fighting—and to create a fund through the sale of "Service Together" seal stamps for the assistance of American Art Workers.

It has seemed to the committee that the quickest and best way to raise this fund, without becoming charity seekers, asking for something and giving nothing in return, would be to place on sale a seal stamp, for such a trifling price that

anyone desirous of encouraging the work could do so in a manner most approved by his individual generosity. It also seemed that the stamp, in its artistic appeal and execution, should be worthy of the traditions of the club.

Accordingly, an attractive patriotic "Service Together" stamp in colours has been designed by Eugene F. Savage (*Prix de Rome, 1912*), and is now ready to be placed on sale. The design, worked out to express the spirit of President Wilson's famous suggestion of service together, shows the farmer and soldier side by side supporting Columbia, and symbolizes the relation which really exists between the man who supplies the food on which the nation feeds, and the soldier who defends his country, in their common service to the flag. In the design there is also to be found a tacit call from the artist to the agriculturist; a call to service in the production of those things necessary to the needs of a world in arms.

The stamp itself, as here illustrated, is a little work of art, and it is to be hoped that readers of *THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO* will support the committee by placing orders with the club for as many stamps as possible, the appeal being for a practical and worthy cause.

Douglas Volk, N. A., vice-president National Arts Club, is acting as Chairman of the Executive Committee with Colin Campbell Cooper, N. A., as treasurer.

The executive committee includes: Herbert Adams, N.A.; John G. Agar; Paul W. Bartlett, N.A.; Edwin H. Blashfield, N.A.; Arnold W. Brunner, N.A.; William A. Coffin, N.A.; C. C. Curran, N.A.; Daniel Chester French, N.A.; Charles Dana Gibson; Cass Gilbert, N.A., LL.D.; Philip L. Hale, A.N.A.; Francis C. Jones, N.A.; Alexander Konta; W. H. Lippincott, N.A.; Gardner Symons, N.A.; J. Alden Weir, N.A.





PENCIL LANDSCAPES
BY J. W. THEISS

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FRENCH FURNITURE, GOTHIC AND RENAISSANCE, IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

BY STELLA RUBINSTEIN

SECOND ARTICLE*

It is probably through the stalls that we can best obtain an idea of the workmanship of the furniture makers or "huchiers" of the Gothic period. As these stalls were placed around the choirs in the cathedrals it was naturally fitting

that they should harmonize with their surroundings. The furniture makers displayed, therefore, their best talent in the construction of these articles of furniture and consequently the choir stalls reflected to some extent the beauty of the wonderful cathedrals themselves.

All the stalls that are to be found in France are made of wood. This is different from the custom in Italy and Sicily, where the climate is warmer, of constructing them of stone. In France the oldest stalls which come down to us are from the thirteenth century, but there is every reason to believe that they were in use long before that date. Among the stalls of the thirteenth century

*For first article, see the May issue.

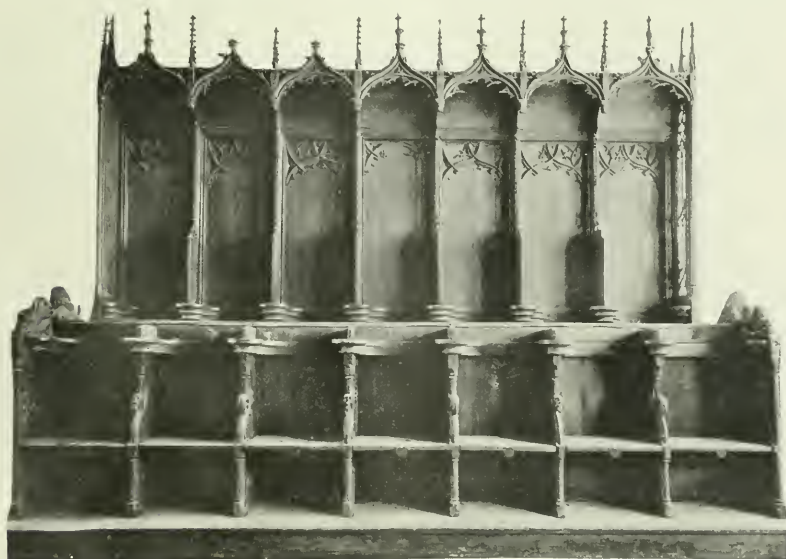


FIG. 1

are those of Notre Dame de la Roche and others.* The ones in the Metropolitan Museum, except for the remnants of the choir stalls of the Notre Dame in Paris described in the first article, all belong to the fifteenth century and with but few exceptions come from the Hoentschel Collection and form a part of the generous gift of J. Pierpont Morgan. The most important example consists of two ranks of oak stalls in which there are in all fourteen seats. This represents a complete ensemble of high and low stalls in the oldest method of arrangement. The stalls are elevated on a base and are surmounted by as many canopies as there are

all low and formed of three separate parts, one part showing three stalls, the other two and the third one. They are all elevated on a base which rests on two planks, one at each end. The architectural composition of these stalls is still in the same style as those designed by Villard de Honnecourt in the thirteenth century,* but the style of the decoration differs entirely. The "misericordes" of the first division show two beardless human figures and in the centre the wings of a bat. On one arm-rest is a human figure, on the other a sleeping animal. The misericordes (brackets) of the second portion show grotesque masks



FIG. II

seats. (Reproduced fig. 1.) The decoration consists in the upper part of flamboyant Gothic arches and on the sides are openings in imitation of Gothic windows. The arm-rests of the lower stalls are decorated with human masks and rosettes. The side panels show patriarchs in niches. On top is seen on one side a dragon with St. John the Baptist holding the Chalice and on the other a dragon and an evangelist.

Other stalls in the Metropolitan Museum do not show the same complete arrangement of low and high stalls. The ones here reproduced (fig. 2) are

* For details see Viollet-le-Duc. *Dictionnaire raisonné d'architecture française*, 1875, v. VIII, p. 462; and Molinier, *Les meubles du Moyen Age et de la Renaissance* (1897), p. 16.

and on the arm-rests the busts of a monk and of a nun. Finally the single stall is decorated with a bird holding in its claws a banderole. On the arm-rests on one side a chorister is seated with a book on his knees and on the other side is a little dog. These stalls are in an unusually good state of preservation and their decoration well illustrates the style of carvings of the fifteenth century. Almost identical with them are stalls from the Singher Collection,† the only difference being

* Villard de Honnecourt, Facsimile of . . . his sketchbook . . . 1859, pl. 53 and 56. See also Viollet-le-Duc. *Dictionnaire raisonné d'architecture française*, 1875, v. VIII, p. 465-466.

† Catalogue de la Collection Adolphe Singher, 1912, p. 36, no. 390.

French Furniture, Gothic and Renaissance



FIG. III

that these have no back. Very similar also, but not so well preserved, are stalls with two seats in the Blumenthal Collection coming from the Mohl Collection,* the architectural composition of which is the same and the decoration very similar. There is another specimen of these stalls in the Metropolitan Museum which, though identical in architectural composition, shows much more elaborate decoration betokening Flemish influence. This was bought in 1906 from the Rogers Fund.

All of the stalls just described were made for a religious use. This is indicated by the construction of the seats, which fold back. The same arrangement of seats is seen in other stalls of the Hoentschel Collection, which very probably came from a private chapel. They come from the Molinier Collection, are in oak, and of the late fifteenth century. (Reproduced fig. 3.) The back is decorated with Gothic tracery showing in the centre three shields from which the paint is gone. On the top is a canopy with a decoration in open tra-

cery. The lower part shows three seats, the first decorated by a human mask, the second by leaf-work, the third by simple rings. Stalls of a very similar composition are reproduced by Viollet-le-Duc.*

The last stall in the Hoentschel Collection is in the form of a bench similar to those often found in private chapels furnished like private oratories. The back of this stall is divided into compartments and is decorated with linen-folds. The side panels are decorated in the lower part with Gothic arches and in the upper part with standing figures under trefoiled arches. The seat of the stall is modern and the whole composition shows the style of the workmanship of the second half of the fifteenth century.

* Viollet-le-Duc. *Dictionnaire raisonné du mobilier française*, 1871-1875, v. I, p. 119.



FIG. IV

* Catalogue de la Collection Louis Mohl, 1912, p. 28, No. 103.

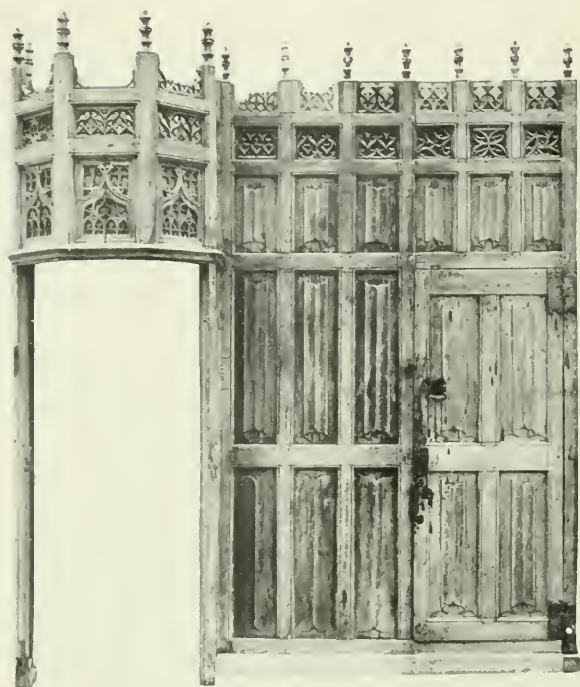


FIG. V

When we pass from stalls to chairs we find that the Gothic period had a great variety of the latter. There are chairs with a rounded seat and an encircling low gallery which served the purpose of a back. Many of these are scattered through the museums and we often also see them reproduced in stone or goldsmith work as a seat for the Virgin. There are also chairs in iron or bronze which were covered originally with tapestries. The chairs, however, with which we have to deal in this article are those with high backs, the most commonly known of this period. One of them, in the Hoentschel Collection, with two seats, is in oak. (Reproduced fig. 4.) It comes from Touraine and was previously in the Molinier Collection. The lower part is a chest, the cover of which forms a seat. Here again we see the characteristic of this period of making all possible use of each piece of furniture. The back shows small encircled rosettes. The canopy has a pierced late Gothic design and the pilasters with bell turrets on top show under-

neath small figures of angels holding shields. This chair very probably once belonged to a personage of high rank, as is evidenced by its workmanship and the canopy, which we know was an emblem of dignity. Only a count or baron with high functions was allowed to have a canopy over his chair⁴ and this is the reason why chairs with canopies are relatively very rare. A chair in the Blumenthal Collection is decorated on the back with four shields with coats-of-arms, the first shield showing the coats-of-arms of France and Brittany, the second that of France, the third instruments of the Passion, the fourth those of France and the Dauphine. This chair, coming from the Church of Clermont-Ferrand in France, shows the same architecture, the same decoration of linen-folds in the lower part, the same kind of

canopy on top, as the one just described. In this case also the coffer forms the seat, the only difference being in the decoration on the back. Two other chairs in the Metropolitan Museum, with one seat only, show a similar construction consisting of a coffer, high back, and arm-rests, but without a canopy.

One of them from the Hoentschel Collection has a very simple and beautiful form. Its decoration consists only of linen-folds and on top a frieze of open tracery. It is of the fifteenth century. There are many chairs similar to it, among others two chairs in the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, Paris,⁵ one from the Gavet Collection,⁶ and one in the Industrial Museum in Vienna.⁷ Another chair in the Metropolitan Museum from the late fifteenth

⁴ Havard, *Dictionnaire de l'ameublement*, 1887-1890, v. I, p. 634.

⁵ Metman et Briere, *Musée des arts décoratifs: le bois* (1905), v. I, pl. IX, no. 37 and pl. XII, no. 47.

⁶ *Catalogue de la Collection Gavet*, 1897, pl. no. 62.

⁷ Jacob von Falke, *Mittelalterliches Holzmöbiliar*, pl. V, no. 2.



FIG. VI

century, purchased in 1907 from the Rogers Fund, though of similar construction, shows a different decoration on the back. Instead of linen-folds, there are rosettes and leaves of a complicated design. In the decoration and construction it shows many analogies with two chairs in the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, in Paris.‡

Among other pieces of Gothic furniture in the Metropolitan Museum there is a large panel with a niche in the form of a tabernacle, of very simple and fine construction, of the late fifteenth century. (Reproduced fig. 5.) It is an especially interesting piece, showing once more the customs of the time. It very probably is a fragment of a larger ensemble placed at that time against the wall to protect the apartments from cold and humidity and to give them also a more habitable aspect. To a certain extent they seem to have fulfilled the function of tapestries and other hangings. A much larger panel in the Charles Stein Collection¶

gives a more complete idea as to their construction and function. Into this panel a dresser, a door, and a cupboard are built. A still better conception of the arrangement of these panels is given us by a room of a castle of the fifteenth century reproduced by Viollet-le-Duc,§ where one can see clearly what functions these panels or "boiseries de revêtement" fulfilled at that time.

The Blumenthal Collection shows us an article of furniture of great rarity in a lectern in wood of the fifteenth century. (Reproduced fig. 6.) In the Gothic period lecterns were in common use, especially in churches. They were made of stone, copper, or other metal and also of wood. There was great variety in their construction.* Sometimes they were only mounted on a foot, sometimes on a case for holding books. This latter method especially made them heavy. To remedy

§ Viollet-le-Duc, *Dictionnaire raisonné du mobilier français* . . . 1871-1874, v. I, pl. 15.

* Several kinds of lecterns are reproduced in Viollet-le-Duc, *Dictionnaire raisonné du mobilier français*, 1871-1875, v. I, under the word "lutrin."

‡ Metman et Briere, *op. cit.*, pl. IV, nos. 16 and 18.
¶ Reproduced in Molinier, *Les meubles du Moyen Age et de la Renaissance* (1897), p. 28.

this, portable lecterns began to come into use and these lecterns consisted of long strips of metal arranged in the manner of folding chairs. The part on which the book was to be placed was covered with leather or other material. Another method consisted in constructing just the principal part of the lectern, that is the tablet on which the books were to be placed. These lecterns could easily be placed on tables, chests, or other pieces of furniture. The lectern in the Blumenthal Collection illustrates this second method. It is of the fifteenth century and charming in execution. The front shows two angels in long robes and with curly hair, kneeling and holding with both hands a shield upon which is a coat-of-arms.[†] Below is a frieze composed of grapes and leaves and on the base are decorative animals, in the corners and in front an arch in open tracery. The base at the back is decorated in the same way, but the upper part, instead of having two angels holding a shield, shows fantastic griffins and leaf-work.

A canopy and several tabernacles in the Hoentschel Collection still claim our attention in this article. Canopies were in very common use at that time. Their origin is probably to be found in connection with sculptural representations on the exterior of churches. It was indeed of prime importance to protect the statues of saints on portals from the injury of time by canopies, which were placed above their heads. Later this same custom was often transferred to statues in the interior of churches or in private houses, and

they were made of stone as well as of wood. The canopy from the Hoentschel Collection is of gilded wood and divided by pinnacles into compartments. The whole decoration consists of pierced Gothic tracery, trefoiled openings in the form of windows and leaf-work. Of the tabernacles in the Hoentschel Collection, one comes from the Odier Collection and is of the most beautiful workmanship. (Reproduced fig. 7.) It is erected on an hexagonal base and four

columns with shields support it. On each column a niche is formed for a small figure, with a base on the top of the shield as a support and an ornamental piece as a canopy. The upper part of the tabernacle is formed by a canopy divided by pinnacles into eight parts and decorated with pierced Gothic tracery and pendants on which are small figures of angels. This tabernacle, when in the Odier Collection, was described as of northern French or of Flemish[‡] workmanship, but the Hoentschel catalogue ascribes it to France.

Champeaux in his book[§] speaks of tabernacles of this kind made in Champagne, and Koechlin and Marquet

de Vasselot[§] say that similar tabernacles were also made in the region of Troyes. From the region of Champagne comes another tabernacle in the same collection. (Reproduced fig. 8.) It is in the form of a tower, like those most commonly executed in this part of France. Its upper part has been totally restored. It is divided into two parts, the lower part showing openings in the form of trefoiled windows decorated by leaf-work and pinnacles. Above is a circular frieze deco-

[†] Catalogue de la Collection Odier, 1889, pl. 38.

[‡] Champeaux, *Le meuble*, 1885, v. I, p. 152.

[§] Koechlin et Marquet de Vasselot, *La Sculpture à Troyes*, 1900, p. 35.



FIG. VII

[†] The arms seem to belong to Chesnon de la Charbonnière de Touraine or to Belloy de Castillon. Both these families had the same arms, which consisted of "d'argent à quatre bandes de gueules." See Rietstap, *Armorial général*.

rated with fleurs-de-lis in small squares. A tower with pierced Gothic tracery forms the upper part. Many analogies can be found with architectural constructions in stone, among others with the

horizontally. The decoration consists in the upper part of pierced windows and columns on each side and in the lower part of Gothic tracery and encircled rosettes in relief. This decoration shows many analogies with the decoration of panels in the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, Paris.†

Thus we come to the end of the second article and with it ends the description of pieces of furniture of French Gothic workmanship and of purely French inspiration characterized by simplicity, rhythmic lines, and great fineness of execution. The Gothic period is indeed one of the most glorious periods of French art, when the national genius was developing all of its natural qualities, and when, as in the Greek period, art permeated everything. Not only was the cathedral full of productions of the highest art, seen in every corner of it, not only were art objects to be found in castles and palaces, but this feeling for artistic expression was felt everywhere, even in the most humble object used in every-day life. No trouble was spared in beautifying everything and consequently in the making of furniture this preoccupation prevailed. The greatest care was given to the selection of good materials and to the execution of the work.

The statutes in regard to the work were very strict; severe punishments were inflicted upon those artisans who did not minutely observe the laws laid down for them in the statutes. Of the utmost interest is a book devoted to this subject of the thirteenth century, compiled by Étienne Boileau,‡ who was Provost under St. Louis. In 1371 another Provost of Paris, Hugues Aubriot, supplemented the statutes in regard to the wood-carvers.¶ We see in it that the "huchiers" were obliged to follow minute restrictions as to the choice of wood employed and as to the perfection of the workmanship. It is due to the care taken in the choice of materials and the execution that relatively a great number of objects have come down to us in spite of the changing taste, destructions and revolutions during the centuries.

The next article will deal with the Transition style from the Gothic to the Renaissance period, giving also examples of objects of the first French Renaissance. The last article will deal with Renaissance objects in their complete development.

† Metman et Brière, *op cit.*, pl. XIII.

‡ *Le livre des métiers* d'Étienne Boileau publié par René de Lespinasse et François Bonnardot, 1879.

¶ Champeaux, *Le meuble*, 1885, v. I, p. 86-87.

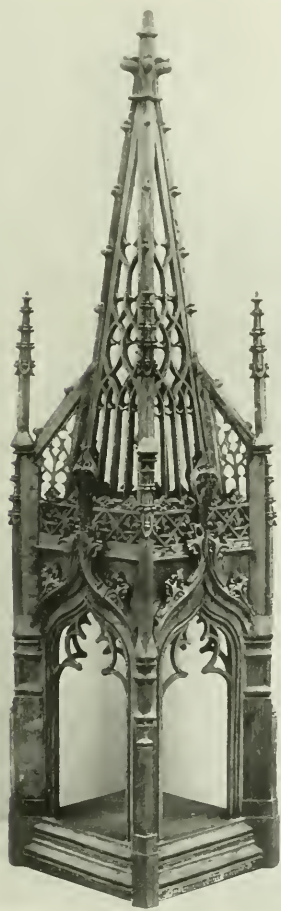


FIG. VIII

tower of Notre Dame de l'Épine (Marne).*

The last tabernacle from the same collection is of a different construction. It is hexagonal with one face open. Inside it is divided into two parts

* Enlart, *Manuel d'archéologie française*, 1902-1904, v. I, p. 594.



THE CHURCH OF S. GREGORY THE GREAT, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

**A TRIUMPH OF FRESCO BUONO—
THE DECORATION OF THE
CHURCH OF S. GREGORY THE
GREAT IN BROOKLYN
BY C. MATLACK PRICE**

In the practice of new arts, and in the perfecting of "many inventions," few of us pause to think that perhaps we are in danger of losing some old arts. In an age of marvellous mechanical processes for the reproduction of works of art, the artist himself is in danger of becoming lost—his voice that was so audible in the Middle Ages and the Renaissance now drowned by the whirr of machinery.

Among the arts which are in danger of becoming lost, perhaps one of the most important is the art of fresco painting, called by the Renaissance Italians *fresco buono*. In its practice the artist needed not only to be a master-draughtsman and a fine wielder of colours and designer of great heroic compositions—he had also to be a subtle artisan and a master-chemist in compounding the special colours needed for fresco painting.

Fresco colours, since they are mixed with the wet plaster of the final coat, and not applied upon a dry surface, require both in preparation and use a highly specialized knowledge of many peculiar properties. Even the lay reader, furthermore, must appreciate the unusual order of technical skill demanded of the artist who must execute his large-scale figures and ornament with such rapidity that the wet plaster in which the fresco is being blended does not dry before the completion of a given portion of the work.

There is one artist of to-day who is imbued with the intense artistic enthusiasm of the Italian Renaissance—an artist who devoted the entire early part of his life to a study of two great Italian Renaissance arts, *fresco buono* and *sgraffito*. This man, Maximilian F. Friederang, made careful chemical analyses of fresco colours used by the old masters—he studied with minute conscientiousness the great works of Michelangelo, Leonardo, Giotto, Ghirlandajo, Fra Angelico and Luini.

Entirely wrapped up in the remarkable possibilities of their great art, Mr. Friederang might

A Triumph of Fresco Buono



INTERIOR VIEW OF CHURCH, THE SEATING BEING ONLY TEMPORARY

be said, in a sense, to be dwelling by himself in the period of the Renaissance—though he has devoted much energy toward creating and developing some present-day appreciation of fresco painting and sgraffito.

The purpose of this article is to illustrate and describe a work which may be his masterpiece,

and one which must hold for the present time a unique significance as a splendid achievement in an art which is, unfortunately, so nearly lost.

Fresco painting, like the art of sgraffito, should be regarded as an ideal architectural decoration, supplying, as it does, the logical link between architecture and decoration. Much has been said



PROJÉT SKETCH FOR THE GROUP, LATER TRANSLATED INTO FRESCO

BY MAXIMILIAN F. FRIEDERANG

A Triumph of Fresco Buono

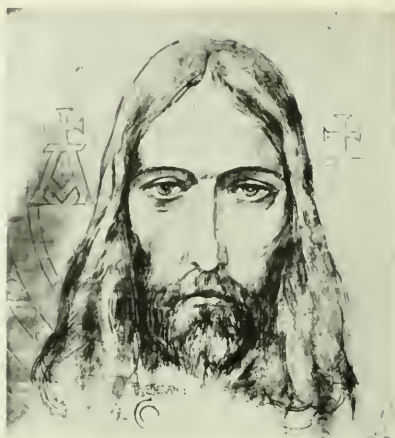
and written upon the great achievements of artists in past eras of art patronage, and it is indeed true that the present age is lamentably parsimonious in its neglect, and even its discouragement of the individual artist, who is forced to compete for a



SKETCH FOR
S. GREGORY

BY MAXIMILIAN F.
FRIEDERANG

livelihood in the market-places of commerce with a commodity which is not, and certainly should not be, regarded as commercial. We live in an age of brilliant industrial and mechanical achievement, and though we yearly learn more effective appreciation of ancient art, we have yet to develop a really intelligent and practical apprecia-



SKETCH FOR THE CHRIST

BY MAXIMILIAN F.
FRIEDERANG

tion of the potentialities of an art of our own day.

Seldom do we find an artist given *carte blanche* to carry out a great work to-day in the manner of Renaissance Italy, or eighteenth century France. Individuals, institutions and churches are less generous, or artists less trusted, and so we find great projects of decoration "let" like building contracts, or won by the successful personal representations of some artificer who is rather more a politician than an artist.

In the Church of S. Gregory in Brooklyn, however, we find splendid proof of the fine results which may be attained by reproducing, as it were, the conditions which potently inspired many great projects in past periods of art. The architects of the church, Messrs. Helmle and Corbett, and the clergy of the parish were in perfect accord and agreement that the fresco decoration, its idea, creation and execution, should be placed entirely in the hands of one artist, and left to that artist to carry through without interference or restriction.

The church itself is an admirable rendering of the Roman basilica type of Early Christian architecture, making pretense of nothing which it does not excellently fulfill. Pure Romanesque architecture has been little understood and rarely utilized in this country, the "Romanesque Revival" of Richardson notwithstanding. It is doubtful if any one of the works of Richardson expressed so

much real Romanesque character as this Church of S. Gregory in Brooklyn.

The square tower, with arcaded openings and tile roof, the Classic Ionic portico, the pediment, the low-pitched roof over the nave, and the simple clerestory lighting effected by the lower roof of the side aisles—these are essentially characteristic of the Romanesque style. The same architectural propriety is apparent within, the nave being flanked with two rows of Ionic columns which support the clerestory walls and the open timber roof, and lead directly to the apse of the sanctuary. Without colour and decoration, a Romanesque interior, devoid as it is of the profusion and richness of Gothic carving, would seem cold and barren—and here the great architectural significance of fresco painting becomes apparent.

At the moment when the writer visited the Church of S. Gregory, the whole nave was dark, and only the sanctuary, at the far end, glowed with the light and colour of its fresco decorations. The effect was remarkable. The colours themselves seemed to glow with a subdued but intense brilliancy, illuminated by a well-concealed lighting system, and although no gold paint was used in the entire work, the yellows are so intense, so full of colour, that there is a distinct impression of golden warmth in their effect. Especially is this true in the central figure of the group of Holy Fathers—the dominating figure of S. Gregory, with hand upraised in the act of blessing S. Augustine, kneeling before him in monk's garb.

To the right and left sit an imposing company of great figures from the history of the Early Christian Church, representing ten holy dignitaries of the sixth and seventh centuries. Here are seen, at the left of the composition, figures of Athanasius and Basilus Magnus, of Hieronymus and Ambrosius. To the left of S. Gregory's throne, on the right of the composition, sit Augustine, S. Benedict, Gregorius Nazianz, Joannes Chrysostomus and Tridor of Seville.

Above the throne of S. Gregory is a great head of the Christ, with heavenly hosts on either side, completing a composition of unusual dignity and decorative suitability.

Another well-studied relation of decorative composition to space is seen in the representation of *The Charities of S. Gregory* in the wall space bounded above and below by the pitch of the roof and arch of the sanctuary.

The open-timber trusses and beams of the roof

are painted with a ground colour of rich, receding green, picked out with golden-yellow decoration and lettering. There are six clerestory windows on either side of the nave, and these are decoratively connected with the arches by means of fresco ornaments and circular medallions containing each a fresco portrait of one of the twelve apostles. Large rectangular spaces between the windows will be frescoed, at some later time, with decorative religious paintings. Even with these left blank, however, the present treatment is excellently adequate and successful as a study in the decoration of a modern church edifice in *fresco buono*, an art of architectural affinity which, with the passing of another half-century, may unfortunately take a place among fine old abandoned things of the past.

BOOK REVIEW

PAUL MANSHIP. A critical essay on his sculpture and an iconography by A. E. Gallatin. (John Lane Co., New York.) Net, \$5.00.

Sculpture, perhaps less than the sister arts, holds a somewhat stationary position and disarms criticism by recalling the doughty deeds of St. Gaudens. St. Gaudens, however, has passed away and the future of this phase of art at present lies in the hands of some half dozen acknowledged artists and many others who are gradually winning a reputation. One of the few who has gone "over the top" although quite a young man, is Paul Manship, who has added to his distinctions by being the hero of an essay written upon his work by A. E. Gallatin. Judged by the number of words and pages this monograph would rate deservedly low, but Mr. Gallatin has avoided a flow of language which many writers upon art would do well to observe. In clear, concise terms, the author has summed up the art of Manship and placed him where he belongs. That is an art in itself. Further than this the dainty little volume contains a very complete iconography, accompanied by eight full-page illustrations, thoroughly representative pieces of sculpture having been selected for the purpose. The author is a past master in iconography, and employs a terse epigrammatic phraseology which clothes well his very individual views upon the artists of his choice. Fortunate are those few upon whom his selective eye alights for appraisal.

The European Struggle and the Artist

THE EUROPEAN STRUGGLE AND THE ARTIST BY ROSWELL DOSCH

LIFE in its most awful aspect of realism is being painted by the actual upheaval and clashing of force and intellect in a gruesome pageant of red and thunder. The soul of every living being is struck. Our life force is driven back into our souls looking for a chord of harmony. Art is humanity's instrument of expression. It is when the soul of the artist speaks that the world realizes its inspiration in harmony.

Every war obliterates sham and affectation. The entire world is in a turmoil. Realism with its strongest impulse has been awakened within every individual soul involved in this expulsion of impure and destructive emotions, flushing the whole race of thinking people. Principles and self-respect have caused this catastrophe—life and the dignity of the individual being growing to its right of fullness and freedom. We are looking for harmony, something tangible, an ideal, the reality of life with which to fill our souls. Again I say, it is this world-wide war that is making us stop and think. The truth is what we want and there is a truth, an everlasting truth, "Know Thyself." To live we must stop and look into ourselves, if only for a moment, to see what is there. When we have seen into the depths of ourselves, life will be full, we will have found a reality. Within each individual all is possible, each soul is infinite. The source of life will have been reached, which we can direct into an expression portraying a truth. "He who giveth most, liveth most."

In discussing realism, Bergsen, who has not forgotten to live along with his philosophical research, who has brought the individual back from the side-track of objective intellectualism, readjusting the outlook of humanity toward life, consequently influencing art and the artist, says, "To exist is to be alive, to be borne along in a living stream, as it were on the breast of a wave. The actual present, now, in which all existence is gathered up is this movement accomplishing itself. The past is gathered up into it, exists in it, is carried along in it, as it presses forward into the future, which is continually and without intermission becoming actual. This reality is life." Many of us are doubtful as to creeds and we are as yet unable to grasp life in its reality, with its

change and variety, its unrest and eternal flowing.

Sorrow and disappointment test our character. The struggle against the inevitable, and our incapability to dispense with the past, even if we suffer intensely, refines our senses and purifies our outlook on life. We are forced to look into ourselves for understanding. It is then that we are conscious of new vibrations of a finer quality, for they are emotions that emerge from the heart of the universe. By the spontaneous strength and force of emotions, we are able to sound our own depths. Emotions give deeper significance to the elements of the universe. The emotions flowing from the soul that has been awakened to consciousness by the realities of life, are constructive and creative. The soul contains the elements of the whole universe, out of which it has grown and is growing to a fullness of life and desire for expression.

Art is a revelation of the soul, therefore emotional, unless it be comic art which is intellectual. That which is comical or purely intellectual leaves the soul unmoved. The religious paintings of the Renaissance, in most pictures, appeal to the intellect, but a symbol is there, not in art, but faith. In nature—properly speaking, something more powerful and soothing commands our senses. Nature reaches the soul and we are moved by an emotion. It is in the soul of man that the artist finds nature with all its subtle variation and adaptability to change. To have emotions one must sense and feel things as they really are in relation to life, one must have intuition, and Bergsen says about intuition, "What is it we call genius in great painters, poets and musicians? It is the power they have of seeing more than we see and of enabling us by their expression to penetrate further into reality. What they see is there to be seen, but only they see it, because they are gifted with a higher power than we. What is the more that is revealed to them? It is not scientific truth, nor is it technical skill, for this is a consequence not a cause of genius. It is the power to enter by sympathy into their subject."

All life has its own charm and quality and its own form of growth, as each individual has his particular personality. It is from life that the artist gets his inspiration, by his understanding her many forms and varieties of expression. He must be receptive; humbled to the understanding of his own insignificance in the ambitions of nature and plan of the universe. We find under-

The European Struggle and the Artist

standing in our spiritual selves when we have reached the higher plane of dignity and composure, unselfishness and modesty.

The artist must know himself, he must feel and know what he feels, see and know what he sees, then suggest through his particular medium, by careful discrimination and selection, what truths he hears there in his own soul. And if he really has seen into the innermost part of his soul, it will be a truth, it will be a law of nature, infinite. His work will speak to other souls, causing a flow of emotions with the strength and force of life in its true reality, change and growth, that no intellect can attain. The artist who has felt this truth will have a desire to express himself, from which no false representation or worldly ambition can tempt him. The joy of expression is inconceivable to those who know it not. The love of his work fills the artist's whole life, whether he express himself in architecture or music, literature or the dance, painting or sculpture. It is the same harmonious result, the unity and completeness of expression that can be arranged by any of the artistic mediums. Art, therefore, is not for the intellectual and cultivated alone, but for the man who dares to live and realize life.

Art can and does in the highest forms produce the same state of mind as an unflinching faith. It can quiet the same yearning soul through the harmony of another soul's expression, whether it be pure emotion terrible, or sharp and joyous æsthetic. Art cannot preach a moral without faith, and then it is not art that is preaching but faith. If it appeals to the intellect with a story or example portraying the external or physical side of life, cleverly executed, the result is cold and it has aroused nothing within us. The artist must speak in a different way, bring out what is within.

That which comes from the soul comes from life itself and is vital and convincing. But who can define beauty or harmony. No one, for each individual appreciates and is receptive only to the measure of his own bigness through the symbol of its inspiration. There is no boundary, but one sees what he is able to see; therefore, it is the reflection of the individual himself.

Art gives nothing, it harmonizes us, consequently normalizes us, and through harmony from within ourselves kindles to fire the best that is in us, causes us to look upon life with more fullness and with eyes more just, that pierce to

a greater depth their environment. Art is symbolic, it is the artist who composes the chord of harmony, and on the breadth of his nature, purity of his perception and his understanding of the reality of life, depends the life of his work. Why is it that the bad work of art is most popular? Because few people live, few know themselves and the reality of sorrow. The public wants to be amused with detail. It is looking for sensations, purely superficial, as a child wants to be shocked, instead of relaxed to satisfaction by pure emotions.

The world is going to demand more than a draftsman or technician. It will demand an artist. The ecstasy, which he will make us feel through the symbols of art, will be far deeper, a greater truth than the art of two centuries ago. Art will be more realistic, or rather idealistic—the realities of inspiration—more symbolic. Art will cease to be an affectation and will be an inspiration. The public will have a better understanding of art, and in turn will demand to be satisfied, not merely amused. It will find a place in the world where it is needed.

The European struggle is making the whole world realize more what life is and what it means. It is sending us deeper into ourselves looking for some truth. Man must be completely humbled to the realization of life and the subordination of his physical being and its welfare, that the soul may have utterance.

BAR HARBOR, MAINE

SEVERAL interesting exhibitions are being held this summer in the Print Room of the Jesup Memorial Library. During June there was on view a collection of Japanese prints from Mr. Frederic May's well-known collection. During the first half of July prints were shown by a group of American etchers, including John Sloan, William Glackens, Eugene Higgins, John Marin and D. S. MacLaughlan, as well as bronzes by Paul Manship and Mrs. H. P. Whitney; these were loaned by Mr. A. E. Gallatin. A collection of Persian miniatures was also on view.

From July 16 to 28 was shown a group of drawings and etchings by Ernest Haskell. This was followed by an exhibition of portraits by Mrs. Newell W. Tilton.

These exhibitions are held throughout the year and are largely patronized.

A S TO THE REVIEWER BY ANTONY ANDERSON

Is the paid reviewer of any art necessarily a rank failure in the particular art which he brings forward for public comment?

Artists themselves are prone to aver that he is, and that he is a soured person seeking a sweet revenge. This belief—which I shall attempt to show to be entirely erroneous—has become a popular superstition with them, indeed, an ugly fetish which they worship without regard to that worship's soul-deadening effects.

It seems to be extremely difficult for the average artist—and even the unaverage one—all of whom incline to take themselves much, much too seriously—to come to an exact understanding of the critic's position toward art; to see, in short, that he is only approaching it from another angle and recording his impressions of it in another medium.

Moreover, the critic may be a creator in quite as true a sense as is the poet or painter or musician, even though he may be working in what may be considered the completed product of any one of them. In the last analysis there is no such thing in nature—much less in art—as a completed product. Any work from the brain and soul and hand of any man may be taken up and carried further by another man, whose constructive powers may be of such an order that the picture or poem becomes the ornamented foundation of a second work of art quite as beautiful as the first—and which, of course, rears its "dome in air" just a little higher. In other words, a critic may mould a hundred new forms out of his materials, even as the potter plays with his clays of many colours.

The fact that his medium of expression is language instead of paint or plaster does not alter the case in the least. Surely, there is no painter who dares to claim that written and printed words are an ineffectual medium. Surely, words have subtleties of thought and emotion quite as exquisite as those of lines and pigments.

Nor does the bleak failure of the majority of critics and reviewers militate against the truth of my contention. They fail miserably, generally speaking, simply and solely because they themselves are not artists—because they have not even studied the one art which they must know from

A to Z, the art of using words beautifully and correctly; that is to say, constructively.

By what right, painters and sculptors may well ask, does such a person rise up to call us damned? By no right whatsoever, and ye do well to take him to task. He is an impertinent upstart—and often a snarling dog in the manger, who, having lost his own weak grip on the delectable prize, seeks to harass other claimants for it. He tried painting, and failed; so he tries writing about art—and fails.

Strange to say, he is often staunchly defended by the artists themselves—the very men who suffer the most keenly from his maladroitness verbal antics. They declare that they don't care how bad a critic's English is so long as he has something to say. But how can he possibly have something to say about art—with a capital A, if you like—when he doesn't realize the capital letter, and when he is more concerned with the fleeting of time than the length of art? How can he judge correctly one form of art when he knows almost nothing about his own? (I strongly suspect that artists approve of him because he appears to be so absolutely harmless, so ineffectual in his attacks. Artists are afraid of men with real weapons—or so we are led to think.)

The critic, then, must be as highly sensitized as the artist he writes about, and must be at least equally keen—perhaps keener—in apprehending colour, form, values, and in the power of suggesting all these things in his work, so that the picture or the statue may be made to live in the mind of the reader. And it cannot be done with slipshod English.

BUREAU OF ADVICE ON PAINTINGS

We receive so many requests for advice regarding the purchase, disposal, genuineness, etc., of paintings that we have instituted a bureau for handling these questions in charge of Mr. Raymond Wyer, whose experience with museums, and whose reputation as critic and expert, admirably qualify him for this work. Letters addressed to THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO BUREAU OF ADVICE will receive attention. In ordinary cases this service will be *free* to our subscribers, but where expertizing is required a charge will necessarily be made.



CHINESE GIRL
BY JEROME S. BLUM



PORTRAIT OF JOHN BURROUGHS—PASTEL

BY OTTO W. BECK



PORTRAIT OF A LADY—PASTEL

BY OTTO W. BECK



LIBRARY—HOME OF JOSEPH H. HUNT

TWO ARCHITECTS AND THEIR HOMES

BY DE WITT H. FESSENDEN

IN the survey of domestic architecture in America, where homes are continually occurring in a profusion of styles and dominated by every conceivable fancy, it is by no means unprofitable to visit the habitats of the architects themselves and observe their self-directed talents and tastes unalloyed by any outward suggestions. It is seldom that an architect may plan a home on the *carte blanche* system; the client usually has a great deal to say in the disposal of the allotted fund which is to leave his pocket and reappear in the form of bricks, stones and wood-work, not to mention a hundred other items mirrored in an up-to-date residence, so that when an architect works for himself we see the real artist and can better estimate the result. In the case of the Hunts it must be remembered that their father was one of the ablest architects that

America has produced, so it is hardly surprising to see the sons following the good tradition and exerting a far-reaching salutary influence on the trend of architecture in this country.

The home of Mr. Joseph Howland Hunt is not only his castle but also his museum. Old masters, tapestries, interesting examples of period furniture, valuable lace, statuary, old Italian glass, and all kinds of bric-à-brac meet the eye throughout the house and give evidence of careful connoisseurship practised in Europe. So much trash is foisted upon the unwary collector abroad that it is a relief to find a man who can avoid commonplace objects. Here is a home where Old Masters are actually Old Masters and very creditable examples, too, and the same may be affirmed of other acquisitions outside of paintings.

It is noticeable that the usual city rule of reception-room in the front and dining-room to the rear has here been reversed. The morning sunlight streams into the dining-room separated from the

Two Architects and their Homes



DINING ROOM—HOME OF JOSEPH H. HUNT

reception- or living-room by a butler's pantry connecting with the staircase hall. The altar rail of an old dismantled Italian church does duty efficiently as baluster rail and makes a dignified showing in its new and less sacred resting-place. On the newel is a carved wood statue by Alfano. In the dining-room is a fine refectory table with candelabra at each end; on the wall opposite the entrance to this room is an early eighteenth-century tapestry, flanked on either side by French wrought-iron crosses, and, finally, a handsome Renaissance sideboard stands watch and ward at the end of the room.

The walls, be it observed, are rough plaster; there is a beamed ceiling, with corbels at the ends. The heads of the corbels were modelled by well-known sculptors, including Alfano, Tonetti, and the late Karl Bitter, whose untimely end is still very fresh in our memories.

Before proceeding further one must not fail to notice a Van Dyck in excellent harmony with its surroundings and the beautiful seventeenth-century lace curtains which reappear throughout the house, speaking well of Mrs. Hunt's discernment when living in Italy. Questioning in the pleasant realms of antiquity has by no means been confined to Mr. Hunt.

The reception-room beyond the hall sparkles

with iridescent blue and gold walls, the ceiling is of gold-leaf squares, and gold damask gleams on the curtains. A Kermanshah rug of generous dimensions covers the floor.

An old Venetian palace has been ransacked to furnish the mantel, around which stands an iron grille or fender, the workmanship of which points to Spanish craftsmanship. The carved bookcase is another happy find in France and contains, besides books, many bibelots. A Venetian cabinet, seventeenth-century work, filled with *objets d'art*, graces the spaces between the windows, and there are several other rare examples of the cabinetmaker's art of Italy and France. On the walls hang canvases by Cuyp, Hobbema and Tiepolo, a few examples of embroidered pictures, some old vestments and examples of antique metal work, etc. In addition to several handsome eighteenth-century bronzes, there is a charming Byzantine Madonna, an alabaster Egyptian cinerary urn and a wonderful jar dug up in Girgenti.

The library is on the second floor, directly above the dining-room, and contains a grand piano and other furniture, and bookcases built in the wall. Amongst the paintings here is a portrait of Mr. Hunt executed by the late president of the Academy, Mr. John W. Alexander. Scattered



ENTRANCE HALL—HOME OF JOSEPH H. HUNT



LIVING ROOM—HOME OF JOSEPH H. HUNT



DINING ROOM—HOME OF JOSEPH H. HUNT

Two Architects and their Homes



STUDIO—HOME OF RICHARD H. HUNT

about are numerous bronzes which include several by Barye. At the back of this apartment is the owner's bedroom in Louis XVI style, gray and rose. The bathroom adjoins the bedroom, and might well be passed over were it not for some handiwork by Mr. Hunt of a real artistic significance and of somewhat unusual nature. Modelled in the wall and centered over the bathtub is a shell containing two silver carp, which pour hot and cold water for the bath. Two old silver pieces, dolphins, supply the basin.

The children's floor above is noticeable if only for the fact that, in lieu of Bo-Peeps or Kate Greenaway designs, one is confronted with an original Joshua Reynolds drawing over the mantelpiece. This is indeed a new departure and bids fair to produce a race of nursery critics. Writers of intelligence upon topics of art are rare and Mr. Hunt is possibly making his nursery a forcing-ground for youthful critics and expects to supplant some of the worn-out brethren who continue to mislead the public in such matters. The idea in any case is uncommon and evidences a

sincere desire on the part of the parents to give the children significant surroundings and thus by association mould their minds at an early age when impressions possess the deepest value. There is always the danger that insouciant childishness may succumb to priggishness, but the risk is worth taking. Mental stimulation cannot commence too early and there is nothing stimulating in the ordinary accessories of a nursery. Unfortunately very few are in a position to hang Old Masters in the children's room.

Much might be written of Mr. Richard Howland Hunt's collection, possessing as it does many unusual features. He, too, has the collector's itch, more classically known as *cacoëthes colligendi*. To house a few of his treasures he has built a fireproof studio, 40 x 28 feet, with ceiling of beams and a flooring of red tile which by persistent oiling acquired a wonderful bronze tone. On this is scattered a medley of Chinese rugs with light green and old rose as prevailing tints. Tapestries from the earliest period of Gothic up



STUDIO—HOME OF RICHARD H. HUNT



DINING ROOM—HOME OF RICHARD H. HUNT

Nationalism and the Art of the Future



FIREPLACE IN STUDIO—HOME OF RICHARD H. HUNT

to eighteenth-century manufacture hang on the walls or are used as portieres, eight examples in all, one of which betrays its venerable age from the fact of the legend being reversed. It must have been produced before the weavers had arrived at the now simple conclusion that to read an inscription aright it must be woven backwards. Chasubles, vestments and armplates have been hung high on the walls to form a frieze.

The mantel transports one in fancy to some old Italian palace and there, indeed, it originated. A beautifully carved Florentine mirror overhangs it; on a shelf of the mantel is a silver bust of St. Carlo, discovered in Venice, thus rounding off an interesting group of Renaissance art.

From the ceiling hang sanctuary lamps. These, like the St. Carlo professional lanterns, altar fronts, etc., formerly belonged to churches which have been condemned by the Italian government and taken over for educational purposes.

As an avid collector Mr. Hunt has specialized in many directions, but more particularly in tapestries, embroideries, vestments, all kinds of miniatures on copper, ivory and wax, primitive paintings, original drawings by old masters, and bronzes from early Egyptian to the present time, including quite a number by Barye. Other objects are Gothic standards, chests, a beautiful

Greek torso, a collection of bells, jewellery, alabaster statues and reliefs, sedan chairs, weapons, old prints, etc.

Another interesting feature of the house is the dining-room, in old colonial style, with its extraordinary collection of blue historical china huddled in closets and racks and freely disposed like a frieze around the room. These are all specimen plates painfully acquired, perhaps only one at a time, and required to pass a high standard of taste before admission. The blue of the plates is repeated in the rug, the curtains, and even in a picturesque ship's binnacle which hangs above the table in the centre of the room and adds a quaint note to a very individual dining-room.

It may be said in conclusion that the same spirit of arrangement and harmonious design betrays itself throughout the home, even in the drafting-office, which is rendered still more attractive by many choice Old Masters about the walls.

NATIONALISM AND THE ART OF THE FUTURE EVERETT CARROLL MAXWELL

AFTER Futurism what may we expect in the development of painting? Those who recognize that the work of the modernists occupies a certain place in the chronology of art seem reluctant to predict what the result of the rise and fall of Futurism, Cubism and even Synchronism will be. We are, I think, ready to grant that these movements—if indeed the latter may be called a movement—will bring results good, bad and indifferent. It is, however, difficult for the sincere critic to recognize the existence of Synchronism, due to the fact that it is the most insincere of any of the modern art expressions.

That Futurism is a dead issue, so far as the establishment of a school is concerned, can be disputed by no one who has given the matter serious study. This is wholly logical and should be very simple to understand. The work of the Italian Futurists had no real development—no evolution. One day it was not, and the dawning of the next found it flourishing. Like any fungus growth it was naturally destined to be short lived. By all the fixed rules that govern our social structure, the work of the extremists in all branches of the Fine Arts is doomed to perish. It is undemocratic, hence a useless expression. Its pro-

Nationalism and the Art of the Future

ducers aimed at socialistic principles, but so far overshot their mark that the chaos of revolution is the fruit of the seed. No art of lasting qualities is thus evolved. It must surely come by that world-old, God-wise process that so harasses the men who hunger for instant recognition and thirst for a degree of fame and fortune.

Common sense and common justice render it impossible to ignore the work of the Cubists as non-existent as do some of our well-known Academicians. One cannot sweep these men away by a wave of the hand. Their work is before us and while it is improbable that we shall see its increase to any great extent we are ready to weigh it for what it is worth. Its value is not one of aesthetics nor has it any claim to nationalism. It thus becomes practically valueless even from a purely commercial standpoint. No one will dispute me when I say that an art that is not useful to the masses or beautiful to the eye or mind is superfluous. The scientific appeal of a Cubist painting is so limited that the work becomes snobbish and totally out of harmony with the life of today. The people who enjoy the ultra-modern arts are not representative and this fact renders their opinions nil. Art to fulfill its purpose must be a useful, work-a-day, live-withable commodity.

We are rapidly nearing the stage in our mental development when we, as a people, will realize that art at its best is only a symbol for nature, and that as free agents we are privileged to accept as that symbol that which pleases the individual taste to the fullest capacity of our enjoyment. But let me hasten to add that the great majority will choose the symbol which strikes the most harmonious note in their plan of existence and few, I think, will find Picasso as responsive as Cézanne or even Gauguin.

Deplorable as the European war may seem, it is bound to have a great humanizing effect upon the world. Pretense and insincerity will find little favour for years to come. Men and women will get back to the wholesome soil and the work of the hands will once more balance that of the brain and true nationalism will again prevail. This war was inevitable. It is the safety-valve that will save Europe from the licentiousness of over-aestheticism, the dry rot of social ennui and the madness of ultra culture. That restless spirit that has for long beat its wings upon the bars of conventionalism is the direct cause of the mael-

strom that is levelling Europe to-day. The flower of youth, the strength of manhood and the wealth of ages are being sacrificed, but the national life will live on to a greater fulfillment and a stronger people, more human, more elemental by reason of suffering and want, will build new structures of art upon foundations that will embody only the very essence and essentials of the national spirit. Borrowed ideas and imported customs will pass away.

What bearing will this readjustment have upon the future of American art? Will we gain any in individuality and originality or will our painters be content to work along the old lines after the precepts of foreign teaching gained before the war, knowing that stagnation will be the only result? We must now depend upon our own resources and learn to stand on our own feet. American painters are once more at home after years spent abroad. Let America encourage these able men and keep them at home for the future glory of a national art that we still hope may spring from our new and untraditional soil. America as a promised land to millions of emigrants has yet a chance to fuse a race that may germinate a national art, but the process is essentially slow. Ten years ago it was thought that the far west would develop an American school of painting and a distinctive type of architecture but that hope is for ever blighted.

In art and letters America clings desperately to Whistler and Whitman as sure refuge in time of stress. Just how long these anchors will hold is becoming a matter of concern. Whistler is already being doubted. The man was born in America but Europe produced the artist. His whole expression, viewpoint and conception are as wholly un-American as anything could well be. However, we have found his art useful and that alone matters.

One sculptor has arisen out of the West who is titanic and whose message has been democratic and wholly American. Gutzon Borglum, you are to-day standing alone on American soil, a true product of this elemental land of promise and your responsibility to nationalism is great. Do not betray the trust that your country has placed in you.

We do not ask our painters to be geographical. It is not necessary to paint our natural phenomena or the events of history to stamp oneself an American painter. Cézanne embodied the spirit

of France in his work, yet he never painted an historical subject in his life. He was the logical result of generations of culture and high thinking. He loved the soil, and his work lives and speaks of a great people and of a great national price. Gauguin saw life as it was and painted facts with a simplicity and keenness that comes only to an over-sensitive nature. He found much of his best inspiration in an alien land and portrayed a unique people with great historical accuracy, yet he never lost his native instinct nor sacrificed his national spirit. The work of the early Chinese masters will ever be a useful art expression, not alone to China but to all who respond to beauty. In these matchless scrolls we read the history of a marvellous race from its birth in remote antiquity down through the dust of ages yet to come. El Greco not only reconstructs for us the heroic age in which he lived but he sums up the whole development of a people, and his art will be useful to the world until the end of time. Michelangelo did not set his mind upon producing a national art. He was so much in tune with the spirit of his time that he could not fail to leave its indelible stamp upon his imperishable marbles.

Nationalism in art, as in any of its attributes, is an attitude of mind born of the soil and bred in the bone. An artist may belong wholly to his country and yet be claimed by the universe. The former always leads to the latter. Count the few great artists who belong to all time and behold the greatest patriots to nationalism that their respective climes have produced, yet none of these set definite aim at becoming a figure-head for their ship of state. America, in time, must surely breed a race of loyal men out of which will emerge at least one or two who will reflect in art the spirit of usefulness, freedom and democracy that characterizes us as a chosen people and future hope to brighten the lives of those who seek our soil as a land of promise after the wilderness.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

An exhibition of designs, suitable for the decoration of textile fabrics, wall paper and ceramics will be held in the American Museum of Natural History from December 17 to 31, 1917, inclusive.

From one to three designs may be entered by a

student from any art or public school. Any medium may be used. Designs must be inspired by some exhibit in the Museum and the source of the inspiration written on the back. (Example: Peruvian textile, Mexican pottery vessel, Sioux Indian pipe bag, etc.) Designs must be received on or before December 10. Name and address should be written on back to insure delivery to owner after the exhibition. No prizes or awards of any kind will be given. All the designs submitted will be passed upon by a committee, and such as meet its approval will be placed on exhibition.

Application may be made to Mr. Charles W. Mead, American Museum of Natural History, 77th Street and Central Park West, New York City.

WILLIAM MACBETH

As we go to press comes the sad word of the death, in his sixty-seventh year, of William Macbeth, the well known New York connoisseur and dealer in American art, and a loyal friend of this magazine for many years.

As a fitting expression of the high regard in which Mr. Macbeth was held in the world of art, we feel we cannot do better than reprint from the *New York Times* the tribute of Paul Dougherty, the artist, one of the many who profited through Mr. Macbeth's kindly interest and counsel.

"The death of William Macbeth closes a life work of unusual value and significance. Twenty-five years ago he opened a modest gallery devoted solely to the works of American artists. It was the first of its kind, and this despite the noble achievement of American artists now dead and numbered among the greatest of the nineteenth century. He had the courage to believe not only in individual painters, but in the future of American art in America. He had little capital but boundless faith and pertinacity, all of which was needed to tide over the first lean years. He lived to see the realization of his dream—American art recognized by the American public. The value of his own labours in this realization he always refused to admit, but in this the artists themselves disagreed with him. It was, I should think, almost their sole disagreement. Those who, like myself, have had over a long period of years the benefits of his friendly, wise advice and encouragement have lost a friend indeed."

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IN A BOSTON STUDIO
BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

"THOSE *damn* Greeks," as Gaudier-Brzeska irreverently dubbed the serene art of Hellas, are not only responsible for every worth-while piece of statuary executed to-day, but remain incontestable masters through the centuries in spite of the sneers of ultramodernists who affect to chip marble in a spirit of revolt from ancient precedent. With which preface we hasten to add that the subject of this paper, Robert P. Baker, though thoroughly modern in his outlook upon life and consequently upon art, has no af-

finity with short-cut methods, but bridges the gulf between Pheidias and Rodin with always himself as the final expression.

Between the artist and the spectator must perforce exist an intensive collaboration if the work shown be the product of an active brain, willing to impart its secrets, but by inference rather than by direct assertion. The art of direct assertion is merely that of the story-teller who makes all his points, leaving the listener no problems to solve. In the completed model soon to be converted into marble and styled as a sop to the catalogues *The Soul's Struggle*, the artist tells just enough to interest his audience and



DESTINY—A PLAQUE

BY ROBERT P. BAKER

LXXXI



THE KISS
BY ROBERT P. BAKER



BELGIUM
BY ROBERT P. BAKER

start them upon the journey of metaphysical reflection. Each one will judge the subject matter according to his deserts, and his deserts are commensurate with his ability to feel and to think. There is no key to this writhing conception contained in the nude figures in their upward struggle. Some may regard the idea as pessimistic, pointing to the lonely outstretched hand at the top of the composition, declaiming on its emptiness and asserting that the artist would convey to us that, after conquering the beast and rising to the highest planes permissible to mere man, there is no guerdon beyond a worthless benediction. This material explanation may, however, yield to the opinion that the open hand is symbolic of the giver, and that infinite reward awaits the soul in its final victory when earth lies far remote and the empyrean within easy reach. However, there is no need to label this remarkable enterprise in sculpture. There was a deep philosophy at the back of the showman's mind when asked to disclose to the little searcher after truth which was Daniel in the picture and which the lion. "You pays your money and you takes your choice" was the easy escape from a hazardous explanation. Thus sculpture has this in common with the classic anecdote of Daniel in the lion's den that we may regard it from either viewpoint and adduce evidence to support our opinion. Your doxy and our doxy might not be the doxy of Robert Baker, however. Still we have collaborated with him, and that is the only excuse for permanent art, that it shall cause us to pause and think. Only then can art be either significant or beautiful.

The most cursory examination of this monumental slab of irregular profile, about twelve feet high and eight across, weighing in the neighbourhood of twenty tons, cannot fail to draw the mind to at least two conclusions:

Firstly, one notes that the artist is a cosmic dreamer, if we may be permitted the expression, that though doomed to exist upon this little planet he projects his mind continually upon others. The evolution of man with him does not begin and end with the world as most of us recognize it. There are other planets of equal or greater importance, cosmically speaking. Mars to him is full of significance. His work savours neither of religion nor irreligion; it is the document of a mind that is basically ultramundane and macrocosmic. His leanings to astronomy and

years-long association with Mr. James H. Worthington, traveller, poet, scientist, scholar and astronomist, has excited and aided an intellect already matured by ceaseless work and the stimulus of travel which has led him over mountains and deserts, tropical lands and polar snows. Together these two produced a notable work quite recently, entitled *Sketches in Poetry, Prose, Paint and Pencil*, in which Worthington contributed the writing and Baker enriched the volume with about twenty sanguine drawings allegorical in character and of unusual distinction.



PEACE—HEROIC STATUE

BY ROBERT P. BAKER



THE SOUL'S STRUGGLE
BY ROBERT P. BAKER

In a Boston Studio

Secondly, one recognizes his impeccable draughtsmanship. There is no suspicion of the posed model, and, indeed, how could any model fall into such positions as Baker loves to draw or model. He uses the model, however, so much that the resultant knowledge permits him to express the human form in any attitude with anatomical correctness.

Baker, who is barely thirty to-day, has always

a work which taxed both his physical and intellectual side to the utmost.

For two years in his Boston studio this exceptional sculptor has been modelling *The Soul's Struggle*, which is undoubtedly the subconscious outcome of the Great War. It is not an epic of pessimism, as many conceive, but suggests rather the hope of the race. It is at present in the clay, but will shortly be transferred into marble.



BELGIUM—FRONT VIEW

BY ROBERT P. BAKER

drawn and modelled. When but a boy of ten he studied at the Lambeth School of Art (London), continuing at the City and Guilds Technical Institute. Later he expended five years at the Royal Academy Schools. His art training never cost him a penny—prizes, medals and scholarships having deluged him from the start. At the age of twenty-one he assisted Adrian Jones of Chelsea, London, on the huge Quadriga which now surmounts the famous arch at Hyde Park Corner,

The principal figures in the composition are well over life-size and with Michelangelesque precedent are part and parcel of the earth, whilst a feeling of distance is cleverly evoked by many auxiliary forms in low relief. We see, in fact, high and low relief and much that is three parts in the round. It is an epitome of the age-long struggle to emerge from the beast and attain the heights. The figures unfold in the earth like the petals of a bursting bud. The flow of line



TWO DRAWINGS FROM "SKETCHES IN POETRY, PROSE, PAINT AND PENCIL,"
BY JAMES H. WORTHINGTON AND ROBERT P. BAKER

is exquisite, leading always upward; all is intense and dramatic. It must not be supposed for a moment that no other artist has attempted similar flights of imagination. Many will recall Bareaux's dream of Victor Hugo at the Petit Palais, Paris, but here is no background of figures. Again, Jeff Lambeaux, the famous Belgian sculptor, executed *Passions Humaines* in a similar vein but, we think, less successfully. Robert P. Baker is fortunate in his ability to devote himself entirely to idealistic sculpture. All true sculptors would do the same if it were feasible. Unfortunately, commissions are scarce and small, few architects or city fathers having any orders to bestow. It follows that the average sculptor is perforce driven to execute petty statuary, ornamental fountains, and family portraits.

Of the land of his birth Baker believes Cleopatra's Needle to be its best monument and the Café Royal its best art school. He does not approve of the portrait head of Rameses the Great on the Egyptian desert and considers it an impudent copy of Sir George Frampton. He feels that his personal art has been much victimized by such men as Rodin and Michelangelo, who happened to precede him. From which random reflections it may be seen that this genius possesses a merry sense of humour, a gift denied to the majority of earth dwellers and for some inscrutable reason particularly rare amongst sculptors, who of all men need it most, for the sculptor's profession teems with annoyances and vexations. The heroic statue of *Peace* is a single nude figure of exquisite lines. The *effacé* feeling would have been better maintained, perhaps, had less prominence been given to the right hand. It is hard to see why that should not have been enveloped as skilfully as the rest. Another example represents a man and woman mutely bent over a dead or dying youth rigidly extended across their laps. The poignancy of their unrelenting grief is magnificently expressed in their bowed heads and inert limbs. The whole conception is intensely primitive and unsophisticated. It is a pity that catalogues need to be expiated, and we observe that the piece is described as *Belgium*. Just as likely Baker was thinking of Sahara or Hongkong. In any case statuary and pictures ought never to be named. The beholder should supply his own legend, and thus become the virtual owner.

The Kiss is finely characterized, and amongst

the many statues of kindred conception is bound to take a high place. The artist has steered the middle course. Primitive passion is represented, devoid of brutality. You feel that the man's homage is joyfully accepted, but that it would have been tendered in any case. In this group, as in *Belgium*, we note the masterly composition, great masses and planes being held in good relation and always the monumental feeling.

Reverting in conclusion to *The Soul's Struggle*, Boston may well feel proud that such an unusual work has been executed within her confines, and should show appreciation of the fact by inviting the artist to exhibit his masterpiece in a worthy manner. Cities have a way of discouraging the artist by omitting to perform what appear to be obvious tasks of courtesy and expediency. Then when the artist is sufficiently sickened and seeks other hospitality, these cities accuse him of ingratitude and affect to wonder why he should shake off their dust. And what, after all, have they done for him? We do not refer to Boston as an offending city, but speak in general terms, being able, if necessary, to cite many cases where good artists have been driven away by unmerited neglect. Artists need real encouragement, they are not satisfied with "How delightful!" and a cup of tea—nor is the landlord.



TORSO

BY ROBERT P. BAKER

The Beaulcy Exhibition



PLAZA, NEW YORK—A WATER COLOUR

BY WILLIAM JEAN BEAULEY

THE BEAULEY EXHIBITION

AN important exhibition to be held between the dates of October 27 and November 17, at the galleries of E. and A. Milch, 108 West Fifty-seventh Street, will be a surprise to many who have only seen an occasional oil by William Jean Beaulcy at the Academy or elsewhere. They will now see a quantity of impressive and serious work done in every medium and mostly about New York. Although Beaulcy has painted considerably in Europe and America, his chief delight has been to find what is characteristic and picturesque amongst the wharves and streets of New York. The mere picturesque alone has never made particular appeal. What does appeal to him is that essential quality that makes New York different from all other cities. To quote from Mr. Edward Simmons:

"William J. Beaulcy is modestly following in the path of the great men of Greece and Italy. He is an exception among younger men. He has learned to draw.

"The charm that one finds in these canvases may be heightened by choice of arrangement,

colour sense, his personal point of view, or whatever virtue the public may find in them, but that charm could not have been told to us unless he had known and had at his fingers' end—the form. It applies even to a dove flying. Here and there a striking canvas calls to you from its compositional quality, and the realization that it is a familiar bit of New York comes to you afterwards. One will get from this canvas an impression that it was painted in Holland and from another a feeling that it may have been found in Poitiers or elsewhere in France.

"This is picture-making, not portraiture. In such work the sense of beauty that a man may possess must be held more in check than as a contrast in his *The Tide at Evening*. This canvas would have delighted Whistler.

"It is rare, indeed, to find a man who can paint a canvas like this and also his *The City Gate*. Again I want to say that this man has learned to draw—and it seems to hold in all the material he uses as far as I know—all—oil, water colour, pastel, pencil and what not.

"Ingres used to say to his pupils: '*Le dessin, messieurs, c'est la probité de l'art.*'"

Gerard Returns to America

GERARD RETURNS TO AMERICA BY H. MERIAN ALLEN PEALE'S PAINTING OF FIRST FRENCH AMBASSADOR

MANY believe that old things and old memories are the best. Alonzo of Arragon said as much, but the truth was old even in his mediæval age. And as one enters the venerable Senate Chamber in old Congress Hall, on the corner of Sixth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia, and gazes admiringly on the portrait of Conrad Alexander Gerard, first minister to the United States from France, he is inclined to agree with this thought.

There is strange contradiction, however, in the fact that this canvas from the brush of Charles Wilson Peale, one hundred and forty years ago, remained in some Philadelphia storeroom for over six decades, absolutely neglected, covered with the dust and cobwebs of passing time. Recently it has been brought forth from darkness, restored, and given the place of honour originally assigned it.

For the Continental Congress, back in 1778, voted that Gerard's likeness must be painted and framed and hung in the halls of that body. Peale was given the commission, and the subject posed close to the historic building which now holds his faithful representation in oils. The compensation to be received was three thousand dollars, not gold, but, he it remembered, only continental money. However, when the painting was finished, there was not even enough of that doubtful currency with which to pay the artist, so he retained it in his own possession. In 1854 the city tardily purchased it, at a public auction of Peale's works, for three hundred and fifty dollars—paltry, indeed, considering that some connoisseurs place a value upon it to-day amounting to fifty thousand.

The portrait hangs at the back of the dais and immediately faces the visitor as he passes the old Senate threshold. Life-size and framed in generous fashion it occupies a space extending from the ceiling to the dais floor. Flanking it to the east shows the virile, intellectual face of Thomas Jefferson, while to the west appears the genial countenance of Thomas Cushing, that gifted son of Massachusetts so active in Revolutionary times, and of whom Dr. Johnson sarcastically said, "One object of the Americans is to adorn the brows of Cushing with a diadem." Directly opposite the French minister, appropriately

enough, the Stars and Stripes are festooned across the graceful railings of the small gallery.

The Frenchman rests in a position of peculiar honour. It was on this self-same dais, fronting the very spot now covered by the picture and near enough to touch it, that George Washington received the oath of office when inaugurated President for the second time. From there, too, in John Adams' administration, Jefferson presided over America's embryonic Upper House.

The lighting is not yet thoroughly adjusted but that fact does not act as a serious drawback. Probably few of those who stand before this masterpiece know much, if anything, of art in a trained or technical sense. But knowledge of technique is unnecessary here. Glancing into this kindly, human face, the effect is more that of contact with a personality than a picture, and the lay mind is instantly and easily impressed. The colouring is rich, clear and emphatic, yet with the graduated tones of perfect artistry. The drawing is striking. It is the pose that captures the beholder as with a magnetic touch. The figure fairly lives and breathes, slightly bending forward, as if in deep, listening attention. The eyes are sharp and alert, and the straight, prominent nose seems to quiver with excited interest.

Imagination travels apace, as the visitor stands here, wrapt in admiration. He is back in the shadowy mists of the past, and around him are versatile Aaron Burr from New York, that republican oracle from Pennsylvania, Albert Gallatin, Oliver Ellsworth whom Connecticut is shortly to present to the United States as Chief Justice, Richard Henry Lee of Virginia, and Andrew Jackson, Tennessee's idol and the future President—all making the old chamber ring with earnest debate, while looking down upon them as if striving to catch their every word is the popular minister from France.

Genius in guiding his brush, till the subject on his canvas appeared a speaking, sentient being made Peale famous and sought after. His portraits of Washington are said to have been fourteen in number. One, produced in 1772, and now in the Lee Memorial Chapel of Washington and Lee University, is the earliest known likeness of the Father of his Country. Another was originally ordered by Congress, but, the artist experiencing the same failure to extract his pay as in the Gerard instance, it was bought, finally, for a private collection in Philadelphia. Still another



CONRAD ALEXANDER GERARD
FIRST MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES FROM FRANCE
BY CHARLES WILSON PEALE

A Gem of Art in Gloucester, Mass.

is in the National Institute at the Capital, having been presented to our Government by Count de Menon, a famous general of the French Revolution and under Napoleon. Besides Washington, many others of the most noted men of his day sat to this pupil of West and Copley; Alexander Hamilton and John Hancock, Bishop White and Jefferson, stand as if types of their famous fellows. He lived to the ripe age of eighty-five, pursuing his art to the last. A memorial to him, in a sense, at his home, the Quaker City, is the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, for he was one of its founders.

As to Gerard, his main claim upon the gratitude and friendship of the new nation lay in his untiring efforts to cement close relations of amity between it and his own land. He it was, acting under instructions from Vergennes, the French foreign minister, who conducted negotiations with the American representatives, Franklin, Deane and Lee, resulting in the two treaties of 1778 by which France openly agreed to aid the struggling colonies. In March of that year, he set sail for these shores with D'Estaing's fleet, remaining here as ambassador but a twelvemonth, however.

Possessed of a fascinating manner and in the prime of life, not yet having reached fifty, many honours and much attention were bestowed upon him during his sojourn, not the least of which was an LL.D. degree from Yale.

To those who cherish reverence for the rich associations clustering around the period of '76, it is gratifying to learn that Philadelphia is restoring other historic portraits which, in due time, will find places somewhere in that noble group of buildings which mark the spot identified with the ringing in of liberty.

A GEM OF ART IN GLOUCESTER BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

THE genus Gallery is a family of many divisions. We have national galleries, state galleries, dealers' galleries and numerous galleries that depend upon sales for their upkeep. Also, but of no special interest to the artist or to the public, are hundreds of private galleries which exist like the half dozen Packards in an adjoining garage for the special and particular benefit of the family in possession.



"THE GALLERY ON THE MOORS," GLOUCESTER, MASS.

ARCHITECT, RALPH ADAMS CRAM

A Gem of Art in Gloucester, Mass.

Another type of gallery, however, of far-reaching importance, has made its appearance upon the scene and may lead in time to others of similar character, though we hardly dare to hope it for the present.

The Atwood Gallery here represented and affectionately named "The Gallery on the Moors" is the son and heir of Mr. and Mrs. Atwood, real lovers of art, who invited Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, the architect, to dress their boy nicely in a suit of modern Gothic that must be unique in conception and exquisite in construction. And there the little man stands sturdily upon the moors, playing peek-a-boo among the rocks and holding out a welcoming hand to all good artists of Gloucester, from whom he is not allowed to accept any gratuity whatever on the occasion of his season parties, when visitors flock to the spot and buy canvases with which his little inside is comfortably packed.

The war having made European travel a difficult and disquieting experience, the Atwoods had to discover other distractions, and they made a practice of climbing steep steps leading to fishermen's lofts and garrets where the Gloucester artists kept their work. Pictures being painted entirely out-of-doors, the need for a spacious studio does not exist, consequently any quarters, provided they possess the required atmosphere, are all sufficient.

The Atwoods, however, do not belong to that large and influential body of citizens which visits the artist, patronizes him if permitted, but refrains religiously from anything in the nature of a purchase. They like buying pictures, but experienced difficulty in seeing them to advantage preparatory to making a selection, hence arose the idea of a gallery. They couldn't go to Europe, why not build a gallery in Gloucester which would be of service to the artists and enable buyers to see works of art in fitting surroundings? They had found their Holy Grail upon the moors of Gloucester. There, immersed in the fragrance of wild bay and clover, reflected in a fascinating pond famous in picture and story, and commanding a view of village and harbour, moorland, spires and sea, The Gallery on the Moors is itself seen from near and far. Here we feel the freedom of the moors, the freedom of the donors and the freedom of the artist. It is seeing pictures under ideal conditions. A small staff attends to the exhibitions, all expenses being

borne by the Atwoods, who charge the artist not a cent of commission when a sale is effected. Every good picture painted in the vicinity finds its way to the gallery.

Side by side with artists of international reputation hang the works of unknown painters whose fame may perhaps arise from these very walls. It is an opportunity for everything fine; nothing poor or mediocre gains admission.

A stage has been added with all up-to-date equipment, so that painting and statuary may welcome their sisters—music, literature and drama.

Gloucester's claim to be the premier art colony of America is too obvious to require confirmation. And this fact doubtless influenced the Atwoods in their selection of a suitable spot to erect a gallery.

The Gallery on the Moors is just now celebrating its second annual exhibition, where on an all-too-brief visit we observed a notable portrait by Cecilia Beaux; one of Walter Palmer's beautiful renderings of snow scenes; several bright water colours by Charles Hopkinson; a good example by Elizabeth Sparhawk Jones; a canvas by Jane Peterson, with her usual dash and individual handling; two characteristic boat scenes by Henry B. Snell; a busy harbour scene by Hayley Lever; a girl sewing by Louis Kronberg, Theresa Bernstein's talented picture of golf on the moors, and a colourful sketch by Paul Comoyer. Good etchings by William Auerbach Levy and John Sloan, with sculpture by Grafly, Anna V. Hyatt and others gave variety and distinction to a well-hung and interesting exhibition.

Fewer artists and more Atwoods would be an excellent recipe for all paintable spots along the coast.

BUREAU OF ADVICE

ON

PAINTINGS

THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO gives authoritative opinions upon old and modern paintings. Mr. Raymond Wyer, who is a recognized authority, is in charge of this department and will give special attention to letters addressed to this magazine under the above heading.



THE DESERTED HOME

BY EVERETT L. WARNER

CONNECTICUT PAINTERS' "HARVEST HOME"
EXHIBITIONS OF LYME, SILVERMINE AND MYSTIC
BY FLOYD TRIGGS

THERE is a saying among the merry landscape painters of Lyme: "What the elm beetles leave, we get." Apparently there were no elm beetles to eat up the Connecticut landscape this year. The picture harvest has been unusually good.

Extending through the latter part of August and including Labour Day, which, of course, is supposed to close the country season, three important exhibitions of paintings have been held,

severally, in Lyme, in Mystic and in Silvermine. Lyme held its sixteenth annual exhibition, Silvermine its tenth, and Mystic its fourth. The figures will serve to show to what permanent popularity these "dog-days" exhibitions have attained. To be sure, none of the groups of painters mentioned has, as yet, a gallery of its own. The Lyme exhibition is shown in a library, a school building serves the Mystic painters, while the artists of Silvermine exhibit in a sculptor's country studio. But by ingenious draping, the subduing and enhancing of light, the painters generally have secured for their pictures conditions fairly good.

To the lengthening list of names associated with

Connecticut Painters' "Harvest Home"

Lyme may be added the name of Percival L. Rosseau, painter of dogs, who has become a resident and exhibited this year. Ivan Olinsky, also, and Woodhull Adams have spent the season at Lyme. In the exhibition this year Edward F. Rook showed three impressive landscapes, *Swirling Water*, *Apple Blossoms* and *Gaunt Trees*, the latter representing, perhaps, what the elm beetles left. But it will not do to approach Mr. Rook's pictures in jest. Here, rather, are interpretations of nature both new and convincing, compelling a serious mood. George Bogert's painting, *After*

washed structure pleasantly irregular in line, its gables enlivened by the setting sun. *A Mood of Spring* is the landscape which brought additional distinction to Lyme and a gold medal of the Panama-Pacific Exposition to Harry Hoffman.

Henry R. Poore, who showed two paintings of foxhounds, Frank Bicknell, William Robinson, George Burr, George M. Bruestle, William Chadwick, Matilda Brown, Edmund Greacen, Walter Griffin, Charles Bittinger, Wilson Irvine, Lydia Longacre, Edward G. Smith, Guy Wiggins, Carleton Wiggins, Clark Voorhees, W. O. Swett, Jr.,



FOXHOUNDS

BY HENRY R. POORE

Sundown, Manomet, is one of intense depth and richness of color. *The Deserted House*, by Everett L. Warner, a characteristic subject, shows the sparkle of a springtime morning as it seldom is seen upon canvas. There is an old-time dignity about Robert Tolman's portrait, *Eleanor*. The subject has been graciously portrayed. In *The Canton Platter* Lucien Abrams brings out handsomely the colour contrasts, the singing blues and greens, of an interesting still life. William H. Howe paints his cattle coming up out of misty lowlands in *Morning, Connecticut River*, and Will Howe Foot in *Our Bermuda House* shows a white-

Bessie Potter Vonnoh, Robert Vonnoh, complete the list of Lyme exhibitors. One notes with regret the tender landscape, memorial to Jules Turcas, deceased.

The Mystic Art Association this year showed a dignified collection of paintings. C. H. Davis, who has been long resident in Mystic, exhibited his *The Call of the West Wind*, surely a ringing call. This inspiring picture was awarded the Altman prize at the Academy. G. Albert Thompson showed two excellent landscapes, *The Road to the Village* and *The Old Homestead*. A wood interior, keyed to the colour of the lichen-encrusted



ELEANOR

BY ROBERT TOLMAN

trees, with hunter and dogs, is by Alden Weir. J. Eliot Enneking, Peter Marcus, Roy Elliott Bates, Lester Boronda, George Koch, Charles Hawthorne and Edward Redfield were among other exhibitors, and there was a spacious landscape by Henry Ranger, who for many years painted in the neighbourhood of Mystic.

Several of the accustomed exhibitors were absent from the Silvermine exhibition shown in Solon Borglum's studio. D. Putnam Brinley has become a camoufleur and hopes to employ his abilities as a painter in deceiving the flying eyes of the enemy in France. Nor, unfortunately, was Bernhard Gutmann represented.

From the fluent brush of H. S. Hubbell were four portraits and by Howard Hildebrandt, a bather in the water, the light filtering through overhanging branches. G. W. Picknell showed a tumbling little river, H. G.

Thomson a charming evening landscape, and Hamilton Hamilton a painting of sand dunes. The Silvermine river turns the wheels of many little red mills and these, with the blue water beneath, furnish admirable subjects for Helen Hamilton's lively brush. Raymond Holland has painted a transfigured Pittsburgh, with smoke, street and buildings all climbing up, and E. M. Ashe has found the colour of a snowy world.

Solon Borglum exhibited an Indian figure, symbolical of inspiration, and, particularly interesting, two wood uprights for a mantelpiece, carved with figures typifying the domestic hearth. By Mildred Nash, a delightful model of a calf yet uncertain on its wobbly legs.

Other exhibitors included Howard Renwick, F. T. Hutchens, F. C. Yohn, John Cassel and Charles Shackleton.



ON THE HUDSON RIVER

BY GLENN COOPER HENSHAW

GLENN COOPER HENSHAW
BY HELEN HARRINGTON

SOCIAL systems may change, methods in art and in life that seemed sound yesterday may be found to be quite faulty to-day, and even that which appeared to be truth, as new light is thrown upon it, takes on a different colour and changes form. But nature and the human soul remain the same, unchanging and eternal. The artist, therefore, who best interprets these mysteries, and reveals to us the secret of the beauty which hovers everlastingly over all things, is the one whose work will endure through all the upheavals of social and artistic reconstruction.

In the art world to-day there is going on a battle almost as wild and destructive as the great war that is being waged in the world of action. Just as through this outward clamour there are some few who are thinking clearly and holding on to eternal truths in the midst of the confusion, so also there are some artists who refuse to sway

back and forth with the contending armies in art, and who are holding onto the unchanging ideal of beauty on which alone abiding art is founded.

Glenn Cooper Henshaw is one of these men, and it takes no courage to prophesy now that, when the smoke of battle both in art and in life shall have cleared away, Henshaw's place, for vision, for poignance of beauty and felicity of expression, will be as secure in American art as is the place of Keats in English literature.

Over every city there hovers the enchanted city of the imagination; over every river or hill there broods the memory of the ages that have gone to its forming; in every city street—or village street, for that matter—there is the suggestion of the great human drama of the men and women who pass in and out from the shadow of its houses; and in every face, under the influence of the varying emotions that play across it, there flashes forth at moments a spark of that great life—the mystery that is behind all existence. To catch this fleeting beauty, glimpses of which only most of us are permitted to see, is the portion of the



MADISON AVENUE
BY GLENN COOPER HENSHAW



OLD WOMAN
BY GLENN COOPER HENSHAW



CRYING CHILD

BY GLENN COOPER HENSHAW

artist, and the degree in which this beauty of life is presented and its dross rejected and the manner in which it is done is the basis on which an artist's fame must rest.

Perhaps the most salient feature of Mr. Henshaw's art is his power to flash out some truth of life or of nature with such an unfaltering stroke that none may fail to comprehend its meaning. We have all seen that bewildered or unconvinced look in the eye of the spectator at some of our present-day art exhibitions, that effort to grasp the meaning of the artist, to define whether a certain thing may have been just a streak of yellow paint or a sunbeam, but no one can mistake the beauty of the Hudson River as Henshaw reveals it to us in the glow of the later afternoon sunlight, with its boats half concealed, half disclosed, moving silently, mysteriously, through the mist; no one can fail to feel the beauty and the life and the drama in his paintings of New York City streets, nor the majesty of the towering buildings that rise up impassively, permitting the sunlight to enter only furtively at the side streets, while figures, sometimes in light, sometimes in shadow, pass to and fro on their ways. And how little one thinks of contending theories or differ-

ing schools of art when one looks into the heroic, resigned, pathetic face of his *Old Woman*. In it is suggested all the melancholy beauty and haunting pathos that goes with old age. The stiffened hand is pressed, as is the manner of the aged, against the wrinkled cheek; the lips, which have borne life's buffets with no complaint, are withered, but the sweetness has remained; the eyes look out, not at you, but past you, toward that eternal life into which she is soon to pass. This picture alone would rank Glenn Cooper Henshaw amongst the immortals. And there are few painters who would not have been glad to have *The Old Sea Captain* to their credit. Tenderly and truthfully as he depicts old age, however, he is equally felicitous in his portraits of young womanhood, with its compelling charm and loveliness, as is shown in the sketch of his wife. With sure touch he has caught the spirit of the woman, her animation and her grace, and this without any suggestion of "studio" arrangement or studied effect. Never is he caught in a strained effort to paint minutely the obvious or to catch the attention by taking some striking or theatrical type. He succeeds, rather, in presenting whatever comes under his eye, selected for some especial beauty, or caught in some unconscious moment of rare interest to the artist, and by him revealed for all to see. With what an unerring hand and swift stroke he must have worked to catch at its very climax the excitement of *The Crying Child*. We suspect that there was no previous understanding between the artist and his subject when that big round tear gushed forth from the eye of the baby. Because of this quickness of Henshaw's to seize on the action of the moment he likes to work in pastel, that medium which is so admirably suited to record the fleeting impressions that vanish almost as quickly as they come. He is, however, none the less powerful and impressive in his oils.

In thinking of Henshaw's work, the artistic forebears which might rise up in one's mind would be Turner, Whistler and Rembrandt, for like them he possesses that great delicacy of handling, coupled with vitality. There is no suggestion of imitation, but resemblance, rather, as he seems to see life from somewhere near their angle. He is not unlike them, and yet he is distinctively Henshaw. He sees and portrays nature and life as the universal painters and poets have ever seen them, and yet he is distinctively American, seeing, as he does, the beauty of it through all its

The Weirdest Sculptured Lion in Captivity



LION STATUARY AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

newness, and even without the mellowness which the ages have brought to the cities of Europe.

His colour is peculiarly his own, tender and soft when the mood requires it; it sings when he wishes to create some vivid impression, as, for instance, the varied lights and reflections which come startlingly through the darkness of the streets at night. Whether he works in oil or pastel he puts down his impressions with unquestioned sincerity and unswerving fidelity to his vision.

Mr. Henshaw, though born in Indiana, is of an old Virginia family, and on his mother's side there is a strain of Spanish blood. He began to use his pencils and brushes almost as soon as he was able to hold them, and when in 1902 he went abroad to study, his individuality as a painter was already marked. After an academic year at Munich he went to Paris; there his pictures were exhibited at the Salon; there he received recognition, and there, too, he would probably have remained had not the waves of war sent him back to his native land. Since his return he has done some of his finest work in painting American, particularly New York and Chicago, scenes. His pictures have been exhibited at Indianapolis, where the discerning ones were quick to recognize his genius. He has chosen a studio on Twenty-third Street, where he satisfies the great passion of his life—which is work.

THE WEIRDEST SCULPTURED LION IN CAPTIVITY BY FRANK OWEN PAYNE

AS ONE enters the grand loggia of the Metropolitan Museum of Art a vast array of fragments of classic sculpture is revealed to the eye. Some of these fragments are of archaic Greek, Roman or Etruscan workmanship. Others represent periods of Hellenic and Græco-Roman art dating from the Sixth Century B.C. to the Fourth Century A.D.

Gods and goddesses, demi-gods and heroes, all in various degrees of dilapidation, may be seen, some of which, in spite of their fragmentary state, betray in curve of line and delicacy of proportion a beauty which not all the havoc of time has been able to efface. Indeed, one is constrained to marvel at the beauty which must have been theirs when they were fresh from the sculptor's hand, since after all these centuries they still retain so much that is worthy of our admiration.

Not all these sculptures are things of beauty, however. Many of them are not and never were beautiful. Moreover, they sadly lack the element of truth as well. Some obviously belong to the grotesque. One at least represents the workmanship of an age so crude or an artist so careless as to make it interesting from the archæolog-

The Weirdest Sculptured Lion in Captivity

ical rather than the artistic point of view. This remarkable sculpture is called a *lion* and carries the following label:

LION

Greek. End of 5th Century B.C.

Ears and four paws and parts of legs restored. Rogers Fund and Private Subscription. 1909.

That it was intended to represent a lion cannot be gainsaid. Its teeth, its jaws and its retractile claws are truly carnivorous in form. The mane, or rather the attempt at portrayal of a mane, also betrays the artist's intention to represent a lion. But at this point the likeness ends. In every other feature this strange beast is not in any sense a lion.

The head when studied from either side presents an aspect more like that of a *wolf*. It is far too small for the head of any lion. The flanks are also much more like those of a wolf or jackal than can be discovered in any feline species. The thighs and hind quarters, when studied from the rear, are unmistakably those of a *hog*. Strangest of all, the high protruding hipbones are plainly visible, a characteristic never found in the carnivora, but always prominent in the skeleton of an *ox*. The leg, although of the carnivorous type, is not quite true to type in position of the heel, which projects backward rather too prominently, making an angle much like that of a *boar*. The feet, however, having been restored, must not be considered in any critique of the work.

In studying this weird sculptured creature in which are mingled feline, canine, bovine and suiform characteristics one is constrained to wonder what actuated the sculptor in creating such a heterogeneous piece of work. Is there anything of the symbolism in it which led the ancients to create dragons, griffins, sphynxes and all the various hybrid forms in which were blended the physical characteristics of eagles, bulls, lions and men? Or, on the contrary, is this so-called lion the product of carelessness or of ignorance of the anatomy of living forms?

An artist may be such an intense lover of life as to sacrifice even scientific fact to the larger truth. Is this an example of such a love of life?

It cannot be denied that whether lion or not, there is portrayed in this ancient work a fierceness

and power which has seldom been surpassed. In the open mouth, the sullen eyes, the flat-laid ears and the crouching posture there is revealed the evidence of skill of no mean degree. Even in the tail, of which a stump alone remains, there may be detected something of the swish so characteristic of an angry beast of prey. Inaccurate as it is so far as lion anatomy is concerned, there can be no doubt that this sculptured beast represents the best work of the period which produced it. Like those other famous lions, which for unknown centuries have stood guard at the gate of Mycenae, this lion is also a work well deserving study.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art is to be congratulated upon the possession of such an extraordinary piece of antique sculpture.

THE CHASE ESTATE

THE EDITOR,

THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO,
New York City.

Dear Sir:

May I make a slight correction in my article in your June issue on "Annie Traquair Lang"? I stated there that the well-known portrait of her by the late William M. Chase was the property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. This was so until quite lately, it seems. Though purchased by the Lazarus Fund, and, one would suppose, the property of the city for all time, it has, I understand, been exchanged by the Museum authorities with the Chase estate—another instance of what can happen when a great artist dies without an artistic executor. I hear the picture has been transferred by Mrs. Chase to Miss Lang, and that it is now in her possession. Perhaps I may also add that one of the best-known canvases by Chase—the *Lady in Opera Cloak*, painted from the same model and at the same time as what is generally considered his masterpiece, *The Lady with White Shawl*, owned by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia—is also the property of and in the possession of Miss Lang. It was included in error in the sale catalogue, last May, and was withdrawn. It is quite as well that the location of these two important Chase pictures should be recorded.

Yours very truly,

San Francisco.

GUY MEREDITH.

The Significance of the Past

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE PAST BY RAYMOND WYER

ONE would readily suppose that a knowledge of the creative work of the past would be regarded as a national necessity in moral, intellectual and character development, but such is far from being the case. That there are many dissenters to be found in prominent places can be observed by all who glance down the columns of the daily papers. How often we find letters addressed to the editor decrying the need of classics in our schools. How many people would shut out the past from the college curriculum and commence history with perhaps the American Constitution as a starting-point. Such protestants can possess but little understanding of the variety and quality of the factors that are essential if we wish to build up true character. To start a college with a diet of modern subjects alone would be a grievous error in discrimination. A library that puts a ban upon all but modern literature would furnish no educational interest, inasmuch as it would consistently oppose and exclude the works of great thinkers that have ever treated the present as a link with the past. The elimination of the classics in art and literature is fatal both to the intellectual and moral welfare of the individual. Similarly unrelated and excessive application to the classics would beset the student with mental atrophy. In a word, the old and the new are absolutely related and indivisible. Nothing can exceed in modernity the *Sermon on the Mount*, the *Laws of Justinian* or the *Satires of Juvenal*. The jokes that were bandied in the Forum or the Baths are the badinage of to-day, the strategy of Thermopylæ has evolved into the tactics of Verdun. Greek fire and Teuton guns are equally up to date, and so *ad infinitum*.

If we are to foster the spirit of imagination and creation the past and the present must be studied *pari passu*—that is to say, if we wish to produce statesmen and not politicians, artists and not craftsmen.

As education and wealth increase in communities the want of a museum soon makes itself known. Museums are growing with almost alarming rapidity, and as each one is duly launched the unnecessary question will often arise among the trustees as to whether they should purchase ancient or modern works of art. It is obviously

a delicate matter incurring great responsibility, and seldom is it approached with an open mind. More often we encounter a bias in favour of art of the most conventional type. This is a "safety-first" policy, very much to be deplored and leading invariably to destruction.

Many reasons combine to create a preference for present-day art, some based upon suspicion and prejudice against the art of the past, but still more the lack of knowledge which stands in the way of appreciating an old master. People conceive the idea that they are in a better position to judge the living artist, and of course reasons connected with patriotism and helping the painter also play a prominent rôle. It is on this latter account that many paintings of dubious value occupy positions to-day upon the walls of many of our leading galleries. Another reason often put forth is that the funds available for accessions are not sufficiently large to encourage the committee to quest for ancient paintings. In answer to this it may be stated that both primitive and Seventeenth-Century Dutch and other paintings may often be acquired cheaper than a canvas by a first-class contemporary artist, works that are vital and expressive of their time and nationality. Even when a museum is well endowed it might seem advisable to be content with a distinguished example of a lesser master where a difficulty is experienced in acquiring a masterpiece, but this only when the best is not available.

A superstition prevails that the æsthetic and monetary values of old masters depend upon names and the length of time since they attached to living persons, furthermore that modern artists are producing better work but have the misfortune in point of this valuation to be still alive. In view of this the purchasing committee deems it wiser to acquire works of the present-day Rembrandts and Constables before their prices commence to soar. Even if we possessed the faculty of "spotting winners" it would still be most unwise for a museum to limit itself to the purchase of contemporary art.

Quite a few people imagine that the fact of living in an era of electricity and automobiles places us on a plane of intellectual superiority over men of a bygone period when such luxuries were undreamt of. Similarly they feel almost embarrassed when invited to laud the work of artists who were not attired as men of to-day,

The Significance of the Past

but in the costume of their period. This may sound exaggerated, but it is not so. There are places to-day, and many of them, in this country where if anyone wore an eye-glass or purple spats his attitude to the community would invite suspicion if not downright hostility. To overstep the conventional method of dressing, locally affected, would be detrimental to one's professional salvation.

To return to the functions of a public art museum. If it be true that we understand contemporary art best, then it is high time that we be given more opportunity of becoming acquainted with the art of the past. As to considering the living artist, much should be done to encourage him when he possesses ability, but there is only one intelligent reason for wishing him represented in a permanent collection of a public gallery, and that is solely on the merit of his work, and it must not be merit of a local appraisalment, but a national and universal verdict in his favour. Patriotism and charity are factors that should never obtrude in such a decision, where the welfare of an educational institute should be in ratio with its ability to enlighten the public, whether the media of enlightenment be text-books, pictures or any other work of art.

The writer of this paper has no prejudices against present-day art, but enjoys what is significant in all epochs. The creative work and activities to-day have as much authority as those of any age. We do not compare with the past in a superior or inferior degree; we are different. No two periods can be alike, history not being in the habit of repeating itself. By the laws of nature no experience in the life of the nation or the individual can ever be repeated. It is matter of common knowledge that those who foolhardily seek the repetition of their emotions court only disappointment and disaster. We can only study the past and create new experiences by using it as a guide and help to the understanding of new conditions and the spirit they engender, so that at least we make as much of our opportunities as did the best creative minds or spokesmen of former ages.

For this reason a museum, when it is the only one in a city, should collect works of art, including paintings, sculpture, textiles, ceramics and examples of all the applied arts irrespective of period, country or race, from the earliest times

to the present day, covering as much as possible the world's significant art.

The art of the past is not in conflict with the art of the present. Neither are they isolated facts of æsthetic accomplishment. Art has a more comprehensive meaning than this. It is the significant and concrete human expression of the period from which it evolved and embodies the spirit and condition of its time, interpreted and rendered with the technique of the best creative minds, which is always the language understood by the best contemporary intelligence. In a good primitive painting, for instance, the character of its period, as of its author, is shown in the pigment, in its quality of line and colour—in the composition and mechanical execution and in the spirit that pervades the whole.

The art of the different countries is all related, as is the art of the past to the present. They belong to each other, and an intelligent appreciation of one is impossible without an understanding of the other. A sensitiveness to the best in every department of life, a true understanding of the world to-day, of men and women, of ourselves, is not possible without a realization of the value of the classic past and all it embodies.

As truthfully may it be affirmed that he who delves incessantly into the past, forever fossicking in ancient middens and neglecting his own time as of negligible interest, renders himself incapable even of appreciating that to which his mind has become enslaved.

CAR NO. 681A, SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

THIS sounds like the title of a mysterious detective story, but is nothing of the kind. Car No. 681A is the gift of American artists to the American Field Service in France, and letters from the Commandant of the Section where our Artists' Ambulance is working tell supremely well how appreciated the gift is.

It might not be amiss to bring to the attention of our artist readers that the subscriptions which have been adequate to provide the ambulance are still \$740 below the sum necessary for the support and maintenance of the same for one year. Will artists who are anxious to complete the good work kindly send their cheques direct to Mr. Augustus Vincent Tack at the Century Club, 7 West 43d Street, New York, this gentleman being treasurer of the fund?



"THE CHARMER." OIL PAINTING
BY J. W. WATERHOUSE. R.A.

(2) Reproduction of the original by J. W. Waterhouse, R.A.



STUDY IN OILS. BY
J W WATERHOUSE, R.A.

THE STUDIO

THE LATE J. W. WATERHOUSE, R.A.

THERE is a certain polite convention which prescribes that only kindly things should be said of a dead man.

Death is supposed to silence criticism and to impose a gentle reticence concerning the defects of the friend, or the enemy, who has joined the majority. When an artist who has been prominent or popular dies this convention demands that his disappearance from the ranks of art should be lamented as a loss to the world, and that he should be said to have left a gap which no one else is qualified to fill. Yet in many cases this form of testimony to the one who is gone is only a perversion of fact, and a perversion which over-values him and depreciates the other workers with whom, while he was alive, he had to compete. Not many men are indispensable, not many stand so far apart from their fellows that they cannot be replaced or that the work they have laid down cannot be taken up and carried forward by some one else. Art never dies, and it is only rarely that an exponent of one of its many branches achieves a position in which he finds no other man able to contest his supremacy.

But it happens occasionally that a particular artist through some special tendencies of temperament, or by an unusual development of his powers of expression, makes a reputation

that is entirely his own, and gathers round him a body of sympathizers to whom his art makes an irresistible appeal. Such a one has certainly a place to himself, and his death does leave a gap into which no other man can step. It is his personality that earns him the appreciation he enjoys, his exposition of his own mind and his own sentiment, not his fidelity to the dogmas of some recognized and popular school. He stands alone and he succeeds—or sometimes fails—because he is entirely himself. Naturally



THE LATE MR. J. W. WATERHOUSE, R.A., IN HIS STUDIO
(*Photograph by Messrs. Elliot and Fry*)

The late J. W. Waterhouse, R.A.

it is unlikely that there should be another worker in art with just the same habit of thought and range of capacities, and it is natural that when death takes an artist so individual his disappearance should be felt as a blow for which there is no consolation.

That is why the recent death of Mr. J. W. Waterhouse is so sincerely to be grieved over. It is no yielding to convention to say of him that he leaves no successor or that there is no other artist who can fit into his place. Nor is it necessary to pay insincere tributes to his memory and to write exaggerated compliments on his position in the art world so as to keep up the customary obituary tradition. It would be difficult to rank him too high as a painter, with a mission which he had indisputably the power to fulfil, and as a man with a temperament which gave a very marked character and quality to the whole of his production; and it would be just as difficult to suggest where we can look for another who

could reproduce the charm and the distinction of Mr. Waterhouse's work. Men more masterly in their management of the materials of the painter's craft, men with a more robust and assertive outlook on life, and men with a more forcible manner of stating their convictions there undoubtedly are, but to find one with the subtle sympathy of Mr. Waterhouse, or with his sensitiveness and tender appeal, would be a task to tax the powers of the best-informed student of modern art.

For emphatically we had in him a personality which was as attractive as it was exceptional, a personality which quite possibly many people were unable to understand but which to many others had a particular fascination. Artistically he belonged to a world of his own creation, and he peopled this world with a type of humanity that was very rightly related to its surroundings. These beings, the product of his fancy, lived in an atmosphere of romance and kept

strictly aloof from the materialism of modern existence; they were invested with an air of dainty melancholy, which, however, was not allowed to degenerate into morbidity, and they roamed languorously through shady groves or in fields starred with flowers. No hint of stress or struggle, no jarring note of violent emotion, broke the quiet of this world; it was a place apart in which life moved placidly and followed a peaceful course and in which dream-people played their appointed parts with no



STUDY IN OILS

BY J. W. WATERHOUSE, R.A.

thought for the strenuous realities which seethed beyond its boundaries.

Yet this gentle, restful art was never wanting in dramatic significance. One of the best characteristics of Mr. Waterhouse's work was its power to carry conviction and to tell its story persuasively, and one of its finest qualities was the subtlety with which the dramatic point of the subject chosen was brought out. Nor was there any lack of force in the manner of his pictorial statement. As a craftsman in art he was admirably accomplished, and his direct,



(By permission of Major the Hon.
Alec P. Henderson)

"NARCISSUS"

BY J. W. WATERHOUSE, R.A.



(By permission of Major the Hon.
Alice P. Henderson)

"THE ANNUNCIATION." BY J. W. WATERHOUSE, R.A.



"A SONG OF SPRINGTIME"
BY J. W. WATERHOUSE, R.A.

(By permission of Major the Hon.
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(By permission of Major the Hon
Alec P Henderson)

"THE PIPING BOY." BY J. W. WATERHOUSE, R.A.

expressive method of handling was of the greatest possible assistance to him in the working out of his pictures. A bloodless, tentative technique, an undecided mode of dealing with executive problems, would have robbed his imaginings of half their authority and would have taken the meaning out of his art—sureness of touch and thorough control over the processes of painting are never more necessary than when the artist seeks to make credible a delicate abstraction or to convey to others subtleties of sentiment.

But Mr. Waterhouse never gave way to the modern tendency to treat the display of executive cleverness as one of the chief reasons for the existence of his pictures. The dexterous tricks of handling, the amazing jugglings with paint, which satisfy so many of the younger artists of to-day, most certainly did not appeal to him. He wished rather to set down simply and straightforwardly just what was necessary to present convincingly the subject that was in his mind, and he did not want to divert attention from that subject by attempting sleight-of-hand performances in his brushwork. So long as his craftsmanship was sound, so long as it served its purpose efficiently in giving form to his ideas, he was content to let it remain simple and straightforward and to depend upon its very undemonstrativeness for his pictorial effect.

And the result of this manner of working was that he evolved a technical system which was as personal as his choice of subject-matter. There was a sort of rugged honesty about it which was the more welcome because the honest

craftsman is a little out of fashion in these days of fads and affectations; there was a reticence, too, which was enjoyable because it came as a relief from the executive fireworks with which we have been so persistently bombarded in the exhibitions of the last few years. But best of all, there was that happy relation between the manner of expression and the matter of the things expressed which always shows significantly how well an artist understands the principles by which all true artistic achievement is governed.

Indeed, Mr. Waterhouse can well be put forward as an example to all young painters. They could learn a lesson from his practice and could see, if they studied his methods, how much more important it is to use paint as a means to an end than to make it the chief consideration in a pictorial exercise. The dazzling piece of

craftsmanship is not a pleasant thing to live with; there comes a time when its very brilliancy begins to be irritating, and then follows the discovery that beneath the cleverly handled surface of the picture there is nothing to justify its existence. Of much more permanent interest is the piece of painting which does



STUDY IN CHALK BY J. W. WATERHOUSE, R.A.



STUDY IN CHALK

BY J. W. WATERHOUSE, R.A.

not seek to be more than a means to an end, and that end the proper presentation of the subject; and far greater is the achievement of the artist who is so much a master over his materials that he can, without obtruding them, make them respond exactly to his intentions and give visible form to his thoughts.

For, after all, it is the underlying thought, the inspiring motive, that vivifies a picture, and it is for the presentation of that thought that it exists. If the technique asserts itself the motive is to some extent obscured and the authority of the picture is diminished; if the mechanism is made too evident the reasons which have set that mechanism at work are apt to be forgotten. The real artist is the man who has so complete a control over his mechanical devices that he can prevent them from attracting the attention of the people who look at his work, the man who neither by the exaggeration of his dexterity nor by the defects in his craftsman-

ship causes people to notice how his results have been achieved.

But all this is for the student; the concern of the general public is more with what Mr. Waterhouse did than with the way in which he did it. His claim to be counted among the best of our romanticist painters could scarcely be contested, for he had in a very high degree the capacity to invest his paintings with the right atmosphere of poetic suggestion, and it was on the strength of his poetic sense that he rose to the position which he occupied in British art. He was accepted as an able painter with picturesque fancies, a marked love of beauty, and an attractive feeling for colour, even by the people who had no particular leanings towards the kind of picture that he produced; but by that considerable section of the public which is ready to respond to the influence of wholesome and dignified sentiment he was acclaimed as one of the leaders of our modern school. To this section he made the strongest



"APOLLO AND DAPHNE." BY
J. W. WATERHOUSE, R.A.



STUDY IN CHALK

BY J. W. WATERHOUSE, R.A.

The illustrations given here of Mr. Waterhouse's work have been chosen from the productions of his later years, and show the full development and maturity of his powers. Of his earlier paintings many examples have appeared in *THE STUDIO* from time to time, and in previous articles the details of his career have been fully dealt with, so that they do not need to be repeated now. He passed through various phases in his art, but he aimed always at the expression of the poetic sentiment which guided the whole trend of his thought, and, therefore, it is in these later works that the fulfilment of his purpose as an artist can be seen to the best advantage.

A. L. BALDRY.

possible appeal because his work satisfied them completely and because they could appreciate the charm of it without reservation—because they recognized in him an artist who was true to his convictions and sincere in his pursuit of a delightful ideal.

These people whose emotions he stirred and whose aesthetic sympathies he attracted, will grieve deeply at his death, for in him they lose one who was linked closely to them by bonds of affection and whose life was spent in their service. They will find it difficult indeed to replace him or to form new ties; there is no one else amongst us now who can be to them what Mr. Waterhouse was. But for us all there is this consolation: that the world has been enriched by his labours and that the pictures he produced remain for our enjoyment and as examples of pure, wholesome, and intellectual art by the study of which we can profit. The influence of such an artist does not die with him, it persists long after he has passed away, and if we have the wisdom to respond to it the value of it does not diminish.

At a general assembly of Academicians and Associates of the Royal Academy, held on April 26, Sir Ernest George, A.R.A., architect, was made a full member, and Mr. S. Melton Fisher, painter, was elected an Associate. Sir Ernest George was born in 1839, and studied architecture in the Royal Academy schools, winning a gold medal in 1859. He became an Associate of the Royal Institute of British Architects in 1861, Fellow in 1881, and held the office of President from 1908 to 1910, in which year he was elected Associate of the Royal Academy. In the following year he received the honour of knighthood. Besides his professional work as an architect, Sir Ernest George has gained a reputation as an etcher, his chief work in this capacity being a series of plates of Belgium, the Moselle, the Loire, and Venice. Mr. Melton Fisher was a student of the Lambeth School of Art, and afterwards of the Royal Academy schools, where he won the Academy Gold Medal and Travelling Scholarship in 1881. His work is represented in the Tate Gallery and in various public galleries in the Dominions.



STUDY IN CHALK. BY
J. W. WATERHOUSE, R.A.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION, 1917

THERE is little in the atmosphere of the present Academy exhibition to suggest that it has been arranged in the midst of a war of unprecedented

magnitude which is taxing to the utmost the resources of Great Britain. In its main features it is hardly at all different from those which have been seen there in the peaceful and placid years of what seems now to be a remote past. Military portraits are, perhaps, a little more numerous than usual, the battle pictures have taken on a new note and have acquired a more modern aspect, but otherwise the show with its variety of outlook and diversity of intention is very much what we have come to regard as an annual matter of course. Few of the things in it stand out as remarkable achievements, but there is a good deal of solid work which does credit to the artists by whom it was produced, and there is not much that deserves to be dismissed as wholly incompetent. Most of the contributors seem to have tried to do the best of which they are capable, and as the exhibition includes considerably less works than usual, the result is that the show is reasonably satisfying technically and more than ordinarily agreeable in effect—the reduction in the number of canvases hung has made better spacing possible and has distinctly improved the appearance of the galleries. In the sculpture rooms the decrease in numbers

is accompanied by some reduction of quality, the ambitious and inspired works are few, and the rank and file stuff is rather commonplace and unattractive.

In the picture galleries the interest is well apportioned between the different types of expression—landscapes, figure pictures, and portraits, and there are some noteworthy things as well which do not fall exactly into any of these three categories. Among the landscapes Mr. Arnesby Brown's large canvas, *In June*, is very convincing in its robustness of statement, and the three smaller works he has sent are hardly less vigorous in handling. Mr. Bertram Priestman is another painter with a distinctly strenuous technical manner; he shows an impressive picture, *The Sun-veiled Hills of Wharfedale*, but it is not so attractive as his much smaller *Snow in Buckden Vale*. Mr. Hughes-Stanton, too, touches his highest level in one of his lesser contributions, *Winter: Hants*, which is especially happy in its suggestion of wintry colour and atmosphere; and Sir Ernest Waterlow is far better represented by his sunny study, *A Southern Shore*, and his gently reticent *Winter's Day* than by his ambitious Alpine subject, *The Jungfrau*.



"A WREATH OF ROSES." BY SIR GEORGE FRAMPTON, R.A.

Mr. David Murray is still occupied with problems of delicately iridescent colour and subtle atmospheric tone, and has found some admirable material in the English Lake District. In Mr. Leslie Thomson's *Loch Bracadale* sound design is combined with very true and appropriate sentiment; and Mr. D. Y. Cameron's *The*



"THE HOLY FAMILY." BY
EDWARD STOTT, A.R.A.

The Royal Academy Exhibition, 1917

Hills of Lorne and *Spring in Strathcarn* are most memorable as delightfully suggestive compositions with real individuality of manner. Mr. Coutts Michie's *Chilly Winter*; Mr. Moffat Lindner's *An Autumn Sunset: Amsterdam*; Mr. A. J. Black's brilliant colour arrangements, *Rippling Melodies* and *Radiant June*; Mr. W. W. Russell's *Ypres as it stood, March 1916*; and the amazingly clever *Water's Farm, Roberts-bridge*, by Mr. Sims, are all pictures of special note; and there are others not less deserving of consideration by Mr. Burroughs-Fowler, Mr. R. W. Allan, Mr. Streeton, Mr. Harold Speed, Mr. Gwelo Goodman, and Mr. Sidney Lee, while Mr. Tom Mostyn's two large canvases, *A Garden of Memories* and *An Elegy*, are finer in many of their qualities than anything he has produced before.

The four pictures by Mr. Waterhouse make a pathetic appeal as the last we shall have from a man who for many years past has added much to the interest of the Academy shows—they remind us sadly of the loss we have sustained by his death. But from the men who are still with us come some excellent figure subjects.

Mr. Cadogan Cowper's learned and serious art is well illustrated in his decorative composition, *Our Lady of the Fruits of the Earth*, a brilliantly effective piece of colour; and another decoration of great charm is Mr. Anning Bell's *Titania and the Indian Child*. Mr. Edward Stott's *The Holy Family* is interesting as an attempt to give a modern atmosphere to an ancient tradition in art; and *The Embroideress*, by Mr. Sims, is memorable for its sensitive adaptation of primitive simplicity and for its masterly technical

resource. Mr. Clausen's *Girl Braiding her Hair*, Mr. H. Watson's *The Dawn*, Mr. Byam Shaw's *All's Well—Carry On*, Mr. Hare's *The Omen*, and the gay colour exercise, *The Blue Carpet*, by Mr. Gerald Moira, are also of importance, and there are noteworthy things by Mr. Lavery, Mr. Talbot Hughes, Mr. Hatherell, and Mr. Greiffenhagen.

Mr. Orpen dominates the portrait painters by the superlative power of his contributions. His portraits of *Mr. Winston Churchill*, *Colonel Elington*, and *Lady Bonham Carter* are wholly excellent in their treatment, and show sound study of character. Mr. Hacker's *Martin Harvey, Esq., as Hamlet*, Mr. Hugh Rivière's *Sir Charles Wyndham*, Mr. Melton Fisher's *Anthea, Daughter of Edward Skimming, Esq.*, Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's *Lady Rhondda*, *The Late Albert Jessel, K.C.*, and *The Marquis of Salisbury*, and the superb study, *A Young Breton*, by Mr. Glyn Philpot, have the strongest claims to attention; and other good things come from Mr. Llewellyn, Mr. R. G. Eves, Mr. George Henry, Mr. Bundy, Mr. Bertieri, Mr. Glazebrook, Mr. Olivier, and Mr. James Clark.

Among the many other works deserving consideration are Miss Kemp-Welch's vigorous *Forward—the Guns*, Mr. L. Campbell Taylor's charming study, *Interior*, and Mr. Wardle's powerful animal pictures, *Vae Victis* and *The Monarch*; and in the sculpture rooms the busts of *The Late Edwin Austen Abbey, R.A.*, by Sir Thomas Brock, *The Late Father Stanton* by Mr. Drury, *The Lily of Killarney* by Mr. Pomeroy, and *Master Jack Vaughan* by Mr. Derwent Wood, and the statuettes, *A Wreath of Roses* by Sir George Frampton, and *The Sandal* by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft.



"THE LILY OF KILLARNEY." BY F. W.
POMEROY, A.R.A.



"LADY BONHAM CARTER"
BY WILLIAM ORPEN, A.R.A.



"SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM"
BY HUGH G. RIVIERE



"LADY RHONDDA." BY ²¹
S. J. SOLOMON, R.A.



"THE HILLS OF LORNE." BY D. Y. CAMERON, A.R.A.

(Purchased by the Trustees of the Chantrey Fund)

REMARKS ON MR. NELSON DAWSON'S COMMEMORATIVE PANELS AND ETCHINGS. BY PROF. SELWYN IMAGE

FEW examples of decorative art that have come down to us are more ancient, none are more beautiful and finer in preservation, than those of the enameller's craft. It may be a question where the craft first arose. Anyhow it is certain that for long ages past it has been practised with consummate skill amidst various peoples both in the East and West. Like other arts it has had its times of fine accomplishment and high valuation. Then again it has drifted into times of decadence and neglect. It is significant to note in passing that decadence in this case has by no means always meant inferiority of technical accomplishment. The later Limoges enamellers, for instance, of the seventeenth century were in some ways even more cunningly dexterous than the early Limoges enamellers of the thirteenth century, yet their work in the proper artistic sense is not so fine. Why is that? One comes across the same phenomenon in an art in certain respects not unlike that of the enameller—the art of glass-painting. Why is it? The answer, beyond doubt, is because unfortunately there is a tendency in men, when they become excessively skilful, and have all manner of new conveniences made ready to their hand, to lose sight of the inherent restraining conditions of their medium, and to show off their cleverness by setting these conditions at naught. Moreover, in yielding to this temptation they readily degenerate into triviality of temper and aim; they degenerate, that is to say, into mere virtuosity.

It is, however, one of the encouraging signs about the revival of the artistic crafts, which has taken place within recent years, that the leaders

in it have laid special stress upon not only recovering the practical secrets of this or that art, but upon observing loyally their proper limitations. This assuredly is to set out on the path that leads to success. For it cannot be too urgently insisted on, or too persistently remembered by the craftsman, that it is only through a frank acceptance and prudent utilization of such limitations that the finer artistic results can ever be attained.

Mr. Nelson Dawson has for many a year been well known to us alike as a pictorial artist of rare distinction, and—in constant intimate collaboration with his wife, a practitioner and authority in enamelling second to none—as a craftsman in metal-work and jewellery of exceeding skill. When such a man suggests to us a new line along which he is anxious to develop his artistic energy, he speaks as one having authority, and we do well to listen to him. It is now some year and a half since Mr. Dawson privately published a little pamphlet entitled "College Stall-Plates: Being a Note



COLLEGE ARMS IN BRONZE AND CHAMPLEVÉ ENAMEL ON A FELLOW'S MEMORIAL TABLET IN THE CHAPEL OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN
BY NELSON DAWSON, R.E.



ARMS OF VISCOUNT HAMBLEDEN IN BRONZE AND CHAMPLEVÉ ENAMEL (ENRICHMENT TO ELECTRIC LIGHT SCONCES AT THE MANOR HOUSE, NORTH BOVEY). DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY NELSON DAWSON, R.E.

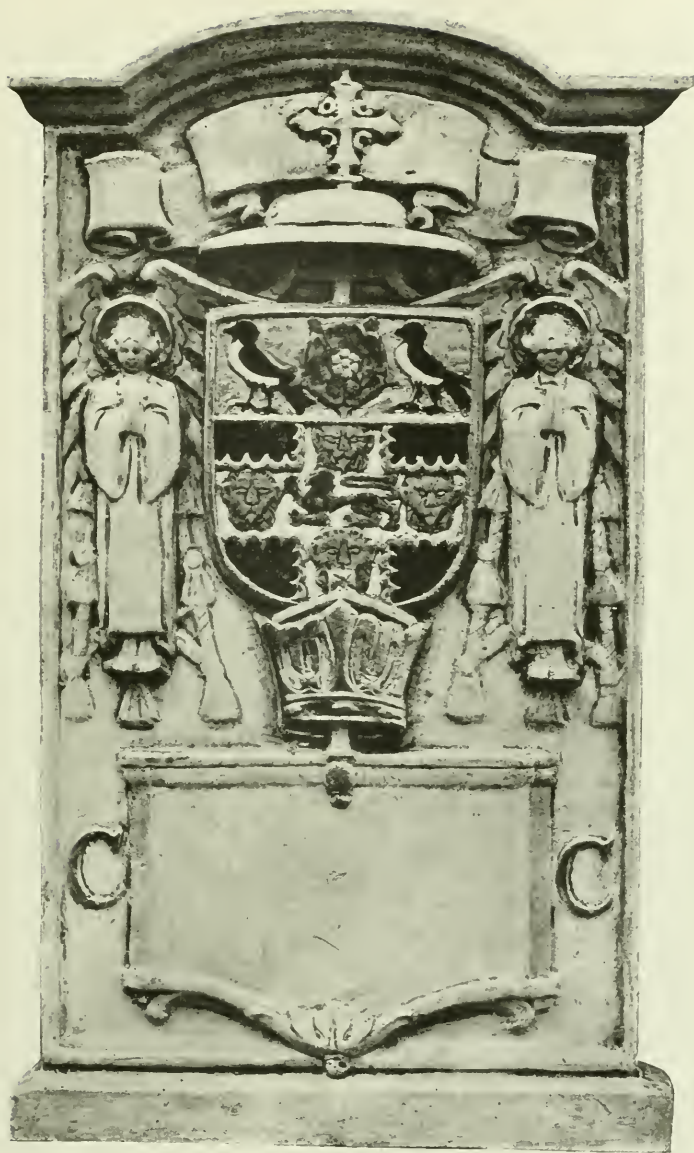
on Memorial Plates, *Honoris Causa*, and otherwise," in which he modestly but firmly set forth his views on this matter, which had indeed specially been borne in on him by a recent visit to our Universities. He had found there upon the venerable walls many memorials in brass, which were neither beautiful in themselves, nor congruously helpful to the architecture of the buildings they should obviously have adorned. Well, we all of us know these memorial brasses—they meet us everywhere up and down the country—and for the most part the best that one can say about them is that they are inoffensive. But assuredly they should be much more than that: and at once Mr. Dawson's thought went back to the famous Garter Stall-Plates in St. George's Chapel at Windsor—those fourteenth-century memorials which both in design and colour are in themselves so fine, and are such an embellishment to the walls on which they are set. Here, then, was a fresh inspiration for him, suggesting some practical treatment of the problem, which the need for memorials undoubtedly raised, but which the preva-

lent form these assumed very inadequately solved.

It was certainly a happy moment in which Mr. Dawson thus bethought him of these Windsor stall-plates. In the kind of memorials he was now set upon trying, if possible, to introduce to us four requirements would be essential. They must be comparatively of small size, not too costly in production, quite permanent, and effectively beautiful in design and colour. With the discriminating eye of a practical craftsman Mr. Dawson saw at once that these Windsor plates furnished him with the most admirable exemplar possible in his new venture. For here were memorials in *champlevé* enamel which had stood in situ for some six centuries, and many of which, except where they had been ruthlessly handled by later reckless workmen, were as perfect and as fresh as if they had been set up but yesterday. A mere antiquarian imitation of these plates was, of course, the last thing that suggested itself to Mr. Dawson's mind. But in many ways, in their workmanship, and especially in the character of their



TABLET IN BRONZE, PARCEL-GILT, AND CHAMPLEVÉ ENAMEL FOR ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE. BY NELSON DAWSON, R.E.



COMMEMORATIVE PANEL
FOR CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD
BY NELSON DAWSON, R.E.

enamelling, they were a revelation of what might be done by an artist of original gift to meet the present-day demand for memorials treated in a living spirit, and dealing with various modern motives in their design. The illustrations accompanying this article will give some idea of what Mr. Dawson has already accomplished in this new and invaluable essay of his. But obviously the full fascination and importance of his work cannot be appreciated except through sight of actual specimens of it. How is this to be got at? I think I am right in saying that there is no more difficulty in the way than is involved in a journey to Staithe House, The Mall, Chiswick, where in Mr. Dawson's studio many such specimens may be seen. There certainly any of us interested in the matter will be assured of a welcome, as well as of an interesting conversation with the artist himself on all that pertains to this so practical and needed a revival of craftsmanship. The little trouble demanded by such a visit should not be allowed to stand in the way of any one seriously thinking of what improvement may be brought about in this particular matter of memorials, a matter very specially to-day of widespread, or rather indeed, one would say, of quite national concern.

The mediæval stall-plates at Windsor, upon which Mr. Dawson has wisely based his work, are all, as I have said, in that special form of enamel known as *champlevé*. It is not the purpose of this article to go into any explanation of the various methods in which enamel-work may be executed, and insist upon their several respective virtues. But it may be well to state precisely what is meant by the distinctive term *champlevé*, and why this style of enamelling is the best suited for the purpose now in hand.

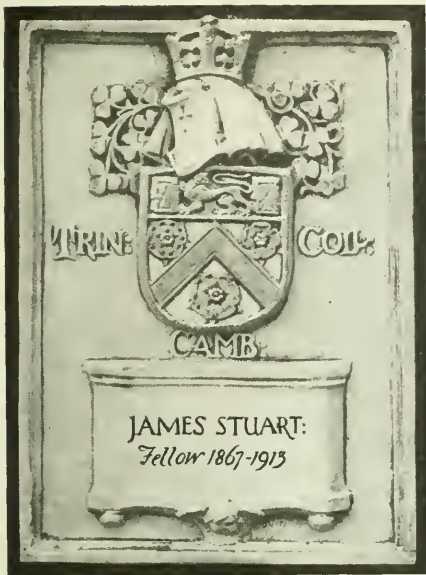
In *champlevé* work, then, the metal plate, which is ordinarily of copper, is cut away to the required depth for those parts of the design which are to appear as coloured. Into these parts are put the various enamels to be presently fired in a kiln. As soon as the right time has come these are next rubbed down until their surface is accurately on a level with that of the upstanding metal. They are then finally polished, and wherever the metal appears it is substantially gilt.

Three obvious merits will be readily appreciated as attaching to this form of enamel-work. First, the design being cut, or, as one might almost say, engraved or etched, out of the metal plate, the artist finds himself at great freedom in his invention of it. Secondly, the metal itself may clearly vary at will as to the width of its lines; while even broad spaces of it can be left upon which for further enrichment delicate patterns may be engraved. Lastly, the walls enclosing the enamels being substantial parts of the metal plate there is no fear of their shifting in the furnace. The whole work, when finished, is practically indestructible—nay, it is quite indestructible unless real violence is used on it.

The enamels employed in the St. George's stall-plates, like those in the early Limoges reliquaries, are not translucent, but opaque. Here again, advisedly, Mr. Dawson has followed their example. Translucent enamel gives us, of



COMMEMORATIVE TABLET WITH ARMS OF HARROW SCHOOL
BY NELSON DAWSON, R.E.



TABLET IN TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE
BY NELSON DAWSON, R.E.

with its shimmering, its even sometimes a little meretricious, sparkle. That seems to be in the reason of things: and assuredly, one may say, the finest tradition of the art entirely supports this view.

Mr. Dawson, I need hardly remind readers of *THE STUDIO*, is a distinguished Fellow of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers as well as an artist in metal-work. Though to call attention to his memorials in champlevé enamel is the special purpose of this article, I cannot end it without also calling attention to a less costly form of memorial, which he has designed for more private or domestic uses, and to meet the need of those for whom enamels may have to remain, unfortunately, out of reach. Mr. Dawson, therefore, has admirably expended his skill in producing some soft-ground etchings, afterwards delicately coloured, of a character not unlike that of his enamels. These, framed and glazed, would serve as entirely suitable and beautiful memorials to be hung in some honoured position on the wall of any private house. Such etchings would, I suppose, be procurable at a cost of a few guineas; while an enamel must necessarily run into at least five or six

course, the most unrivalled luscious colour imaginable. In its place nothing can be more seductively fascinating. But really it seems most appropriate for the enrichment of jewellery, or for small cabinet specimens of the art, or at any rate when employed only here and there judiciously in a design to give sparkling points of brilliancy, as for the most part it is in nature with those jewel-like touches on a humming-bird's breast or crest, or on a butterfly's wing. The danger of translucent enamel lies in its easily giving us effects overluscious, and by consequence lacking in dignity. At any rate, be this as it may, in work intended to be used as an adjunct to architecture, or to be seen usually at some distance as in the varied furniture of a church, rich but quiet dignity of colour is all-important; so that here certainly everything is in favour of using opaque enamel, with its tenderly blossom-like or restrained though forcible coloration, rather than translucent enamel

times as much. Yet even so, of course, considering the time inevitably expended on the



PANEL OF THE ARMS OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE. BY
NELSON DAWSON, R.E.



ARMS OF STAMFORD TOWN AND GRAMMAR SCHOOL

TINTED ETCHING BY NELSON DAWSON, R.E.

work, its beauty and permanence, and the purpose for which it would be acquired, this cost is reasonable enough. Nor in the case of public or semi-public memorials—as, for instance, those in our churches, colleges, schools, and other like buildings—would there be much niggardly haggling, one hopes, over price within reasonable limits. In memory of those whom we desire to honour the main thing beyond all question is to secure a work of art that is beautiful, dignified, and individually distinctive. Well that means, let me submit, not merely some expenditure of money, but some ungrudging expenditure as well of thought and patient trouble. It is not to be had for just running the eye over a commercial catalogue of stock patterns, and selecting one which chances to catch our momentary fancy and come within our means. From the artistic point of view to act thus is to act foolishly, and from the point of view of what is demanded from us on the score of affectionate remembrance it is to act with unworthy slovenliness.

STUDIO-TALK.

(From Our Own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—The water-colour *Chepstow Castle*, by Mr. Lamorna Birch, which we reproduce in colour, was one of several interesting contributions of his to the last winter exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, and is an excellent example of his sensitive employment of the medium. In the current summer exhibition of the society Mr. Birch is again well represented by work which helps to maintain the high standard invariably associated with these displays.

We regret to record the death of Sir Arthur Lasenby Liberty, who died at The Lee Manor, his Buckinghamshire residence, on May 11. As founder of the famous Regent Street establishment which bears his name and in the conduct of which he continued to take an active part



"CHEPSTOW CASTLE. WATER COLOUR
BY S. J. LAMORNA BIRCH. R.W.S.

until a few months ago, he has for more than a generation exercised a marked influence on public taste, especially in matters pertaining to textile fabrics for personal wear and domestic use, but also in most other branches of decorative art. Paying little heed to the fashions of the moment but possessing a remarkably clear perception of artistic fitness, he resolutely persevered in carrying out the aims he had at heart, and it is to his sound judgment of the artistic qualities of designs and his discernment of the needs of a discriminating public that the firm of Liberty and Company owes the unique position it holds in the world of commerce. Sir Arthur took a prominent part in many movements connected with decorative art; he was a past President of the Silk Association and member of numerous other societies, as well as the author of several publications. He received the honour of knighthood in 1913, and his portrait, painted by Mr. Hacker, R.A., was reproduced in our article on the Royal Academy exhibition of the same year.

Artists as a body though badly "hit" by the war—more so, perhaps, than any other profession—have generously supported the numerous charitable schemes which the war has called into being by giving their work for sale, but many among them have had serious cause to complain of the injury to their prestige through the sale of their work by auction at ridiculously low prices, far below what they might reasonably have expected to get in the ordinary way. No such result will ensue from the Great Art Lottery organized by the Chelsea Art Union for the benefit of the blinded soldiers and sailors of St. Dunstan's Hostel. This Art Union, of which Mr. Kineton Parkes is honorary secretary, has been successful in getting together for the lottery a large number of works of art by a great many of the foremost artists of the present day, as well as of the past, and these, having been shown at the great bazaar at the Albert Hall early last month, are now on view at the Chenil Gallery, in King's Road, Chelsea, until the drawing of the tickets, which will take place at St. Dunstan's Hostel, Regent's Park, on Tuesday, July 10, at 4 P.M. The tickets, which may be obtained at the Chenil Gallery, cost only 5s. each, and as the prizes will probably exceed five hundred before the lottery closes, the chances of securing an important work of

art for "a mere trifle," and that without in any way bringing discredit on the artist, are very favourable.

Some few weeks ago Mr. Joseph Pennell resigned the presidency of the Senefelder Club which he had held since the foundation of the club in 1909, and apropos of this event Mr. John Copley, who held the post of honorary secretary until October last, writes us as follows: "All art lovers know what has been the success of this small club, and how great have been its services to lithography. Every one knows more or less that the success has been associated with Mr. Pennell's leadership; but I alone, who as honorary secretary have worked with him through these years, know how greatly it was due to his tireless and watchful energy, to his inspiration and resource, to his far-seeing unselfishness and to his genuine passion for the medium that the club represents. The club has held about seventy-one exhibitions in fifteen countries; most of these exhibitions Mr. Pennell initiated—often by turning over to the club a personal invitation for a 'one-man show' given to himself. He invariably watched minutely over the details of every exhibition. Relations were established for the club with artists all over the world, and experiments in the technique of lithography pursued and stimulated. It was Mr. Pennell who inspired all this." At a general meeting of the members subsequent to his resignation, Mr. Pennell was unanimously invited to become an honorary member, and he accepted the invitation.

The exhibition of Medallie Art now being held in the Georgian Hall of Messrs. Waring and Gillow in Oxford Street contains material for an instructive study of this art at various epochs. The display comprises a fine loan collection of medals from the Renaissance to the present day, to which various important private collections have contributed; a large number of medals and plaquettes by contemporary British, French, and Belgian artists, a few memorial tablets by British artists, and a group of medals issued in Germany during the present war, including, among others of sinister interest, that by which our foes have glorified their most infamous deed—the sinking of the "Lusitania." The best of the memorial tablets are those of a comparatively simple character.

OTTAWA.—1916 was not an auspicious year for the National Gallery of Canada any more than it was for art generally, except perhaps in the United States, where the flesh-pots have been full and boiling over, but what it lacked in affluence it certainly made up in eventfulness even if the events were but another drop in the cup of curtailment which was already getting unpleasantly full.

Early in February the Parliament Buildings were burnt down, Ottawa possessed only one other building capable of accommodating the homeless parliamentarians and that was the Victoria Museum, in the east wing of which the National Gallery of Canada was ensconced until such time as the pressing need for a National Gallery building should be recognized. One Friday morning came orders that Parliament would reopen in the Museum on the following Monday and that all exhibits must be removed before that time. The task was terrific! The National Gallery possessed nine galleries of pictures besides print-rooms and halls of casts and sculpture. Extra labour was available but valueless, for casts however heavy are fragile, and pictures more so, so it devolved upon the director and a small staff to clear the galleries and to place in at least temporary safety every object of value. Night and day, Sunday and weekday were impressed into service, and the fateful Monday arrived and the National Gallery of Canada had passed out of existence as far as public exhibi-

tion in Ottawa went. It felt thankful to retain its offices, workshops, and storerooms. I hope that this is a unique event in the history of art galleries. If it is not, all concerned have my sympathy. The spring of 1916 then found the National Gallery of Canada with no premises and no prospect of any in the near future.

For several years the trustees of the National Gallery had been carrying out a system of loan exhibitions of Canadian art to any art society or body capable of exhibiting them. In the absence of home activities this system was extended until during the year there were held



"HEAD WITH CLOSED EYES"

DRAWING BY JOEL J. LEVITT
(National Gallery of Canada)



"A GLEAMY DAY." DRAWING
BY ARNESBY BROWN, R.A.

(National Gallery of Canada)

exhibitions in Toronto, Montreal, Sherbrooke (Quebec), Hamilton (Ontario), Halifax (Nova Scotia), Winnipeg (Manitoba), Moose Jaw (Saskatchewan), Regina, Saskatoon, and Edmonton, with great success and increasing interest.

It is a cheerful fact to record that in spite of war conditions and the absence of many of the younger artists at the front, the exhibitions of Canadian art came up to standard, and from the Ontario Society of Artists in the spring and the Royal Canadian Academy in the autumn some fine pictures were purchased. The painting of the figure has not been one of the Canadian artists' strong points until quite recently. Puritan public opinion has been against it and prejudice dies hard, but last year the Royal Canadian Academy exhibition contained a clever study of a nude dancer entitled *Sylphide*, by C. J. Franchère, A.R.C.A., which brought the artist great credit, and which the trustees of the National Gallery were glad to have the opportunity of purchasing.

For some time the National Gallery had been looking for a specially fine example of the work of Mark Fisher, A.R.A., and the opportunity came to secure his *Sheep Shearing in a Barn*, from the Royal Academy. The picture is one of the painter's triumphs. Truthful and luminous in colour, painted with perfect sincerity and deep earnestness, and an entire absence of effort, it conveys a masterly and convincing impression of nature seen through the mind which has loved and studied her for a lifetime. Another important purchase was the large decorative painting by Gerald Moira, entitled *A July Day*, and exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1915.

It is perhaps not generally known that the late Mrs. Stanhope Forbes was a Canadian, born at Kingston, Ontario. Recently it was decided to try and obtain an adequate representation of her art in the National Gallery of her native country, and in these efforts the Trustees found Mr. Stanhope Forbes and his gallant son Alec more than generous. The trustees purchased Mrs. Forbes's well-known oil painting, *When Daffodils Begin to Peer*,* and in addition to this Mr. Forbes and his son presented to the National Gallery a collection of water-colours, etchings, and drawings finely expressive of Mrs. Forbes's life-work.

During the past years the National Gallery of Canada has paid special attention to building

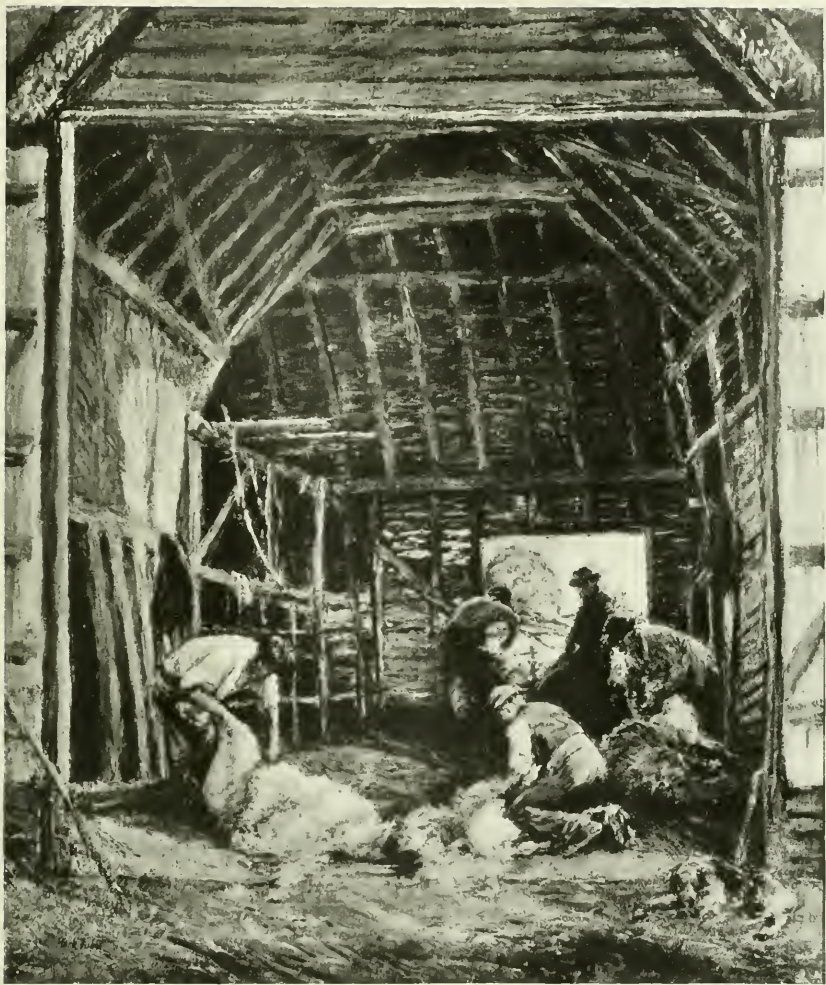
* Exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1906, and reproduced in *THE STUDIO* for June of that year.



"IN A HAYFIELD"

BY ELIZABETH STANHOPE FORBES, A.R.W.S.
(National Gallery of Canada)





"SHEEP-SHEARING IN A BARN"
BY MARK FISHER, A.R.A.

(National Gallery of Canada)



PHILIP DORTMAN

his booke

BOOK-PLATE

BY F. STANLEY HARROD

up a strong collection of prints and drawings, and during the lean years of war it has been possible to pursue this with less curtailment than other departments. Particularly to be mentioned among the year's acquisitions, which include drawings by Charles Shannon, Augustus John, W. Rothenstein, Ernest Cole, and Joel Levitt (a young Russian recently come to New York), are some drawings by Arnesby Brown, R.A., which I believe are the first finished drawings the artist has produced, and which have not been exhibited elsewhere than in Canada. The drawings, seven in number, are executed in lithographic chalk with or without the addition of water-colour. Arnesby Brown's art has not achieved its distinction by means of any special versatility or unexpectedness of method or subject, but rather by a masterly grasp and logical development of simple themes upon which close observation and incessant study enable him to compose an infinite variety of utterances. As with his pictures so with these drawings; they do not astonish by their mannerism but they convince by their truth. Each has its special appeal and each is carried out with the minimum of means and a perfect understanding of the effect to be produced.

While not a recent purchase, there comes to mind a small water-colour by Whistler called

Rose and Pink, the Mother's Siesta, which I believe has never been mentioned as being in the possession of the National Gallery of Canada. The coloured reproduction of it conveys its charm admirably. The drawing is signed with the butterfly and on the back is a small piece of white paper bearing the title and similarly signed.

As I write the news comes of a still more drastic curtailment of the resources of the National Gallery owing to the exigencies of war, and at present it seems unlikely that there will be many purchases of importance to record during the present year.

ERIC BROWN.

TORONTO.—The two book-plates here reproduced are the work of Mr. F. Stanley Harrod, who after following a seafaring occupation, and later the profession of engineering, has turned to art and made his mark as a draughtsman of talent. He uses various mediums with facility, such as etching, pen and ink, and wash, but his special forte is lettering, and his services in this connexion have been largely drawn upon by Government departments, the Press, and, latterly, by the Central Technical School of Toronto, where he has had charge of a class of students in this branch of graphic art.



Presented by
the Government of Ontario
to _____

BOOK-PLATE

BY F. STANLEY HARROD

REVIEWS.

Catalogue of Japanese and Chinese Woodcuts in the British Museum. By LAURENCE BINYON. (London: British Museum.) 20s. net. Collectors of Japanese colour-prints will especially welcome this volume with its critical and well-considered Introduction. The description of each plate has been systematically and carefully carried out, and should enable the collector to trace the origin and meaning of many of his treasures. To this end the appended facsimile reproductions of artists' signatures are of distinct value. With the exception of the frontispiece, which has been excellently reproduced in the original colours, the illustrations in half-tone cannot be considered to be satisfactory. This is chiefly due to the fact that they have been printed upon a quality of Japanese paper quite unsuitable for the purpose.

Model Drawing, Geometrical and Perspective, with Architectural Examples. By C. OCTAVIUS WRIGHT and W. ARTHUR RUDD, M.A. (Cambridge University Press.) 6s. net. — This thoroughly practical manual deserves the attention of all teachers of drawing, many of whom have no doubt arrived at the same conclusion as the authors, that the use of the ordinary apparatus of model-drawing—the cube, the sphere, etc.—“fails in most cases to arouse the interest of the student or to inspire him with the imagination which is essential to the development of artistic talent.” The method pursued in this textbook—which, though it makes use of architectural forms, is not a textbook of architectural draughtsmanship—is to be commended as entirely rational, beginning as it does with the simplest of all linear constructions, the straight line, and successively treating of the various figures composed of straight lines, after which the circle, the sphere, and other curved-line figures are dealt with. The second part is occupied with perspective drawing, and the subject is treated in a way which will command the sympathy of the student instead of that aversion which it usually excites. The diagrams, numbering more than three hundred, are throughout admirably clear.

The Dance of Death by Hans Holbein. Enlarged facsimiles of the original wood-engravings by Hans Lützelberger in the first complete edition: Lyons, 1547. (London: privately printed). The enlargements in this edition of

Holbein's famous series of engravings have been made by photographic means, the average size being about $3\frac{1}{2}$ by $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches, and comprise all the cuts designed by Holbein with two or three unimportant exceptions. They include also two designs from the Lyons edition of 1562—*The Bride and The Bridegroom*—which, according to Dr. Lippmann, were probably not drawn by Holbein himself on the wood. The cuts are accompanied by the Scripture texts and old French verses which appeared in the 1562 edition, together with English renderings of the latter, some from Quaritch's reprint of 1868, and others made by Mr. A. K. Sabin, the printer of the present edition, the general get-up of which is admirable. The number of copies is limited to two hundred, and the reprint is edited by Mr. F. H. Evans, of 32 Rosemont Road, Acton, from whom copies are obtainable.

Lettering. By THOMAS WOOD STEVENS. (London: George G. Harrap and Co.) 7s. 6d. net. “To present good standards in styles applicable to many fields of work, together with brief instructions regarding the drawing of letters,” is the aim of this excellent manual. Besides containing a great variety of alphabets and specimen pages, gathered from numerous sources, it provides the student with many useful hints as to the formation of letters, laying out, and so forth. The book itself is an example of good typography.

The Art of the Illustrator. By PERCY V. BRADSHAW. (London: Press Art School, Forest Hill.) The object of this publication, which consists of a series of portfolios each containing half a dozen reproductions of a drawing by a well-known artist in various stages of progress, is to set before the student of drawing—and especially the student whose ambition it is to draw for the Press—examples of the methods pursued by some of the leading illustrators and cartoonists of the day. Mr. F. H. Townsend, Mr. Bernard Partridge, Mr. Frank Reynolds, Mr. Harry Rountree, Mr. Lawson Wood, Mr. Claude Shepperson, Mr. Heath Robinson, and other workers of prominence in the field of the graphic arts have executed special drawings for the series, and as the construction of the drawing is presented in its successive stages the student is enabled to follow the methods of these practitioners without difficulty. The idea has much to commend it as an aid to the practical study of composition.

THE LAY FIGURE: ON PICTURES
SUGGESTED BY WAR.

"I HAVE just been to an exhibition," said the Man with the Red Tie, "in which there was quite a large collection of war pictures, and I came away much depressed by their inefficiency. I could not find one that seemed to me really convincing."

"In what way were they inefficient?" asked the Young Painter. "What sort of war picture are you hankering after?"

"Well, something that will make war look like what it really is," replied the Man with the Red Tie. "Something that one could believe in as a representation of fact."

"War as it really is! Good Lord!" cried the Young Painter. "Do you want to see that in a picture? Pray Heaven that no one will ever attempt it."

"I always thought that you believed in realism," sighed the Man with the Red Tie; "and now I find you objecting to a plain statement of fact. You have changed, my friend."

"Not a bit," declared the Young Painter. "I still believe in stating facts as plainly as possible and with as much truth as possible; but there are some things that an artist ought not to be expected to state, and among them I certainly include the facts of war."

"I cannot see why the facts of war should not be as permissible to the artist as any other facts," objected the Man with the Red Tie.

"Can you not?" returned the Young Painter. "I can, because I have been there and seen them. I should be ashamed to paint war as it is."

"You mean by that, I imagine, that to paint realistically the filth, the squalor, and the ugliness of war would be a degradation of art," broke in the Art Critic.

"Yes, and the grim, naked horror of it as well," agreed the Young Painter. "The sights that are put before you in war are not fit for pictorial treatment, and the man who tried to represent them would degrade himself and the people to whom he showed his work."

"But surely there are subjects suggested by war which it would not be degrading to paint," argued the Man with the Red Tie; "you would not exclude the war subject entirely from the consideration of art?"

"Of course not," said the Critic. "Things happen in war which are well worthy of the

painter's attention, and there are subjects suggested which afford material for the finest type of picture. But in painting these there is no need to obtrude realities which are better forgotten."

"Better forgotten, indeed," exclaimed the Young Painter. "I do not want to remind myself of them by trying to reproduce them on canvas, and I do not want to have them forced upon me by any one else. But I agree with you that there are war motives which offer material for great pictures, and that in the sentiment of war there are many inspiring suggestions for the painter."

"But you would not, I presume, accept the modern battle picture as an inspired production," laughed the Man with the Red Tie.

"Most certainly I would not," answered the Young Painter. "The modern battle picture is as far from reality as the sentimental subjects are from the true sentiment of war. The one evades the facts which the artist knows he dare not represent; the others miss entirely the tragic dignity which would be the only justification for their existence."

"And neither, I take it, point the direction in which we can look for the great war pictures of the future," commented the Critic. "If a painting of a battle cannot be realistic, and that admittedly is impossible, the attempt to paint battle scenes should be given up because what results from it is false and misleading. If the noble sentiment of war is perverted into washy sentimentality the artist fails in his mission and makes his achievement worse than valueless. How then is war to be painted?"

"The facts, I think, will have to be limited to minor incidents, to the smaller episodes in the military life, I mean," suggested the Young Painter; "and the fancies will have to be put in a symbolical form which will give some scope for imagination. The suffering, the self-sacrifice, the horror, and the tragedy of war cannot be made intelligible by trivial paintings of domestic scenes or semi-religious pictures of the popular type. We want something greater than that."

"It seems to me that we shall want the artists as well as the art," said the Man with the Red Tie.

"Well, let us hope that out of the strife of war will come the masters who can paint it as it should be painted," replied the Critic. "The world is ready for them and their welcome is assured."

THE LAY FIGURE.



"THE BARQUE" TEMPERA PAINTING
BY JOSEPH E. SOUTHALL.

Gift of the Board of Trustees, Grand Prix

The Paintings of Joseph Southall

THE PAINTINGS OF JOSEPH SOUTHALL. BY ARTHUR FINCH.

IN view of the prominence given by the Press nowadays to the feverish contortions and slushy abstractions of the ultra-moderns of art, it is not surprising that few English people outside art circles and visitors to the exhibitions of the New English Art Club know much about the work of the artist who is the subject of this article. On the Continent, however, and especially in Paris, his work is much better known.

It may be also that the lack of appreciation for, and acquaintance with, the work of one of the most distinguished modern artists in the media of tempera and fresco is due no less to the high standard of technique set up, and subtleties of colouring which his work reveals, than to the temperament of the artist himself.

Joseph Southall is an habitu   of the studio; he shrinks from the publicity of the crowd. To understand him, and thereby his art, it is necessary to place the artistic epoch to which

he really belongs. A glance at his brushwork, and a brief examination of the well-filled decorative figure compositions, with their landscape backgrounds, and foregrounds frequently compassed with domestic pets and aristocratic peacocks, immediately recall the work of Benozzo Gozzoli and the Florentines of the Early Renaissance. But to say that he is a Florentine is to limit his work, and partly to confuse the artistic and spiritual impulse with the means whereby he has built up his masterly technique. For, in truth, he is an off-shoot of the great Victorian circle of artists and litterateurs—Watts, Rossetti, and William Blake, and later Burne-Jones, among the former; and Leslie Stephen, Tennyson, Ruskin, and William Morris among the latter. In short, he and the Birmingham group are carrying on the traditions of the Pre-Raphaelites. Possessed of na  ve simplicity and boundless patience, as shown by his unwearying researches into the lost art of tempera and fresco, he couples with these qualities an audacity of public spirit worthy of George Frederick Watts himself, and



"BEAUTY RECEIVING THE WHITE ROSE FROM HER FATHER"

LXII. No. 246.—AUGUST 1917

TEMPERA PAINTING BY JOSEPH E. SOUTHALL

The Paintings of Joseph Southall

more successfully; for, whilst Watts could not persuade the unimaginative directors of the London and North Western Railway to decorate Euston Station, Joseph Southall managed to prevail upon the hard-headed Birmingham business man to allow him to paint a fresco depicting, as a Florentine would have done, a scene in the city's life—Corporation Street, occupying a commanding position at the head of the public entrance to the Corporation's Art Gallery.

It was his dream of public decoration that led Joseph Southall to abandon the profession of architecture, which he had entered upon with no little credit to himself, considering that Ruskin commissioned him to design a museum. How much of his success as an artist is due to his architectural training may be answered by comparing his careful and masterly rendering of detail in the architectural backgrounds to so many of his compositions, the fine balancing and arrangement of his decorative designs, and the successful grouping of so many figures on the panel, with the weakness displayed in all these matters not only by modern artists, but also by Gozzoli. Recall his pastel of *The Old Portico of the Birmingham Royal Society of Artists* (reproduced in *THE STUDIO* for May 1914). What a graceful arrangement of architectural lines. Again, in his water-colour exhibit of the *Pont Royal, Paris*, at the New English Art Club in 1914, there is evidently the same sense and reverence for detail, the laws of perspective, and fine proportion, unified by a harmonious colour-scheme.

His fresco of *Corporation Street, Birmingham*, is of special significance; for not only in its execution does it embody his individuality and acute observation, but also it establishes fresco as a successful medium wherein the modern mural painter can work. There is a combination of Florentine realism with the simplicity in the delineation of the human figure characteristic of Fra Angelico, Lippi, and the other Primitives, together with a rendering of facial spirituality so

marked in the Pre-Raphaelite decorative group's work. The absence of chiaroscuro is compensated for in the deep tonal effects and massing of contrasts. Unfortunately, the beauty of the bright earth colours and the golden lights of the hair reacting against the blacks and whites of the furs are lost in the reproduction. In this composition, as also in the *Southwold Beach* fresco, the artist's main concern is to embody the artistry of the hobbler skirt as an aid to beautiful outline. To study the drawings for this design, in the Birmingham Art Gallery, is to obtain no little insight into the artist's careful preliminary work. Sir Whitworth Wallis, the Keeper of the Gallery, is the figure in the background. Like Watts,



"A BUCKET OF SALT WATER." TEMPERA PAINTING ON SILK
BY JOSEPH E. SOUTHALL



"CORPORATION STREET, BIRMINGHAM"
BUON FRESCO PAINTING BY JOSEPH
E. SOUTHALL

The Paintings of Joseph Southall

Mr. Southall is a close observer, though no mere copyist, as the tempera decorative composition on linen of *The Barque*, exhibited at the Salon in 1912, reveals. It is a typically quattrocento composition, reminiscent of Tuscan artists' work in the National Gallery. But it possesses a more perfected detail than the more immature Tuscans attained. How real is the barque, with her yellowish-grey sails and hull, reflecting in the gold tinting of the blue water ground; and in the middle distance of sloping fields, in a combination of earth colours—browns, greens, and reds. The farm on the summit visualizes, so to say, the central invisible line of the perspective illusion. In *The Harbour*, another tempera on silk, exhibited at the New English Art Club, there is a fine gracefulness of line in the mizzen mast of the barque, and the sweep of the hill background gives a sense of distance lost in some of his similar compositions.

Touching upon his distinctively pictorial compositions, the tempera painting on silk of *A Bucket of Salt Water*, and exhibited at the 1912 show of the New English Art Club, reveals a wonderful characterization in the main composition, vivacity of movement, and vigorous

drawing. Fortunately, it is possible to reproduce in colour one of his Southwold shore scenes. *The Beach* is an example both of the strength and weakness of this artist's designs. As in *The Coming of Peace* decoration at the recent Arts and Crafts Exhibition, he is prone to mix the types of the forms in their spaces. Yet, in his rendering of sailing ships, he is comparable to Brangwyn as a clever lineal designer. The central foreground figure is an embodiment of Florentine realism at its best; but the maiden is essentially Venetian in her facial idealization and in the colour-scheme, and it does not harmonize happily with the stiff formalism of her companion showing a cornelian. His children, however, are frankly lovable; there is none of the sentimentalism of the later Millais; they are natural, not "studio" types. The tonal scheme might be described as a study in browns and blues. There is depth in the distance of cloud-swept sky, in blue, broken by patches of white. A slight criticism might be made against the grouping of the subsidiary figures; they appear to be dwarfed against the mass of the seaman's back, though the colour ensemble lessens the effect of ill-proportion.



"BACCHUS AND ARIADNE"

TEMPERA PAINTING ON CANVAS BY JOSEPH E. SOUTHALL



"THE HARBOUR." TEMPERA PAINTING
ON SILK BY JOSEPH E. SOUTHALL

The Paintings of Joseph Southall

Of his essentially imaginative or symbolical panel paintings in tempera it is impossible to speak too highly. That such a great decorative designer as Burne-Jones saw in the youth of the 'eighties an artist of no mean talent as a draughtsman and colourist is not surprising, especially if one of his earliest works, finished in 1884, and representing a woman with dove in hand, is considered. Although there is here not the absolute certainty of design, as in those now reproduced, the landscape background reveals quite extraordinary powers of rendering tonal values. Two essentially Primitives are *The Daughter of Herodias*, exhibited in the New Gallery in 1906 and, later, in the Franco-British Exhibition, and his rendering of the heartening story of *Beauty receiving the White Rose from her Father*. The draperies in these two designs of both the principal female compositions are frankly Botticellian in character, though the facial delineations point to the influence of Burne-Jones. The foreground domestic pets recall the space-filling solvents of the Tuscans.

To charge his pictures with beautiful colour-schemes, the artist, like William Morris, has feasted on the Orientals, especially the Persian colour-masters, probing beyond the Venetians, and finding out the secrets they embodied so successfully in their work. It is especially observable in the leopards aslant the disgruntled passer-by in *The Daughter of Herodias*; in the patterning of her coat; and in the deep rich blues and golds of the peacock sweeping the foreground with its ably delineated

tail in his grand composition *New Lamps for Old*.

In the panel picture of *The Sleeping Beauty*, now in the Birmingham Art Gallery, his successful employment of large masses of pure colour as contrasting forces is noticeable. The white of her robe heightens the flesh tints of the face. Notice the powerful rendering of the eyes, observable, too, in the delightful *Nut-Brown Maid*, exhibited in the New Gallery in 1904, and, subsequently, in the Salon. The soft green background, with the light effects in gold



"THE NUT-BROWN MAID"

BY JOSEPH E. SOUTHALL



"THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS"
BY JOSEPH E. SOUTHALL

The Paintings of Joseph Southall

on her floral patterned robe, is reminiscent of Byzantine and Persian art.

Mr. Southall's greatest work, perhaps, is *Changing the Letter*. It is a truly masterful narrative in symbolical decorative tempera painting. Exhibited at the Rome International in 1911, it is a good example of the artist's elusive quality. All his powers of architectural design and delineation of the human figure are brought into play for the purpose of fixing, so to say, the story of William Morris's princess, who by her stratagem saved the life of the beggar-son whose death was planned by her father, the King, and afterwards reigned with him. How well he has envisaged the scene those readers acquainted with the passage in the "Earthly Paradise," where the princess with her maid had entered the King's garden and saw the sleeping Michael by the fountain, will agree. It is essentially Pre-Raphaelite in design. The crimson of the boy's gown is a wonderful mass of colouring, the light tonal scheme of

the fountain bringing into prominence the main composition. The decorative foliage shows the influence of Botticelli and the conservative Florentines of the Early Renaissance.

If an analysis of this artist's work in decorative tempera painting reveals him as a temperamental painter, this quality is the one, more than all else, which stands out in his portraiture. This phase of his art reveals Joseph Southall's sincerity and power of characterization. It is emphasized in the tempera portrait of the late Joseph Chamberlain's niece, Bertha Hope, as a nurse, painted last year and exhibited in the current exhibition of the New English Art Club. That she is a niece of the great politician there is no doubt—her eyes are the evidence. His portrait of *John Arthur Kendrick*, exhibited at the New English Art Club in 1914, is another example of fine brushwork.

As to this artist's influence on modern art, it is only necessary to recall the work of the Birmingham group in tempera. Most of them



"CHANGING THE LETTER." (FROM "THE MAN BORN TO BE KING," IN WILLIAM MORRIS'S "EARTHLY PARADISE.") TEMPERA PAINTING BY JOSEPH E. SOUTHALL



"THE BEACH. TEMPERA PAINTING
BY JOSEPH E. SOUTHALL.



"A PORTRAIT "

FROM THE TEMPERA PAINTING BY JOSEPH E. SOUTHALL

learned the use of this medium at the feet of Joseph Southall. What success has attended its adoption is due entirely to his patient, unrelenting research into the lost art of the Primitives; and of the decorative school carrying on Pre-Raphaelite traditions he is pre-eminent.

It was, I think, Sir Martin Conway who said somewhere that "a picture one can describe is not likely to be good picture." Whether this generalization is true or not, the definition often applies to this artist's work. Description proves insufficient; the decorative compositions in particular elude the narrator's medium; they grip the beholder's imagination.

That the essentials of art are unchangeable, the work of Joseph Southall demonstrates. To delight men and women a picture must be beautifully painted, and the form must be lovely in its lucid outline. That is all the art-lover looks for. This artist rarely fails in these two essentials; his miniatures, as well as the larger panel pictures, embody these points. There are no brilliant effects; but his media do allow for rich translucence of colour. His art keys are tone, clear outline, and meritable draughtsmanship. Thus he is of the fraternity of the Early Florentines. His work is not of the ephemeral class. Care in the selection of his pigments, especially of the body colours, and his own grinding of them, their selection for purity and permanency, will ensure long life for his work.

PROPOSED MONUMENT
TO GENERAL GALLIÉNI
IN MADAGASCAR. We have
received from Madagascar

brief particulars of a competition which has recently been organized for the purpose of procuring designs for a monument in honour of General Galliéni, formerly Governor of the island. The monument, the cost of which is to be defrayed by public subscription, is to be erected in Antananarivo, the capital, and the documents necessary for the guidance of artists in regard to location, etc., will in due course be sent to France. The competition will remain open for a year after peace is concluded, and a full programme may be obtained on application to M. A. J. Bourdariat, Président du Comité Central d'Exécution du Monument Galliéni, Rue Bergé, Tananarive, Madagascar.

THE NINETY-FIRST EXHIBITION
OF THE ROYAL SCOTTISH
ACADEMY.

IT might quite reasonably have been expected that the current exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy—the third held under war conditions—would have so reflected the troubles of the times as to be lacking in variety of interest because of its not being so representative of present-day art as its predecessors. Whether a supreme effort has been made by the Council to meet the difficulties, or whether the result is due to a voluntary impulse on the part of the artists to do well by the national institution, or whether there has been a combination of the two—the result is a collection highly creditable to Scottish art. The loan work is less in quantity, but one does not feel this a deprivation, for however valuable this side of the Academy's work may be in respect of its educative effect, it has not been without its drawbacks, such as an over-representation of foreign pictures, often of very unequal value, to the exclusion or indifferent placing of the work of younger artists. It must be admitted, too, that some of this work was tending to influence the more experimental

among the younger men to wander a little astray and resort to mere imitation instead of thinking out problems for themselves.

The outstanding pictures among the invited work this year are Mr. Brangwyn's *Poulterer's Shop*, M. Lucien Simon's *Les Carrioles*, Mr. Orpen's portrait of Mr. James Law, Mr. Sargent's full-length portrait of Mrs. George Swinton, M. Dagnan Bouveret's *Music*, a comparatively early but thoroughly characteristic work; Mr. Clausen's *Filling Sacks*; Mr. James Quin's *Portrait of Miss Brough*, and Mrs. Laura Knight's brilliant *Spring* and *Burning Weeds* landscapes. Some of these—the first three at all events—are familiar to readers of THE STUDIO by reproduction, if not otherwise.

As to the Scottish work some of it reaches a standard that has not in recent years been excelled. The President, Sir James Guthrie, has never been seen to greater advantage than in his portrait of the late *Mrs. Thomas Steven*, so gracious, sensitive, and refined, so delicately strong. He also contributes an excellent portrait of *Flight-Commander Lord Doune*, and a novel portrait study is that of little *Betty Findlay*, in Velasquez costume, chiefly remarkable for its brilliancy of colour in the accessories. Mr. Lavery exhibits a portrait of *Mr. Winston*



"AUTUMN"

OIL PAINTING BY J. LAWTON WINGATE, R.S.A.



"MRS. THOMAS STEVEN." OIL PAINTING
BY SIR JAMES GUTHRIE, P.R.S.A.



"IN GOD'S QUIET GARDEN BY THE SEA"

OIL PAINTING BY W. S. MACGEORGE, R.S.A.

Churchill, and a characteristic study of the youthful *Lady Ursula Grosvenor*. In the portrait of *Mrs. Lauchlan Mackinnon*, Mr. David Alison has produced a work of exceptionally fine quality, justifying the prediction of a brilliant career, and Mr. Fiddes Watt maintains his reputation for fidelity to life by his portraits of *Lord Provost Inches* in the robes of office, *Sir John Macdonald* in his robes as Lord Justice Clerk, and the *Earl of Crawford and Balcarres*. The virility of his style is particularly apparent in the last named.

Among the subject pictures a leading place is taken by Mr. Robert Gibb's *Communion at the Front*. Many years ago His Majesty's Limner achieved success in battle-pieces, such as *The Thin Red Line*, and after his resignation of the Curatorship of the National Gallery he again turned his mind to this type of work. On the present occasion he has chosen a feature of this war which is distinctive, and to find a parallel carries us back to English Puritan or Scottish Covenantant times. The alliance of Church and

Army Mr. Gibb has expressed in a large canvas, thirty Highlanders in a hut grouped round a chaplain who is about to dispense the Sacrament. The separate figures are distinctive; it is not a merely imaginary group, and composition and lighting are excellent. *It should find a place in a Scottish gallery. Another subject picture of a different type is Mr. John Duncan's *The Coming of Bride*—not the legendary saint, or the Bride of Kildare, but the pagan Celtic Bride who had the care of youth. The maiden is surrounded by figures, and the earth yields her rich early blossoms. It is a beautiful, delicately co-ordinated vision of spring. Another fine subject picture is Mr. Gemmell Hutchison's *Irish Nun of Ypres*, tenderly enfolding a sleeping child. Figure subjects of considerable merit are shown by Mr. T. Martine Ronaldson and Mr. F. C. B. Cadell, though the latter leaves as usual rather much for the spectator to fill in. Interesting studies of children are also seen by Mr. Hugh Cameron and Mr. Duddingston Herdman.



"THE MILL." OIL PAINTING
BY E. A. WALTON, R.S.A.



"THE EARL OF CRAWFORD AND BALCARRES"
OIL PAINTING BY FIDDES WATT, A.R.S.A.



"THE COMING OF BRIDE"

OIL PAINTING BY JOHN DUNCAN, A.R.S.A

The section of landscape is particularly strong. Mr. Lawton Wingate's large picture *Autumn* is the finest work he has exhibited on such a scale during a now long artistic career. His *forte* has been more in smaller pictures, effects of light and atmosphere, but here we have a composition in which the leading feature is the massing of a group of beeches tinged with the early autumn colour which in its completeness suggests an earlier period of work than the present. For bold and striking effects Mr. E. A. Walton has not equalled his landscape entitled *The Mill*. It has all the juicy quality of his best water-colour work, with the fine massing of cloud and foliage which was so

distinctive of Constable. The late Mr. Robert Noble, whose death since the exhibition opened was a great loss to Scottish art, is represented by two landscapes of excellent quality. The new academician, Mr. Charles Mackie, justifies his election by three small pictures of vibrant colour. Mr. Campbell Mitchell shows a small Galloway landscape of gem-like quality, Mr. Robert Burns reposeful studies of sea and shore of fine atmospheric quality, Mr. J. Whitelaw Hamilton a robust Armathwaite landscape, Mr. George Houston spring and winter scenes delicately phrased, Mr. W. M. Frazer a poetically inspired view in the Broads district, of which the outstanding feature is the sky paint-

ing, Mr. R. B. Nisbet a charming evening effect, Mr. J. H. Lorimer a particularly expressive March landscape, and Mr. D. Y. Cameron two fine architectural subjects. In landscape Mr. W. S. MacGeorge is seen to much advantage in his *God's Quiet Garden by the Sea* and *The Apple-Tree*, particularly the former. Mr. Gemmell Hutchison's group of three children feasting under the trees in a garden is very satisfying. Mr. George Smith shows large pictures of cattle under strong sunlight effects, Mr. William Walls a group of penguins, and Mr. Murray Thomson a capital study of polar bears basking in the Arctic sunshine.

The water-colours are of good general quality without anything distinctive, and in the Sculpture Hall, apart from Rodin's large *Calais Citizen*, the only things of importance are a couple of plaster busts by Dr. MacGillivray.

A. EDDINGTON.

MINIATURES IN THE PIERPONT MORGAN COLLECTION. V.—A PORTRAIT OF JAMES H. LEIGH HUNT.

IN the article contained in our issue of last July, page 90, we referred to the history of the little packet of miniatures which Mr. Morgan acquired from the Leigh Hunt family. Our illustration this month is of the portrait of Leigh Hunt himself. We are fortunate in possessing many verbal portraits of Hunt, and it is interesting to compare them with the miniature in question.

Carlyle, in 1834, speaks of his visit to the poet, and refers to his "dignity and king-like behaviour" in the "pitiable" poverty which Carlyle terms "Tinkerdome."

He also alludes to the "lovable" character of the man, and to the brilliance of his "black hazel eyes." John Forster, in 1872, writes of the "delicate, worn, keenly intelligent face," with its "large, luminous eyes" and its then "wiry grey hair." Proctor, in 1874, describes Hunt as having black hair, very dark but shining eyes, and speaks of the absence of the "fierce glare which black eyes so frequently possess," which was superseded in Hunt's case by an extraordinary luminous quality. Tenderly he mentions that Hunt was "always in trouble about money," but was "seldom sad, and never sour," and finally alludes to his then

lithe figure, and to his "expressive but protruding" mouth. S. C. Hall, in his allusions to Hunt, tells us that he was tall and upright, with brilliant and gentle eyes. Francis Espinasse, writing in 1893, says that Hunt was "tall, dark complexioned," with a thoughtful brow, a grave aspect, and "expressive dark hazel eyes." Locker Lampson, in 1895, alludes to the tall, dark, graceful man with "bright eyes." Sir George Murray Smith tells us he was "sallow, not to say yellow, in complexion," that his mouth "lacked in refinement," but that his eyes were "large and expressive." Harriet Martineau says he was bright, and had an "acute, cheery face," "full of sensibility," and Carlyle in another place refers to his clear, "dusky brown complexion," to his face of "cast-iron gravity," and to "the thin glimmer of a smile" which spread over it.

All these allusions enable us to realize how accurately the artist delineated Hunt in the portrait that was so long the cherished possession of his family, and which they stoutly refused to sell for many years, regarding it as the most important likeness of him in existence.

There were many portraits of Leigh Hunt. He was painted in 1802 by Bowyer, in 1815 by Wageman, in 1818 by Wildman, in 1820 by Severn and by Jackson, in 1821 by Hayden, in 1828 by Hayter, in 1834 twice by Maclise, in 1837 by S. Lawrence, in 1841 by Glidden, in 1846 by Gillies, in 1850 by Williams and by Ford, and the portraits by Glidden, Jackson, Hayter, Severn, and Maclise were all engraved. Bates speaks of several other portraits, but the artists are unknown. This perchance is one of them. It has been attributed to Maclise, and is a little like his work, but the family do not know who painted it; all they could say was, it was the best portrait of all, most like him at the particular period when it was painted, and beyond that no one can say. The gravity, the luminous eyes, the thin glimmer of a smile are all most characteristic.

We need not enter into the details of the life of the great essayist; his story was one of a pitiable struggle, boldly and splendidly met. He must also be remembered as one of the best and greatest of modern talkers. His conversation was always a source of joy and delight to those who heard him hold forth to his friends on topics of common interest.

GEORGE C. WILLIAMSON.



PORTRAIT OF JAMES H. LEIGH HUNT
FROM A MINIATURE IN THE PIERPONT MORGAN COLLECTION
& FORMERLY IN THE POSSESSION OF THE ESSAYIST'S FAMILY

The Pennsylvania Academy

THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWELFTH EXHIBITION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY.

THE One Hundred and Twelfth Annual Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, which was held at the galleries in Philadelphia during February and March, could be described as a sort of mirror of the current movements of American Art in oil painting and sculpture, reflecting probably more than any other feature the influence of the modern theories upon the use of pure colour as a means of emotional expression, contrasting strongly with the practice of the old school that regards form as the *ne plus ultra* of achievement. At the same time, the display was not limited to the productions of any one coterie of painters. It was comprehensive enough to include examples of some of the best work that is being done in America at the present day by leaders of many different groups, and it was that

fact that caused it to be one of the most interesting picture shows ever held at the Academy.

A *Self-Portrait* of the late William M. Chase, lent by the Art Association of Richmond, Indiana, was the centre of interest in the Gallery F, hung with the most important contributions. Near by was Mr. John S. Sargent's portrait of *Mrs. K.* lent by Mrs. George Vanderbilt, and opposite, his portrait of *The late George Vanderbilt* lent by the same lady. Four fine portraits by the late Thomas Eakins, including his original study of *Dr. Samuel D. Gross*, attracted much attention as virile works, as also Mr. John McLure Hamilton's portrait *My Mother*, and Mr. Breckenridge's portrait of *George H. McFadden, Esq.*, of the Board of Directors of the Academy. Mr. Leopold Seyffert sent a portrait of *Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson* and Mr. Cesare Ricciardi a portrait of *Mr. Cromwell*, both good in personal representation. *Gladys Wiles*, by Mr. Irving R. Wiles, was excellent in technical quality and Mr. Paul King's



SELF-PORTRAIT

BY THE LATE WILLIAM M. CHASE



PORTRAIT OF MRS. K. BY
JOHN SINGER SARGENT, R.A.

(Lent by Mrs. George Vanderbilt)



"MISS GLADYS WILES"
BY IRVING R. WILES

The Pennsylvania Academy

portrait of his mother was evidently true to life. The same could be said of Mr. Albert Rosenthal's *Dr. Chester Morris*, Mr. Lazar Raditz's *Dr. John S. Wentz*, and Miss Gertrude Fiske's able portrait of the marine painter *Charles H. Woodbury*. Mr. William T. Smedley sent a capital *Portrait of a Man* and Mr. Ercole Cartotto a beautifully finished work in *Marion*.

Among the most carefully painted figure-subjects were Mr. William W. Churchill's *The Model*, Mr. Carl Nordell's *The Morning Lesson*, and Mr. Wm. M. Paxton's *Girl with a Hand Mirror*. Notable grouping of figures was seen in Mr. Daniel Garber's *The Boys* and Mr. Luis Mora's *Out-of-Town Trolley*. Fine paintings of the nude were seen in Mr. Charles W. Hawthorne's canvas and Mr. Childe Hassam's *Against the Light*. Mr. Douglas Volk was very adequately represented in his figure of *The Little Canadian*. A fine specimen of the North American Indian was portrayed in Mr. Ernest

Blumenschein's canvas *The Chief Speaks*. A long procession of "*Sœurs de Charité*" in Mr. P. Schmauss's *Easter* gave a touch of sentiment only too rare in these times.

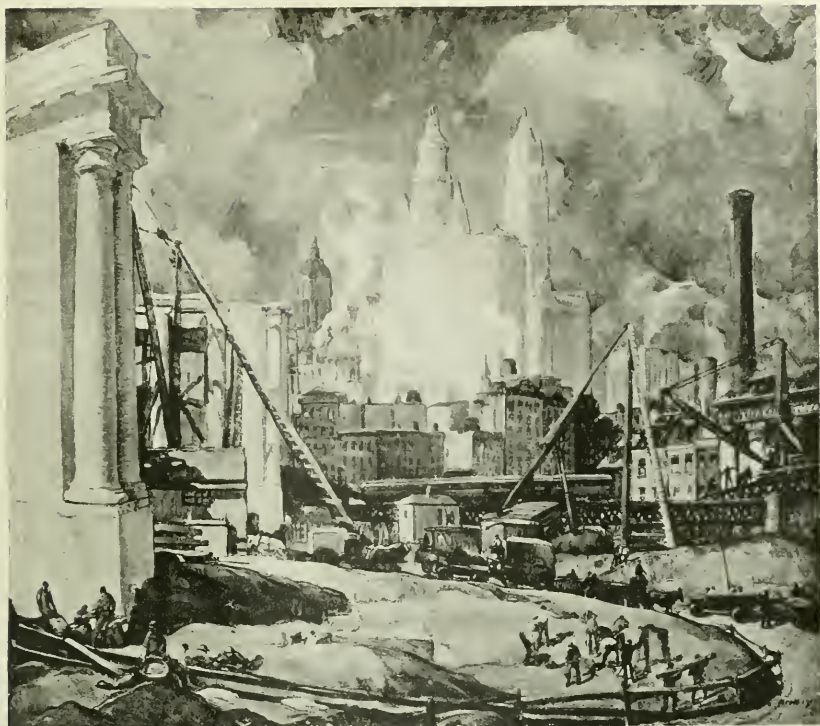
While there was no lack of portrait and figure paintings, the really important landscapes were fewer than one would have expected in a show of American art. Mention, however, should be made of Mr. Ernest Lawson's *Early Spring*, Mr. Charles Rosen's *Windy Day*, Mr. Jonas Lie's *Winter Morning*, Mr. Kroll's *Building New York*, and Mr. A. M. Sparks's *Steel Mill, Pittsburgh*—all works of thoroughly good facture and inspired by the painters' environment. A very fine marine was by Mr. Charles H. Woodbury entitled *Rainbow*, vibrating with prismatic colour. Admirable in chromatic quality and brushwork was Mr. Henry R. Rittenberg's *Still Life*.

Of the two hundred and five pieces of sculpture exhibited a considerable proportion consisted, as usual, of portraits, but there was also



"WINTER MORNING"

BY JONAS LIE



"BUILDING NEW YORK"

BY LEON KROLL

a fair representation of idealistic work as well as a few animal studies of interest.

The Temple Gold Medal was awarded to Mr. George Bellows for his painting *A Day in June*, the Edward T. Stotesbury Prize to Mr. Hugh H. Breckenridge for a group of paintings, including a number of still-life studies, a night scene entitled *Philadelphia*, and a *Nude with Still Life*, previously honoured with a prize at the Corcoran Art Gallery in December. Mr. Joseph T. Pearson, jun., was the winner of the Carol H. Beck Gold Medal with a charming character-study of *The Twins*, and the Walter Lippincott Prize went to Mr. A. B. Carles's figure-painting entitled *Sarset*. The Jennie Sesnan Gold Medal for landscape painting was awarded to Mr. Hayley Lever for his *Morning in the Harbour*, the Mary Smith Prize to Miss Elizabeth F. Washington for her canvas entitled *Winter*,

the George D. Widener Memorial Gold Medal for sculpture to Mr. Attilio Piccirilli for his marble nude *The Flower of the Alps*, and the Philadelphia Prize to Mr. Ernest Major for his beautiful painting *Nausicaa*.

E. CASTELLO.

No directions having been left by the late Sir Hugh Lane as to the sitter for the portrait to be painted by Mr. J. S. Sargent, for which he bid £10,000 at Messrs. Christie's Red Cross sale in April 1915, a few weeks before he lost his life in the "Lusitania" disaster, the Court of Chancery last month decided that the Trustees of the National Gallery of Ireland were entitled, as residuary legatees of Sir Hugh's will, to nominate a sitter and possess the portrait when finished. The Trustees have asked President Woodrow Wilson to sit to Mr. Sargent.



"THE FLOWER OF THE ALPS"
BY ATTILIO PICCIRILLI

*(Pennsylvania Academy—
awarded Widener Gold Medal)*



"THE SCULPTOR BARTLETT." BY CHARLES
GRAFLY
(Pennsylvania Academy)

STUDIO-TALK.

(From Our Own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—A considerable part of the buildings of the Victoria and Albert Museum has been assigned by the Government for the accommodation of the Board of Education, whose offices in Whitehall have been taken to provide further accommodation for war staff, and consequently until the end of the war and possibly for a considerable time thereafter only a comparatively small portion of the Museum collections will be accessible to the public. The Prime Minister, in communicating the decision of the War Cabinet to the Minister of Education, regrets the necessity for this step and hopes that it may

not be needful to close the Museum entirely, but he appeals to every one concerned to accept the position "as one of the many lamentable necessities of the war."

In the current exhibition of the New English Art Club in Suffolk Street there is not much of arresting significance, nor, on the other hand, is there a great deal that is either feeble or freakish. Several of the leading supporters of the Club are not represented—such as Mr. A. E. John, Professor Brown, Mr. Walter Russell, Mrs. Swynnerton, and Captain Philip Connard (whose absence is accounted for by his "one-man" show at the Leicester Galleries); and Mr. McEvoy contributes to the display only one example of his very personal work as a portrait-painter, while at the recent National Portrait Society's exhibition he was represented by something like a dozen. Portraiture, in fact, is not a strong feature of the display, and beyond a small group comprising this portrait by Mr. McEvoy, Mr. Wilson Steer's *Portrait Sketch*, Mr. Southall's portrait of a member of the Chamberlain family (reproduced elsewhere in this number), Mr. G. W. Lambert's *Mrs. E. P. Reed*, and a boy's portrait by Mr. Gere, there is little to be noted in this connexion. In landscape Mr. Gere is seen to advantage in a fine study of *Clouds Lifting*, and both Mr. C. J. Holmes and Mr. Collins Baker are represented by work of distinction—the former particularly by his *Rossett Gill* and *Snow Showers on Malham Moor*, and the latter by *Cader and Bird Rock*. Mr. Mark Fisher, Mr. Lucien Pissarro, Mr. David Muirhead, Mr. A. W. Rich, and Professor W. Rothenstein all contribute characteristic work. In the room assigned to drawings and prints the chief items are some of Mr. Muirhead Bone's "Western Front" drawings, and Mr. Francis Dodd's portraits of British generals.

The war has been responsible for the revival of an interesting branch of decorative art which had a considerable vogue in the eighteenth century. We refer to the painted furniture now being produced in the workshops of Messrs. Tredegars, as agents for Lady Kinloch, by whom the revival was inaugurated with the laudable motive of providing an occupation for artists whose opportunities of earning a living have been very seriously diminished by the

war. The industry is under the supervision of Mr. Alexander Maclean, R.B.A., and the variety of articles produced comprises, besides complete suites, separate pieces destined for many different purposes—bureaux, screens, cupboards, commodes, settees, tables, bedroom chests, chairs and bedsteads, etc. The construction is excellent, and if some of these articles have the appearance of frailty the efficient workmanship applied to them is sufficient to ensure for them a long lease of life. As to the æsthetic merits of this particular style of decorated furniture there may be, of course, various opinions, but that it has many qualities to recommend it cannot be denied, prominent among them being the feeling of *enlivenment* which its presence produces. Exception may be taken, perhaps, to some of the applications of painted decoration to furniture which is destined to be used frequently and not merely looked at. Just as the bottom of a soup-plate does not seem an altogether suitable place for ornament, so the seat of a chair with a posy of flowers painted on it does strike one as a case of misapplied ornamentation. The industry as revived by Lady Kinloch has made considerable headway, and has secured many influential patrons, including members of the Royal Family.

The painting called *Sunshine*, by Mr. George Henry, A.R.A., which we reproduce opposite, exemplifies admirably the methods of that gifted artist, and especially that feeling for light and harmonious colour with which he is so richly endowed. The painting is in reality an outdoor portrait, and the subject Mr. D. Croal Thomson's daughter Evelyn (Mrs. Allan Grant); as such it appears in the catalogue of the present Royal Academy Exhibition, where the picture is

shown in Gallery No. V. The young lady here portrayed was in early infancy the subject of a lithographic study by Whistler—*Little Evelyn*.

DUBLIN.—The annual exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy was held this year in the Metropolitan School of Art, Dublin, and as almost all the works on view were by painters and sculptors resident in Ireland the exhibition reflected more closely than in former years purely local achievement. Amongst the landscape painters the greatest, as well as the most distinctively Irish, is Mr. Nathaniel Hone, R.H.A., an artist of sombre power, who excels in the interpretation of the spirit of desolate beauty that haunts the waste and lonely places of his native land. His small canvas *A Morning Dip* showed him in a mood with which one is less familiar, and is delightfully fresh and true in tone. Mr. Hone's influence was to be traced in much of the work shown at this exhibition; he may be said to be the father of the modern school of Irish Landscape. Turning to the portraits, the work of Mr. W. J. Leech, R.H.A., Mr. James Sleator, A.R.H.A., and Mr. John Keatinge was specially interesting. Mr. Sleator has learned much from Mr. William Orpen. His decision of touch and fine draughtsmanship he owes in part to his master; his feeling for harmonious colour is wholly personal to himself. His large portrait of *Fred O'Donovan as Robert*



"L'ACTRICE"

(Royal Hibernian Academy)

W. BY J. LEECH, R.H.A.



"SUNSHINE." OIL PAINTING BY
GEORGE HENRY, A.R.A.



"IN MYSTERY THE SOUL ABIDES." BY OLIVER SHEPPARD, R.H.A.

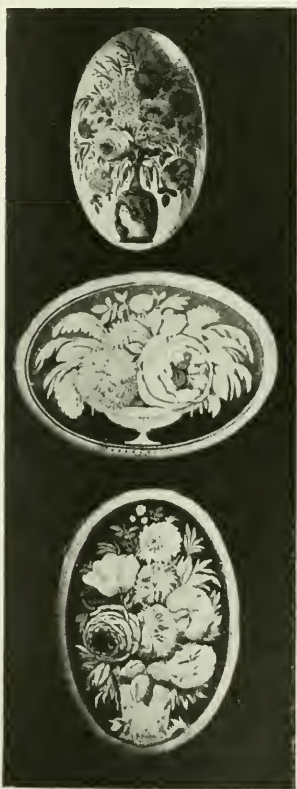
Emmet, with its pleasant landscape background, is a good example of his work. Mr. Leech's brilliant portrait *L'Actrice*, a delightful symphony in green and silver, is a firm and dashing piece of brushwork, and his smaller portraits and still-life study showed a similar mastery of technique and delicacy of tone. Mr. Keatinge's work is strong and decorative. He has made a study of West of Ireland types, and his figures, painted in flat tones, have a vivid sense of personality. Amongst the sculpture at this exhibition the marble statuette by Mr. Oliver Sheppard, R.H.A., *In mystery the soul abides*, is specially noteworthy for its poetic feeling and happy treatment.

E. D.

MOSCOW.—While increasingly successful from year to year the exhibitions of the Union of Russian Artists, or "Soyouz" as it is called for short, have, in regard to the nature and quality of the works displayed, acquired a certain stability which almost excludes artistic surprises. The painters forming the chief support of this group keep well up to their former level on the average, and their variations

of familiar themes are always well received, but on the other hand there is a lack of new talent which might give a stimulus to the organization as a whole.

At the last exhibition of the Union, which was financially successful to an unexpected degree, the works of K. Yuon, N. Krymoff, L. Pasternak, and A. Ryloff attracted most attention. The peculiar style which Nicolai Krymoff, not without some reminiscences of the art of the late Arkhip Kuindji, has elaborated in his treatment of Russian landscape is becoming more and more associated with intensity of colour and expression. Some excellent studies attested the progress of his



ENAMEL MINIATURES. BY S. CHERKONIN ("Mir Iskustva" Exhibition, Moscow)

endeavours, the full synthesis of which was displayed in a large canvas representing the dawn of a summer day, considered by many the *clou* of the exhibition. Yvon strives less for a fixed style than for effects true to nature, and in this direction he has acquired great power, especially in his interpretations of the Russian winter and of provincial life, to which he returns from time to time with success. A glowing *Sunset* by A. Ryloff impressed by its freedom from the banality commonly associated with the subject.

The reappearance of Philip Malyavine after a pause of several years aroused great expectations, but these were entirely disappointed. His large studies of the Russian peasantry still show traces of a virile talent and original temperament, but these are set off by the adoption of methods which produce an effect of repulsion rather than attraction, and recall certain Munich painters of twenty or thirty years ago. Among the few portraits shown at this exhibition, two noteworthy examples were L. Pasternak's engaging presentment of a young lady, treated with greater boldness than is customary with this artist, and his excellent portrait of Vassili Maklakoff, the Progressive leader in the Duma. Some works by M. Pyrin, composed with much taste and skill, must not be omitted in this brief survey of the Soyouz exhibition.

The exhibition of the "Mir Iskustva" (World of Art) presented a different aspect from that of the "Soyouz," for here, instead of the stability noted in connexion with the latter, there were signs of an internal fermentation having taken place. A note of discord was introduced by some recruits from the ranks of the Post-Impressionists, led by Ilya Mashkoff and Peter Konchalovski, and their rather noisy fanfare had the effect of depressing the more gentle tones of the real founders of the "Mir

Iskustva." Many of these, moreover, were absent, and among those who were represented both Dobuzhinsky and Kustodieff showed works of less importance than usual. On the other hand, Mme. Ostroumova-Lebedeva's studies of the "oil" city of Baku aroused great interest, as did the paintings of P. Kusnetsoff, notable for their intensity and individuality of colour, and some original decorative compositions by K. Petroff-Vodkin. The chief success of the exhibition, however, was due not to the paintings but to the contributions in the sphere of the graphic arts. In this connexion the life-sized portraits of Eugen Yakovlieff call for special notice. Executed in red chalk and tempera, designed with great virtuosity and cleverly composed, these cartoons, notwithstanding their



PORTRAIT OF V. MAKLAKOFF

BY L. PASTERNAK

(Union of Russian Artists, Moscow)



"SUMMER MORNING"

(Union of Russian Artists, Moscow)

BY N. KRYMOFF

reminiscences of early Italian fresco painters, the old German masters and Japanese woodcuts, revealed an artistic personality of marked individuality, the further development of which may be looked forward to with interest. Some excellent pencil drawings by Boris Grigorieff and portrait studies by Nicholas Ulianoff must also be named as of particular interest. S.

Chekhonin, who stands high among the artists of the book, exhibited a series of charming miniatures executed in enamel, and mounted as rings, pendants, and brooches. Finally mention must be made of the illustrations of Mlle. I. Obolenskaya, who cleverly adapts the style of the old Russian ikons to the pictorial interpretation of Russian fairy-tales. P. E.



"ON THE RIVER OKA"

(Union of Russian Artists, Moscow)

BY KONSTANTIN YUON

Owing chiefly to labour difficulties, the January number of *Apollon*, the principal art journal of Russia, did not make its appearance until after the great political upheaval of the beginning of March, and the issue is accompanied by a separately printed note, in which the editor, Mr. Makovski, refers briefly to certain questions affecting art which have arisen out of these stirring events. He points with regret to the fact that in the first days of the revolution, instead of concerting measures for the protection of the artistic treasures of the nation, for the safety of which there were legitimate grounds of apprehension, art circles began to talk only of the creation of a Ministry of Fine Arts—and he hints that there would have been no dearth of candidates for the new portfolio. This proposal he emphatically opposes as being not merely uncalled for in the particular circumstances of the times, but as wrong in principle. "If," he remarks, "there is anything in the world that is truly free, it is art"; and he expresses his astonishment that in such historic days as these the leading artists of Russia should foster a proposal that is not only inimical to the true interests of art, but is purely bureaucratic. He goes on to observe that what Russia needs, if she is destined to enter on a new era of free democratic development, is not a centralized departmental surveillance of art, but the encouragement of initiative on the part both of individuals and of groups, adding that there are divers ways in which existing departments of the State can promote an increasing interest in art among the population at large.

OKYO.—The fifty-fifth exhibition of the Nihon Bijutsu Kyokai (Fine Art Association of Japan) was recently held in Uyeno Park. A section of it was devoted to a display of paintings by old masters, and the rest to those by contemporary artists. The society has long been distinguished for upholding the old spirit and style of our painting. While the leaders of the Nihon Bijutsu-in (Fine Art Institute of Japan) and those of the Nika-kai, a society of painters in oil, charge the Mombusho Art Exhibition Committee with being prejudiced against new movements in art, the leaders of the Bijutsu Kyokai complain that it is reckless in discarding the old style of our art. What is claimed to be old in our pictorial art seems to rest largely with the



PORTRAIT OF BARONESS KNOP

("Mir Ishustva" Exhibition, Moscow)

BY N. ULIANOFF



"SUMMER LANDSCAPE."
BY DAN-RANSHYU.



"SUNSET ON SNOW." BY MIKI-BUNKWA

strength and quality of the brushwork. Mere technicality is by no means the life of old art, but there is something precious in the old artistic ideal of depicting an object with the fewest possible strokes of the brush, stress being laid not so much on the physical form as on the spirit of the thing painted. It has aimed to express the texture, colour, form, and life of an object with a single brush-stroke. It emphasizes an idealistic quality in art. Whatever style be chosen, the picture has to possess "noble simplicity" and *kihin*, or dignity, which, according to painters of the old school, depends much upon the brushwork, and no less upon the spirit with which it is painted.

One of the best pictures by contemporary artists at this exhibition was the landscape by

Osaka-Shiden reproduced on p. 81. Shiden has shown, by his works of similar nature, a sympathetic understanding of landscape of this character. There is no strain in the composition: things are presented in their natural order with a technique well suited to reveal the delicate charm of nature in tranquillity. Another noteworthy painting, also reproduced here, was the *Summer Landscape* by Dan-Ranshyu. This artist has a wonderful power of depicting mist and clouds, especially the mysterious beauty of sunshine seen through a thin veil of mist or cloud. Such a quality was well shown in his *Moving Clouds*, shown at the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco in 1915, and already reproduced in these pages (see THE STUDIO, p. 169, No. 273, vol. 66).



"AUTUMN LANDSCAPE." BY INAGAKI RAMPO

Ranshyu has introduced this beautiful bit into his *Summer Landscape*. The sunshine upon the shoulder of the mountain filtering through the early morning mist rising from the valley below greatly fascinated me with its mysterious brilliancy.

Another painting which attracted much attention at the exhibition was on a pair of screens by Murase-Gyokuden entitled *Autumn Dusk*. It was purchased by the Imperial Household Department, and depicts a flock of wild geese in a wind-blown autumnal field at dusk, when the moon was beginning to gain lustre—a favourite subject for Oriental artists. The *Autumn Landscape* of Inagaki-Rampo, which is included among our illustrations, was also purchased by the Imperial Household Department. With economy of strokes Rampo has succeeded in giving an autumnal brocade, with which the Japanese hills are richly clothed towards the end of each year. Following the custom of our *nanga* artists, Rampo has introduced a figure in a Chinese robe (scarcely discernible in the reproduction), not necessarily in order to suggest a Chinese landscape, but more likely as the result of an endeavour to retain a flavour of idealism in the painting, or it may also be as a means of reminding us of Chinese classic literature, from which a quotation is often taken and written on the upper part of the picture.

There were a few drawings in black monochrome—in the true *nanga* style. A good example was found in *An Autumn Scene* by Sato-Kwagaku, which is also reproduced here. Kwagaku has painted a group of cormorants under a willow-tree waiting for rain. In the picture, a kingfisher, perched upon the willow, looks down upon its big competitors with envy. The feeling of a dull autumnal day, such as we often get in the monochrome drawings of similar subjects by the old masters, is here well expressed. Another reproduction included is of an interesting painting of a snow scene, shown at the same exhibition. It was painted by Miki-Bunkwa, who belongs to the Shijo school. The faint glow of the western sky at sunset is delicately suggested on the white brow of the mountain. The snow-laden trees seem to wait the approaching night with tremulous anxiety.

HARADA-JIRO.

REVIEWS.

The Practical Book of Early American Arts and Crafts. By HAROLD DONALDSON EBERLEIN and ABBOT McCLURE. (Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Company.) 25s. net. The subject-matter of this volume—one of a series of "Practical Books of Home Life Enrichment"—is of exceptional interest as showing the great diversity of the arts and crafts practised in America prior to the modern era of machine production. These comprise pottery and glass-making, decoration, metal-work and needlecraft, silversmith work, pewter, decorative painting on household gear, portrait and allegorical painting, weaving, "fractur" or pen and brush illumination, hand block printing on fabrics and paper, wood and stone carving,



"AN AUTUMN SCENE"

BY SATO-KWAGAKU



"LANDSCAPE"

BY OSAKA SHIDEN

and lace-making. In most cases, as pointed out by the authors, these early arts and crafts have the character of "folk art"—that is, they were "of and by the people." An important exception, however, was the work of the silversmiths, who from the first appear to have been trained and skilled craftsmen, for whose productions, equal in general to those of English craftsmen, there was apparently a large demand, to judge by the extensive list given by the authors of silversmiths practising in numerous localities prior to 1830. In this early American craftwork, English and Dutch traditions are chiefly discernible, but the first Spanish settlers and the Germans who settled in Pennsylvania long before the modern tide of immigration set in have left behind interesting relics of the crafts they brought with them. The volume is an excellent example of book production, and the illustrations, which are very numerous, are particularly good.

The Twilight of the Hohenzollerns. With twelve illustrations by GLYN PHILPOT. (London: Cecil Palmer and Hayward.) Whether or not there is any real justification for reading in Wagner's famous music-drama "*Der Ring des Nibelungen*," and more especially the closing scene, "a subconscious prophecy of Germany's downfall," the text has required but a small amount of change to fit in with this conception and so to turn "*Die Götterdämmerung*" into "*Die Hohenzollerndämmerung*." In one respect, however, this interpretation, upon which Mr. Glyn Philpot's series of drawings is based, is in conflict with actualities in representing German "*Kultur*" as opposed to Pan-Germanism and Prussian militarism. One of Mr. Philpot's drawings shows German Kultur leading Germania, "accompanied by German art, science, and industry, into the superb strong-

hold built up during years of peace," and in another German Kultur upbraids Pan-Germanism. It may be true that German Kultur of a generation ago was antagonistic to militarism, but unfortunately there have been few, if any, signs of its dissociation in these days from the megalomania which claims world-dominion for Germany; on the contrary, its exponents seem to have supported the military power as zealously as the Prussian Junkers themselves, and Mr. Philpot's drawing of Pan-Germanism falling into the arms of Prussian militarism is equally applicable to German Kultur. The letterpress is given in German as well as English.

Pictures of Ruined Belgium. Seventy-two pen-and-ink sketches by LOUIS BERDEN. The French text by GEORGES VERDAVINE. Translation by J. LEWIS MAY. (London: John Lane.) 7s. 6d. net. As here presented in word and picture the tragic story of Belgium's martyrdom, with its wholesale massacres of innocent people, old and young, and ruthless destruction and spoliation of their homes, their churches, and other cherished possessions, is almost without parallel in the history of mankind, and if there is any one left who still entertains a lingering affection for German "*Kultur*" let him study these pages and learn what it really means. The text, printed in French and English on opposite pages, embodies the facts ascertained after careful investigation by official inquiry, and no attempt has been made to exaggerate them; and equally plain and straightforward is the story told by the illustrations, which consist of drawings made from photographs by Monsieur Berden, an architect by profession, who spent eighteen months in going from place to place gathering material for this record of German barbarity.

THE LAY FIGURE: ON MAKING A WAR MUSEUM.

"WHAT do you think of this scheme for the creation of a great museum as a memorial of the war?" asked the Man with the Red Tie. "Does it strike you as a happy idea?"

"Yes, certainly; it is quite a good notion," replied the Critic. "But whether it is a success or not will depend entirely upon the way in which it is carried out—the best of schemes will go wrong if their details are not properly considered."

"I do not see that there is much that can go wrong in this one," broke in the Plain Man; "it ought to be a very simple matter to collect and classify the many war relics that are available."

"That is not quite the point," returned the Critic. "I admit that to gather together war relics and odds and ends would be easy enough, and that to arrange them in some sort of order would be a task that would not tax severely any patient person; but do you think the result would be satisfactory? Do you think that in that way you would get the right kind of war museum?"

"But, why not?" cried the Plain Man. "Is not the object of a war museum to provide a record of the war, and is any better record possible than a collection of things which have been actually used in the war? What could bring the whole thing more vividly to our minds than contact with objects brought from the battlefield itself?"

"There are some of us, I expect, who will not care to be reminded of that contact," suggested the Man with the Red Tie; "and I am not at all sure that the general public will be much interested in a collection of scraps from the battlefield."

"I am with you in that," agreed the Critic; "and I believe that any interest people may feel in such a collection will be of the briefest possible duration. The ordinary man after he has seen it once or twice will forget all about it."

"Surely, though, it will remain as a permanent attraction for future generations," objected the Plain Man. "In years to come it will bring home to students of history the realities of the

war, and will enable them to understand what it meant to us who went through it."

"I very much doubt whether it will do anything of the kind," said the Critic. "The student of history will read all about the war in his textbooks and will form his opinions from what the historians tell him. The museum full of odds and ends will teach him nothing of real value."

"But the museum will provide the illustrations to his textbooks. That seems to me its function," argued the Plain Man; "and that will be its chief value."

"Ah, yes, that should be its function," declared the Critic; "but it is a function which cannot be fulfilled unless the museum records not only the facts of the war but the sentiment also which it aroused throughout the country. It is not only what the nation did but what the nation thought that must be preserved for the instruction of future generations."

"How is that to be managed?" asked the Plain Man.

"The only way, I imagine, is by gathering in the museum as many examples as possible of the art which was inspired by the war," replied the Critic. "We must have pictures symbolical and realistic, war posters, photographs, and drawings; we must have the sketches of the architects and sculptors, and their designs for memorial works; we must have medals, rolls of honour, portraits of men and women who were prominent in the years of stress, every sort of artistic production that bears any relation to the war and to the life of the people during the period over which the war lasted."

"That is right," exclaimed the Man with the Red Tie. "That would be the only museum worth having."

"Yes, and that would be the only sort of museum which would remain for centuries as a living interest," continued the Critic. "It would be an abiding assertion of the character and spirit of the nation, and if it were done worthily and with sound judgment it would be the greatest war memorial that we could possibly erect. It is what the country suffered and endured in its years of trial that our descendants must be made to realize, and it is the way in which these sufferings were endured by all sections of the community that we want to put on record."

THE LAY FIGURE.



A LADY UNKNOWN. CALLED
MARY SIDNEY, COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.
BY JOHN HOSKINS.

A LADY UNKNOWN, CALLED
MARY SIDNEY, COUNTESS OF
PEMBROKE. ARTIST UNKNOWN

A GENTLEMAN UNKNOWN,
IN HIS 42ND YEAR (1618).
ARTIST UNKNOWN

FROM THE MINIATURES IN THE COLLECTION OF EARL BEAUCHAMP, K.G. NOW ON VIEW AT
THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.

The Beauchamp Miniatures at the Victoria and Albert Museum

THE BEAUCHAMP MINIATURES AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM. BY T. MARTIN WOOD

THE history of miniature painting in England resolves itself into three periods. With each of these the art appears to be reborn. In an article in *THE STUDIO* for January on the Buccleuch collection, I compared results attained in different mediums, and in this article I shall make further comparisons of the same kind, but I recognize that at this stage it would be more useful to make all my comparisons within the limits of one of the divisions, between the miniatures of artists employing the same medium, and not between results achieved by methods that are not in a true sense related.

There were two innovations in miniature painting which changed in succession its character. There was first the adoption of ivory as the surface for receiving paint, following the introduction of transparent colour, and then there was the revolution brought about by the use of enamel. In each case new ideals emerged from the character of the medium, and the new style was not the development of the old but the discovery of a new art. We have thus in miniatures three arts, each pursuing an ideal

of beauty peculiar to itself. There is the art of the opaque decorative miniature; the art of the translucent colour miniature on ivory; and the art of enamel miniature.

Opportunities for a close study of these separately and in detail have always been limited, for the collections which would afford them have never for any long period at a time been publicly on view. A compensating feature in war-time conditions in London, that generally seem so unfavourable to the cause of education, has been the depositing of the Buccleuch and Beauchamp Miniatures with the South Kensington authorities, with the permission to put them on view. For want of the opportunities for



LADY ARABELLA STUART (1575-1615)
BY ISAAC OLIVER



"AN ELIZABETHAN MAUNDY." ATTRIBUTED TO
NICHOLAS HILLIARD

close study of the development of the miniature, books on the subject have too often followed the art in tales of the artists, rather than as an analysis of the results by which individual performance should be viewed.

Many people are interested in the lives of the miniaturists because of the circles in which they moved, and extensive inquiry is made of their art for the glimpses it affords of the great personages who once occupied the world-stage. That is not the point of view from which I shall regard the Beauchamp collection, but following the critical line adopted in the Buccleuch article I shall attempt a closer examination of individual work.

One of the most perfect miniatures in the

The Beauchamp Miniatures at the Victoria and Albert Museum



A GENTLEMAN UNKNOWN. BY ISAAC OLIVER
(DATED 1582)

collection is that by John Hoskins of a lady unknown, called *Mary Sidney*. The memory of *Mary Sidney*, Countess of Pembroke, was so sweet to the generation that followed her that every other beautiful miniature was said to be a portrait of her. It is difficult to refrain from quoting for the thousandth time "Underneath this sable hearse," etc., so fragrantly do Ben Jonson's exquisite lines preserve her memory.

But in miniatures there are as many *Arabella Stuarts* as there are *Mary Sidneys*, and I will

leave to others the work of establishing the identity of these famous sitters, hoping that they can still show the most beautiful of all to be *Mary Sidney*. The miniature by Hoskins referred to is smooth in style. The background is faded blue. The Hilliard influence is obvious. These blue backgrounds turn to indigo in the age of Cooper, by which time artists seem to have lost the nerve to look steadily on pure colour even in a small space. The primary colour background vanished with the decorative manner of drawing embroidered costume. The charm of that manner still lingers in several



SIR HENRY BLOUNT (1608-1682. BY
NICHOLAS DIXON



LADY ELIZABETH CLIFFORD. ARTIST UNKNOWN

miniatures signed by Hoskins, but Hoskins has two manners, or there are two miniaturists of the same name, the elder at his best in the *Mary Sidney*, the younger in a portrait of *Charles I*, not here reproduced because so small and so considerably faded.

I regret that time has not permitted me to sift all the evidence that bears on this question of whether there were one or two miniaturists by the name of Hoskins. After studying the Buccleuch and the Beauchamp miniatures I am driven to the conclusion that there must have been two. If this was not so, then the one Hoskins must have altogether changed his style in the course of his career; there can be no other explanation of the *Mary Sidney* and



MINIATURE ATTRIBUTED TO
FRENCH ARTIST OF THE
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

The Beauchamp Miniatures in the Victoria and Albert Museum



ANNE DIGBY, COUNTESS OF SUNDERLAND (1646-1715). BY SAMUEL COOPER (DATED 1660)

the *Charles I* in the Beauchamp collection being exhibited in the same name. As a centre from which to regard this question, let us take the miniatures *Charles I* and *Queen Henrietta Maria* in this collection, but for our purpose here more particularly the *Charles I*. Faded as this miniature is, it still remains one of the finest ever painted. I choose it, though there are many other portraits from the same hand in better state, because it is so characteristic of a sympathy in Hoskins' line that makes him, in this one respect, the superior even of Cooper. From this miniature we cannot doubt that the artist worshipped the king and penetrated into the sweetness of his character. The intimacy that Hoskins establishes with his sitters and the sympathetic quality of his line imparts a distinction to his work that is nowhere matched. The character-reading is less matter-of-fact and critical than with Cooper, it is altogether more friendly to the sitter. The line caresses, it has a sensitiveness unrivalled. When Cooper came to emancipate himself completely from Hoskins' influence, he embraced that ideal of the highly modelled polished surface that painting took from sculpture in the later Renaissance. And wonderful as is the "reality" of Cooper's art at its most characteristic moment, devoid of self-consciousness as is his touch, much interest is lost from the entire suppression of every

caligraphic feature. He bequeaths to all the miniaturists for a hundred years the polished finish that was death to freedom of hand, and to that caress in the touch that makes a Hoskins and an early Cooper miniature objects of permanent delight. Cooper achieved the art that conceals art for no better reason, apparently, than that Philistines even in his own day hated every sign of the means by which an effect was achieved. They did not wish the miniature to look as if it was done by hand. They preferred it to be a miracle. Yet autographic characteristics could not be altogether suppressed in miniature work until they were finally buried in enamel. The disciples of Cooper may still be graded as artists by the expression of their sense of line.

In a miniature of the Earl of Ossory signed by Flatman (1637-1688) we get a very characteristic specimen of post-Cooper style. There is none of the subtle appreciation of modelling and suave drawing that makes Cooper's work so remarkable, but instead, on a papery-looking surface tint of brown, drawing that is sharp enough in definition but unsympathetic.

Flatman miniatures have faded, but they have not faded beautifully—that is all at once—like the Hoskins miniature of Charles I. The Flatman complexion tones sink, leaving sharp



ANNE RICH, LADY BARRINGTON (MARRIED 1664)
PROBABLY BY NICHOLAS DIXON



JANE MYDDLETON (1645-1692). BY SAMUEL COOPER.

A GENTLEMAN UNKNOWN.
PAINTED IN OIL BY AN
UNKNOWN ARTIST.

ELIZABETH PERCY,
COUNTESS OF ESSEX(?) (1636-1718).
ARTIST UNKNOWN.

FROM THE MINIATURES IN THE COLLECTION OF EARL BEAUCHAMP, K.G. NOW ON VIEW AT
THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.

The Beauchamp Miniatures at the Victoria and Albert Museum



ANNE CARR, DUCHESS OF BEDFORD (1615-1684)
BY RICHARD GIBSON

lines of drawing too emphatic to be of good effect. But Flatman can give his own view of his sitter, while Dixon, flourishing 1667-1708, takes the conventions of Lely and debases them, sometimes exaggerating the type in female portraiture to a repellent degree. At this period the Cooper influence is still paramount,

but in certain hands the art of miniature has the unpleasant look of an overblown flower. In *Anne Rich, Lady Barrington*, probably by Dixon, the colour is hot and the blues metallic in their affected brilliance. But a signed male portrait by that hand, of Sir Henry Blount, shows that Dixon could analyze male character in masterly fashion. He may have taken the cynical Restoration view that women had no character. The Blount portrait shows the brown surface for complexion tint that was noticed in the work of Flatman. A miniature here by Charles Beale, perhaps of Ursula Stawell,



ANNE HAMILTON, COUNTESS OF SOUTHESK
(*ob.* c. 1670). ARTIST UNKNOWN

Duchess of Buckingham, shows the style in which Lely's characteristics could be caricatured. The artist seems to have had little power of personal observation. His miniatures are made from a recipe that was supplied by his mother, a pupil of Lely.

A signed miniature, *Lady Molesworth*, by Bernard Lens (1682-1740) brings us to a period when competition seems chiefly centred upon the attempt to reduce the scale on which a head could be painted. Miniatures in which the style is too bold for the proportions of the surface employed, though as well done as the *Gentleman Unknown* of Christian Richter, are not very attractive. There is lost in them that accent of



ELIZABETH HARVEY, COUNTESS OF STAMFORD
(c. 1657-1687)
ATTRIBUTED TO MARY BEALE



KING WILLIAM III. (1650-1702)
ARTIST UNKNOWN

intimacy which will ever remain the soul of the miniature portrait. A picture "in little" becomes a fiddling thing when it is on a scale as small as Lens's *Lady Molesworth*. Such a scale leaves no room for ease, and while the representation of character suffers, beauty of colour is almost out of the question, except in imitation of the effect of gems. It was at this stage that that emulation of a porcelain surface began which is the special triumph of painting on enamel. But before the ivory surface was quite supplanted, some of the most charming effects were secured upon it by such miniaturists as Gervase Spencer and Nathaniel Hone. Their miniatures, of which there are excellent specimens among our reproductions, were small, but not too small, and an eighteenth-century appreciation of fancifulness in costume added to the charm of their work.

At the next step we have artists competing for the porcelain effect on a tiny surface in works of the type of the *Sarah Jennings* and *Augusta, Princess of Wales*, in this collection, by artists unknown. Sometimes the miniature on this scale is redeemed from utter triviality by skill in obtaining from the treatment of costume a decorative result. But for all its brightness the small enamel is generally harsh in colour.

No purpose would be served by enumerating

here the enamel miniatures by Zincke and his school in the Beauchamp collection. The first and last impression to be received from them is that of their unpleasant colour—in almost every case colour of a violent and chemical character, though it was pure brilliance that was in view. A miniature of George I by J. Meyer, R.A., is typical. With his love of brilliance Zincke himself seems to have paid hardly any regard to the planes of the face, and his portraiture therefore is lacking the elements of what it purports to be, while neither gem-like beauty or porcelain daintiness is achieved by him. The good taste that is apparent in a Gervase Spencer was not his. Yet his skill with enamel technically placed him high, and the vogue he enjoyed is reflected in the innumerable miniatures signed by or attributed to him here.

A porcelain-like effect remained the ideal even when the miniature was on ivory, but with Cosway, Engleheart, and Plimer the miniature recovers breadth of draughtsmanship. Indeed the late eighteenth-century miniaturists allowed themselves considerable looseness of style, and they often found it convenient to enlarge the miniature to a size out of keeping with its true spirit. Their work lacks the interest in actuality which is notable in Cooper. It has not the self-contained beauty of the Elizabethan miniatures, and it relies for a large part of its attractiveness



A GENTLEMAN UNKNOWN. BY CHRISTIAN
RICHTER



JAMES II, KING OF SCOTLAND (1430-1460)
ARTIST UNKNOWN

A LADY UNKNOWN.
POSSIBLY BY GERVASE SPENCER.

MME DE MONTESPAN.
BY AN UNKNOWN FRENCH ARTIST

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU (1689-1762)
ARTIST UNKNOWN.

FROM THE MINIATURES IN THE COLLECTION OF EARL BEAUCHAMP, K.G. NOW ON VIEW AT
THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM

The Beauchamp Miniatures at the Victoria and Albert Museum



THE COUNTESS OF ORMONDE
BY NATHANIEL HONE, R.A.
(SIGNED AND DATED 1759)



WILLIAM, LORD RUSSELL
(1639-1683)
ARTIST UNKNOWN



LADY MARY WORTLEY-MONTAGU
POSSIBLY BY NATHANIEL
HONE, R.A.

on extraneous sentimental appeal. It is this last element that disintegrates their style. Typical of this weakness is the Engleheart miniature, *General Henry, Earl Beauchamp*. To force the sentimental appeal this artist generally enlarged the eyes of his sitters out of all proportion to their face, aiming at a sweetness of expression, even in male sitters, which was truer to a sentimental age and to his German ancestry than to any one he had to paint.

The Beauchamp miniatures as they are set out at South Kensington show specimens of the art upon patch-boxes. The portrait of a favourite like Ninon de Lenclos would be copied from surface to surface with amazing skill in preserving the accepted likeness. But there can be no doubt that the dignity of the miniature suffered in descending from character-reading to titivation. Miniaturists ceased to regard their art with the former pride. Great artists left smaller ones to reduce and reproduce their pictures, until at last we are aware that no masters remain in the business, only exquisite copyists, curtailing all promise for the future of original work. Then came the stage when the

ideal before the miniaturist was no longer that of a painting, but that of a daguerreotype; finally it was altogether that of a fashionable photograph, in the production of which it seems

a retoucher's special function to obliterate everything upon which intimate revelation of character depends.



GENERAL HENRY, EARL BEAUCHAMP
(1784-1863)
BY GEORGE ENGLEHEART

[The text illustrations to the foregoing article have been reproduced from the official photographs of the originals, and we desire to acknowledge the courtesy of the Director in allowing us to use these copyright photographs, and also in affording facilities for the reproduction of the examples which we illustrate in colour.—
THE EDITOR.]

THE pictures purchased by the Chantrey Trustees from the recent Royal Academy exhibition are: *A Young Breton*, by Glyn Philpot, A.R.A., and *Forward—The Guns*, by Lucy Kemp-Welch. Through a misapprehension the reproduction of Mr. D. Y. Cameron's picture *The Hills of Lorne* appeared in our June issue with an inscription stating that this work had been purchased by the Trustees. It has, we learn, been acquired by a private purchaser.

THE AQUATINTS OF C. H. BASKETT,
A.R.E.

FOR the graphic artist who finds his pictorial motives in the subtleties and contrasts of tone-values there is no more sympathetic method than aquatint. In sensitive hands, such as Mr. C. H. Baskett's, its technical resources will respond to the pictorial suggestions of light and atmosphere with a range of tone-gradation limited only by the artist's vision. Doubtless it was Mr. Baskett's lifelong love of sailing, with the consequent habit of eye to watch the changing aspects of the waters and their shores under the ever-varying dominance of light and weather, that influenced his predilection for aquatint. Seven years ago he was attracted to the medium and began to use it experimentally together with soft-ground etching, but, as he became more certain of his control of the acid-washes, he gradually discarded the aid of line, and depended entirely upon the acid and the dust-grounds of varying fineness to give all that his picture needed of form—definition and tone in infinite gradation. Thus, while as an art master his interest is largely in the direction of applied art, and at the Chelmsford School of Art, which he directs, the craftsmanship of lithography and etching, metal-work, enamelling, jewellery, and weaving claim his particular attention, for his own pictorial expression aquatint is Mr. Baskett's favourite medium. Possibly his sensitiveness to the subtleties of tone was stimulated by his studies under that master of the tonal capacities of charcoal, Mr. Frank Mura; but there is no doubt that his constant intimacy with Nature in her spacious aspects and atmospheric moods upon the coasts and the wide waters, as well as the narrows, has fostered that sincere artistic expression of personal vision that one recognizes in his prints.

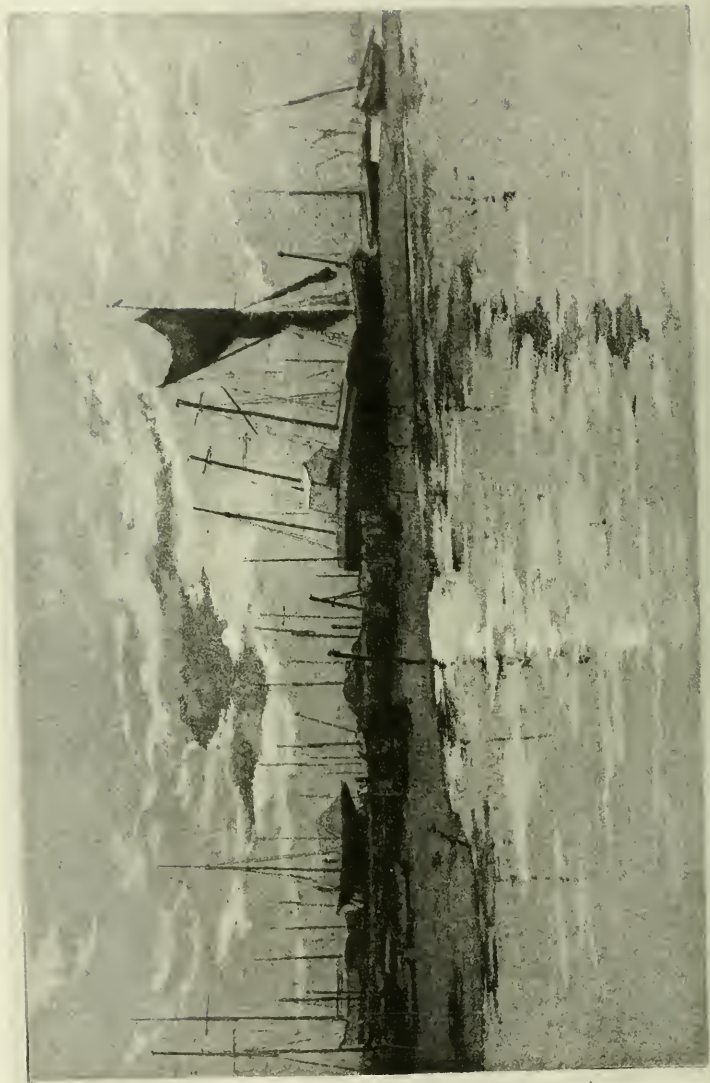
It was in early boyhood that, together with his father, Mr. Charles E. Baskett, the head master of the School of Art in his native town of Colchester, where he started his artistic training, Mr. Baskett began that practical familiarity with the waters that has proved of such great pictorial value to him. "With my father," he will tell you in his enthusiasm, "I have explored every river and creek from Aldborough to Rochester. First with an

open boat and tent, latterly with a barge-yacht, I have worked and lazed on the flat marshy estuaries of the Colne, Blackwater, Stour and Orwell, the Deben, the Alde, and all the fascinating east-coast rivers with their wonderful misty beauty. The barge-yacht will sit comfortably on any kind of bottom, mud or sand, and offers great advantages to an artist. You can take the ground on a falling tide, get to work on an evening effect, retire comfortably for the night afterwards, and get off again next morning, and though the yachtsman will never believe that intentionally you 'got the shore on board,' it is an advantage to the artist to be able to crawl up any little creek or ditch."

The river estuaries of Essex, Kent, and Suffolk have been Mr. Baskett's favourite sketching-grounds, while Cornwall, Sussex, and Belgium have also offered him sympathetic subjects. London's river he has learnt to know during the many years it has been his custom to make frequent trips on a small steam trading vessel running from east-coast ports to a wharf near the Tower Bridge. He shares the captain's cabin, takes his turn at the wheel, and, when the craft is unloading, is free to pull about in the ship's boat in search of pictorial matter, thus acquiring a practical intimacy with river life and its craft. All this real familiarity with the rivers and the coastal waters we see expressed with pictorial charm, and the true open-air lover's affection, in Mr. Baskett's aquatints. The motive is never primarily topographical, as it was invariably with the early aquatinters; but with Mr. Baskett the landscape mood is ever artistically alert for the subtlest passing effect of light or cloud. And the craft that he loves to draw, be it of whatever rig or build, will always play its living part in the picture, whether dozing upon the flats or the shallows, resting in harbour or docks, or scudding full sail before the breeze, as we see in the graceful print, *A Light Breeze in the Lower Hope*. Note how, in the tender light of *The Silver Moon*, the eye's interest is carried along the design by the boats, often a happy feature of Mr. Baskett's composition. *Landermere*, *Brightlingsea*, and the beautiful *St. Ives* exemplify this also. But, so long as there is any water in the foreground, Mr. Baskett can be pictorially happy even without his beloved boats, as one may see in the spacious *Wareham Marshes*.



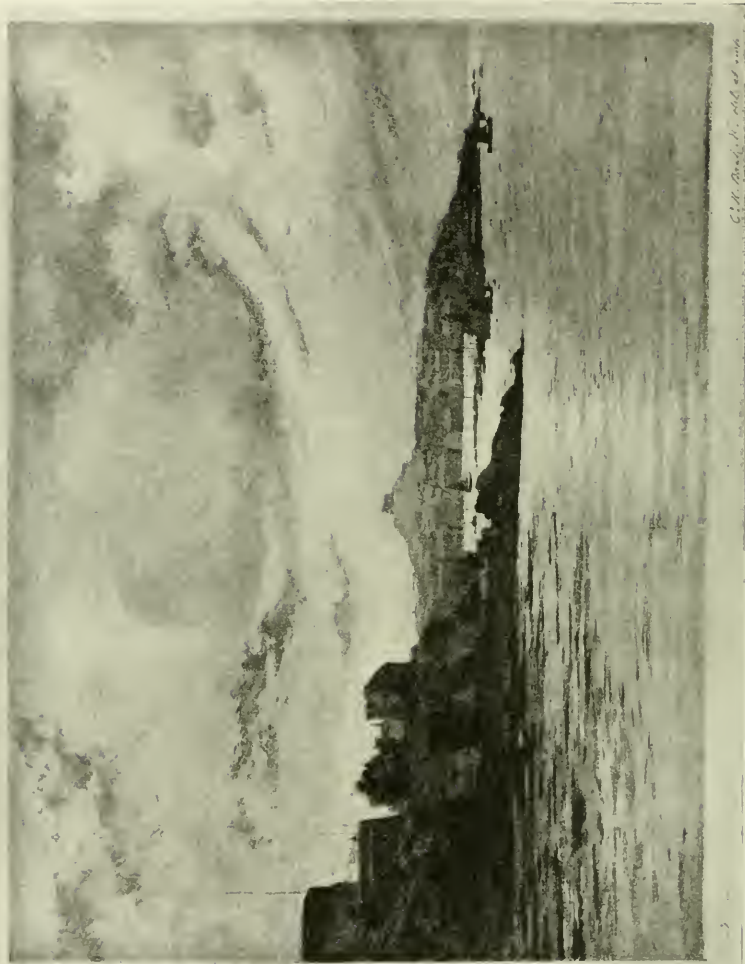
"A LIGHT BREEZE IN THE LOWER HOPE"
AQUATINT BY C. H. BASKETT, A.R.E.



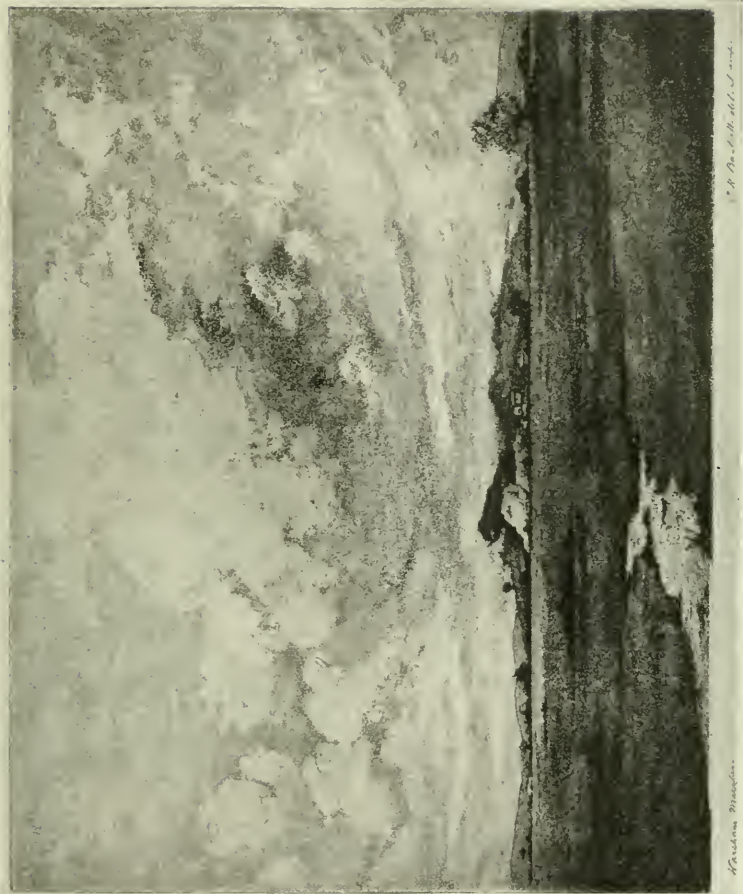
"BRIGHTLINGSEA." AQUATINT BY C. H. BASKETT, A.R.E.



"LANDERMERE." AQUATINT BY C. H. BASKETT, A.R.E.



"ST. IVES." AQUATINT BY C. H. BASKETT, A.R.E.



Wareham Marshes.

W. G. Smith del. & sculp.

"WAREHAM MARSHES." AQUATINT BY C. H. BASKETT, A.R.E.



See page 100.

C. H. Baskett del. et sculp.

"THE SILVER MOON." AQUATINT
BY C. H. BASKETT, A.R.E.

The Great War: Britain's Efforts and Ideals

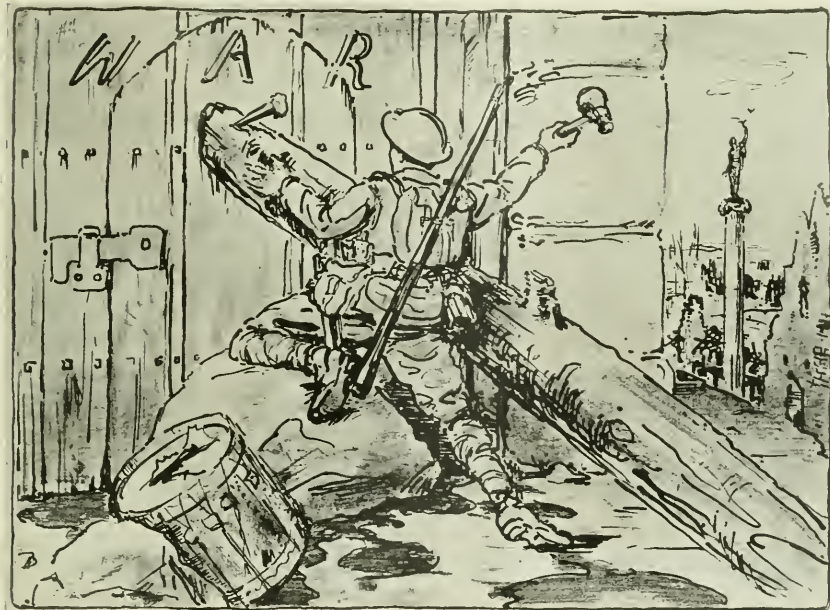
THE GREAT WAR: BRITAIN'S EFFORTS AND IDEALS DEPICTED BY BRITISH ARTISTS

THE artists of the Allied nations are playing their part bravely in the war, and the British artists as heroically as any. From the beginning they have been fighting and giving their lives freely, and as freely they have given their art to picturing incidentally the national share in the titanic struggle, or expressing in telling cartoon its tragic ironies or its spiritual significance. For the first time in history too they have convinced a British Government of the importance of pictorial impressions, artistically recorded amid the actualities of war, as an historical factor and a patriotic inspiration for future generations. Now we have the artists organizing themselves for a concerted adventure in patriotic expression.

Eighteen British artists of distinction have united to depict the practical aspect of Britain's physical and material efforts towards winning

the war, and to interpret in allegorical design the ideals for which she is fighting and sacrificing. And happily they have chosen for their medium lithography, a beautifully expressive method, with the virtues of which most of them had already shown themselves familiar, and they have chosen it for their present enterprise chiefly because of its capacity for autographic multiplicity, which will enable all the world to see this pictorial pageant of "Britain's Efforts and Ideals"—all the world, that is to say, of allied sympathies and fair-minded neutrality, which is all that matters in these days of strife. In fact these exemplary lithographic prints will bear the British artist's message of confidence and aspiration, with the authentic touch of his hand, to all the friendly lands; for somewhere in each the interesting exhibition at the Fine Art Society's Galleries will presently be identically repeated.

First for "Britain's Ideals." In *Defence against Aggression—France and England, 1914*, Mr. Ernest Jackson shows us two gracious ladies:



"THE END OF WAR"

BY WILLIAM NICHOLSON

The Great War: Britain's Efforts and Ideals

the one, simply crowned, kneeling on soft cushions, unsheathing a sword; the other, bare-headed, standing close beside her in an attitude of heroic defiance against the fearsome bird of prey—a black eagle—which, with menacing talons and cruel beak, comes hurtling "down the azure deep of air" to swoop pitilessly upon the serene and pleasant land, lovely with luxuriance of flowering nature. This is a charming example of colour-lithography. *The Freedom of the Seas* Mr. Frank Brangwyn's vigorous imagination interprets with ironic suggestion; for, amid great green ocean waves, a handful of men adrift in an open boat are beating off the deadly attack of a terrible monster of the deep.

Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen's fine design, *The Restoration of Alsace-Lorraine to France*, is particularly happy in the heroic aspect of France, with the tenderly protective response to the pathetic clinging figures of the dear restored provinces, so expressively personified. Noble in pictorial conception and spiritual meaning is Mr. Clausen's *Restoration of Belgium*. The ruins are being restored, new structures are rising,

and the living crowd moves forward again with revived spirit, carrying as of yore the national flag; and the hopeful young builders point this out to the regretful old. It is an inspiring message that Mr. Clausen conveys with such graphic impressiveness. The idea of "Italia Redenta" has inspired Mr. Charles Ricketts to a very beautiful decorative design. Nobly conceived is the heroic winged figure of Italy striking back the double-headed eagle of Austria, while the pathetic figures representing the long-alienated cities seem scarcely able yet to realize their redemption. Mr. Edmond Dulac's *Poland a Nation* is rich in its colour arrangement. The Japanese influence is suggested not only in the design, but in the Samurai-like character of the young Polish warrior who, wearing, as the artist tells us, "the semi-Oriental armour of the sixteenth century," is wiping his bloody sword after having slain the tyrant black eagles, while the white eagle of Poland is about to soar once again to freedom. Professor Gerald Moira symbolizes *The Restoration of Serbia*, with the strenuous erection, on iron supports of enormous



"MAKING SAILORS: BOAT DRILL"

BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.



"THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS"
BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.



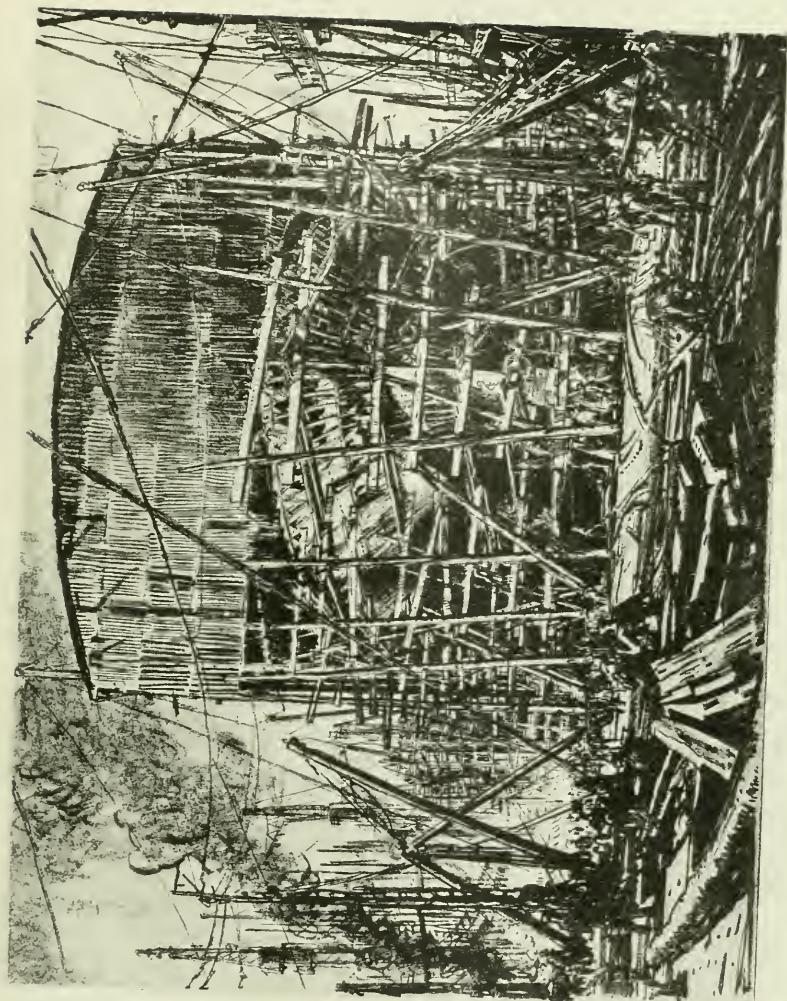
"MAKING SAILORS: YOUTHFUL AMBITION"
BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.



"MAKING SHIPS: THE SHIPYARD"
BY MUIRHEAD BONE



"THE RESTORATION OF ALSACE-
LORRAINE TO FRANCE." BY
MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN, A.R.A.



"MAKING SHIPS: ON THE STOCKS"
BY MUIRHEAD BONE

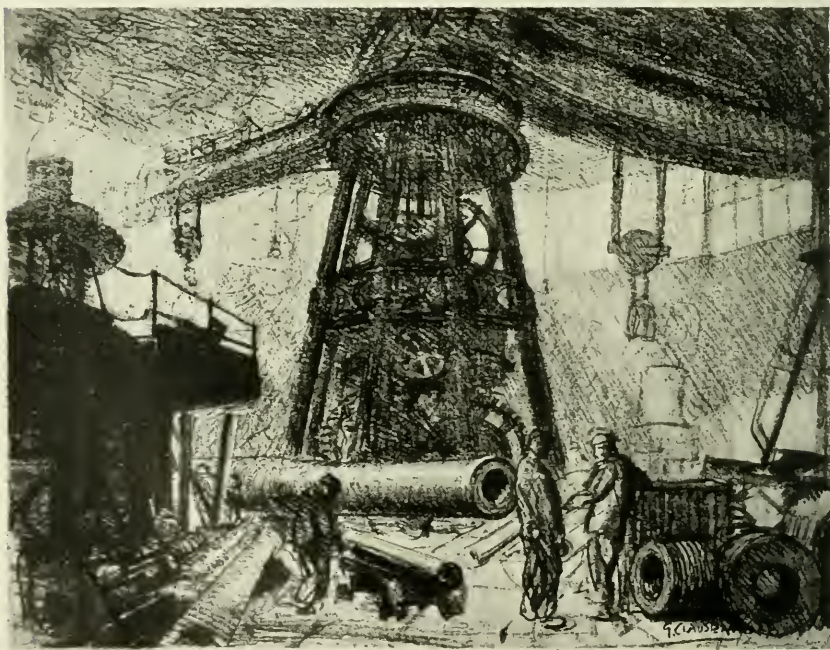
The Great War: Britain's Efforts and Ideals

strength, of a gigantic sculptured head of sad, heroic mien against a background of fertile land stretching away to the mountains, while the picturesquely clad people advance to greet their king.

The End of War is Mr. William Nicholson's theme, and he signifies it in vigorous design of telling simplicity, with a British soldier striking the final blow that is to secure for ever the closed door which shuts in the fiend of war, whose recent presence is shown in ruin and blood-stains. Next, *The Reign of Justice*, and here Mr. E. J. Sullivan pictures Justice, not as a figure of stern aspect, but as a gracious young woman attractively garbed, with obviously nothing up her dainty open sleeves, lifting the scales to the equal vision of all the races, prominent among them England as an upright scarlet-robed judge, while at her feet, happy and unconcerned, play two infants personifying the Future. *The Triumph of Democracy*, as Mr. William Rothenstein interprets it characteristically, is illus-

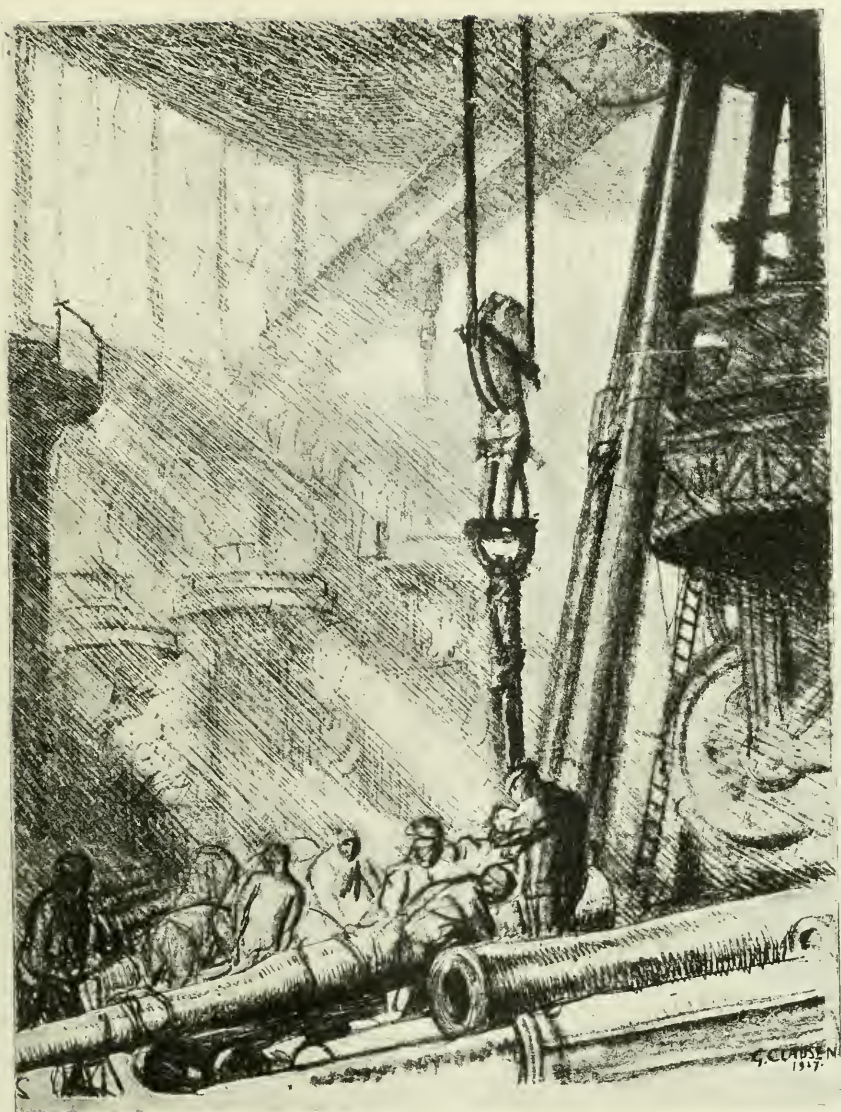
trated by one British soldier handcuffing the bowed, cloaked figure of tyrant Imperialism, while another hands the hope of the Future, in the form of a bouncing baby with hair suggestive of the rising sun, to the yearning ready arms of Democracy and Labour. *The Rebirth of the Arts* follows naturally, and in this that poetic artist Mr. Charles Shannon has found an inspiring theme for a very beautiful design, which has led him triumphantly back to his old love of lithography. The rainbow appears over the desolation and devastation of the war, and the figure of Artistic Beauty rises with uplifted arms, holding a sprig of bay-leaves. From ruin, death, and misery too, Mr. Augustus John's *Dawn*, a figure of most expressive significance, turns her yearning, eager gaze toward the sunrise, with gaunt Yesterday behind her; at her feet a little child builds with stones from a ruin, and a corpse is carried to the field of the dead where the little crosses grow.

In illustrating "Britain's Efforts," pictorial



"MAKING GUNS: THE RADIAL CRANE"

BY GEORGE CLAUSEN, R.A.



"MAKING GUNS: LIFTING AN INNER
TUBE." BY GEORGE CLAUSEN, R.A.



"TENDING THE WOUNDED: ADVANCED DRESSING-STATION IN FRANCE

BY CLAUDE SHEPPERSON, A.R.W.S.

idealization has not been the aim of the artists, but actuality of statement and suggestion. They have set themselves to show what is really being done in the shipyards and the munition factories, in the training centres and at the front, at sea and in the air, in hospital and on the land; and these vivid records and impressions suggest something of the magnitude of Britain's material contribution to the efforts of the Allies.

Nothing, perhaps, conveys the idea of colossal power more impressively than the building of a mighty ship of war, and the series of magnificent drawings in which Mr. Muirhead Bone has brought this home to us must surely rank with the greatest achievements in graphic art. He has long been recognized as a master-draughtsman, but nothing short of marvellous is the precision and vitality of statement with which his pencil has responded to the alertness and comprehensiveness of his vision amid these bewildering scenes of gigantic energy. Mr. Bone's artistic tact has guided his pictorial conceptions unflinching, and these wonderful drawings, with their vitality of impression, suggest, as no

picturing that I have ever seen, the stupendous energies that go to the building of our great warships.

Another triumph of draughtsmanship is Mr. Clausen's, in picturing, with the practised handling of the lithographic chalk, the making of big guns. In the vast factories, among the furious furnaces with their fountains of molten metal, and the great steam-hammers, cranes, and engines working their might upon the steel monsters shaping for deadly use, he has seen sights that have moved him uncompromisingly to pictorial expression, in which the beauty is of the actual truth seen with the sensitive, selective eye of the artist.

Mr. Brangwyn, always at home with the sea, shows us characteristically the making of a sailor, from the day his boyish ambition is fired by the sight of a warship till he can take his place at the gun and be trusted as a look-out man. With Mr. Eric Kennington we see the young soldier at his training and in the trenches, going "over the top," and guarding the enemy prisoners; and the artist knows how to give us



"DEFENCE AGAINST AGGRESSION.
(ENGLAND AND FRANCE, 1914)."
BY F. ERNEST JACKSON.

the real thing. So too, Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson's experience has given the sense of actuality to his pictorial traffic with air-craft. He makes us feel curious effects of pattern amid the whirling machinery in the factory, and shows us what the earth looks like from the air. Mr. Charles Pears, with a keen eye for every detail of a ship, depicts the diverse activities and the perils of our marine transport service. No series of drawings is more successful than that in which Mr. Claude Shepperson, with sensitive and suggestive art, shows us how the wounded are tended, from the moment the sufferer is carried to the advanced dressing-station in an old dug-out, through the various stages of his progress to convalescence in a charming Tudor mansion and gracious sunny park. Then we have Mr. Rothenstein picturing pleasantly the multifarious work on the land; while no record of Britain's effort would be complete without a graphic tribute to the wonderful activities of women, in the munition factories, on the railways, in the towns, and on the land; and this is safe in the artistic hands of Mr. A. S. Hartrick.

MALCOLM C. SALAMAN.

STUDIO-TALK.

(From Our Own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—The last annual report of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution contains melancholy evidence of the distress which the war has wrought in the profession of art, and it is only too probable that the demands on the funds of this admirable institution will continue to increase for a long time to come, for even should the war come to an end in the near future, the economic conditions arising out of it are pretty certain to affect prejudicially those who depend upon the practice of art for a livelihood. It is true that in some quarters a more optimistic view is entertained, and the fact that the position of affairs now, after three years of a war of unprecedented magnitude, is better than was expected lends support to this view, but whatever prosperity has been experienced has for the most part fallen to the lot of those who were already fortunate and has hardly touched the rank and file of the profession, who even at the best of times do not find it easy to make ends meet.



"AUTUMN INTO WINTER"

OIL PAINTING BY ROBERT W. ALLAN, R.W.S.
(International Society)

The various war funds have been generously supported by artists as a body, and it is right that the claims of the needy among themselves should not be overlooked.

To the names already recorded of artist-soldiers who have given their lives for their country have to be added those of two who were familiar by their work to frequenters of London exhibitions—Captain C. M. Q. Orchardson, son of the late Sir W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., and himself a painter of marked ability, and Captain Gerard Chowne, known chiefly as a talented painter of flower-pieces. Captain Orchardson, who was attached to a camel corps in the East, died of wounds, and Captain Chowne met his death in the same way at Salonica.

Apart from the notable collection of lithographs by leading British artists at the Fine Art Society's Galleries and one or two other collections of work by artists who have been to the "front," the exhibitions of the season which has just closed have not contained any large number of pictures or drawings inspired by the war. This is true of the summer exhibition of the International Society, which, though again lacking through force of circumstances the character implied by the name of the Society, must in virtue of the high average of the work displayed be ranked as of primary importance among the exhibitions of the season, notwithstanding the absence of some of the leading supporters of the Society. Mr. Nicholson's versatile genius was again evidenced by his portrait of General Smuts, a couple of those flower-pieces in which he has few rivals, and a water-colour study for a scene. Mr. McEvoy, whose portraits have been, perhaps, the most prominent feature of

the exhibition season, was here represented by three examples, and Mr. de László's remarkable gifts were admirably displayed in his portraits of *Countess Curzon* and *Mr. Arthur Jowett*. Mr. William Strang, Mr. George Lambert, Mr. Howard Somerville, Mr. Frederic Whiting, and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Knight were also well represented by portrait or figure subjects, and Mr. Charles Sims's *Remembrance* is a work that cannot fail to beget remembrance. In landscape painting Mr. R. W. Allan's *Autumn into Winter*, Mr. Oliver Hall's *On the Outskirts of the New Forest*, and Mr. Lamorna Birch's *The Quarry Road—December Sunshine* were notable contributions, and the interest of the exhibition was materially strengthened by the work of such artists as Mr. A. J. Munnings, Lieut. Verpillieux, Mr. Jack Yeats, and Constance Rea among others, as well as by the numerous water-colours, drawings, and prints, among which we noted a water-colour *Portrait of a Lady* by Miss Sybil Ashmore, which was especially pleasing by its decorative charm.



"PORTRAIT OF A LADY"

WATER-COLOUR BY SYBIL ASHMORE
(International Society)



(International Society)

PORTRAIT OF COUNTESS CURZON
OIL PAINTING BY P. A. DE LÁSZLO

BARCELONA. As every one knows, the part of Spain where most sympathy is felt for the noble and just cause of the Allies is Catalonia, not only because this region is the most advanced in art, in industry, and in ideas, but also because of the community of spirit and racial kinship which unite its people with their neighbour, the great French nation. Catalan artists in particular have very great regard for France, for Paris has at all times been their Mecca, where many among them have reaped success thanks to the hospitable acceptance of their works by the Salons of the French capital. As an acknowledgment for this traditional hospitality, a group of artists in Barcelona approached the municipality with a view to organizing an exhibition of modern French art as represented by the three leading societies, the Artistes Français, the Société Nationale, and the Salon d'Automne. The idea was adopted with great enthusiasm by the municipality, and the result was an imposing display, comprising more than fifteen hundred works, the exhibition of which in our spacious Palace of Fine Arts was a triumphant success.

The French Government, the Paris Municipality, and a number of private collectors, as a special mark of respect towards the city of Barcelona, lent an important collection of works by French artists of the second half of the nineteenth century in order that our public might have an opportunity of making themselves acquainted with the achievements of the forerunners of the contemporary school. The works in this retrospective section, which was of particular interest to our people, were over fifty in number, and included examples by Manet, Monticelli, Toulouse-Lautrec, Renoir (*Le Moulin de la Galette* and four others), Rodin, Puvis de Chavannes (*Le Pauvre Pêcheur*), Sisley, Legros, Degas, Cézanne, Gauguin, Daumier, Pissarro, Carrière (*Maternité*), and

others. Further, the Mobilier National lent us the series of ten remarkable tapestries representing *L'Histoire du Roi* (after Lebrun), the five after Mignard, entitled *La Galerie de St. Cloud*, the Old Testament series after the Coypels, and the two after Romain of *Les Amours de Psyché*.

We are here, however, more immediately concerned with the three sections representing contemporary art, and in passing to consider these we cannot refrain from expressing our surprise that the presidents of the three Salons should have been able to send such an imposing collection, having regard to the tremendous crisis through which France has been passing, for the whole consisted of work executed in or since the fateful year 1914.



"JEUNE FILLE À SA TOILETTE"

BY ALBERT BARTHOLOMÉ

(Exhibition of French Art, Barcelona)



"EN ESCLAVAGE DANS LE NORD" (Exhibition of French Art, Barcelona)

BY JEAN LOUIS FORAIN

The collection sent by members of the Artistes Français comprised a large number of fine productions. The most important among the pictures were *Les Lingères* by Franck Bail, *Après le Bain* by Biloul, Bonnat's *Portrait de L. Cognet*, *L'Eau Joyeuse* by A. Boyé, *Le Port* by A. Carrera, *Au Crépuscule* by Paul Chabas, *L'Entrée du Parc* by E. Chigot—a charming piece of landscape painting—and the *Portrait of Benjamin Constant* by Mlle. Delasalle, a work of much vigour. Of Gourdault, who died an heroic death on the field of honour, the work which among the three exhibited best displayed his gifts was the *Course de Taureaux en Espagne*, a work in which the movement of the crowd and the heat pervading the scene were rendered with remarkable realism. The works of Humbert, J. P. Laurens, Matisse, Laparra, Henri Martin, Tardieu, and others of this group also elicited the admiration of visitors. The Society's exhibits included a group of sculpture, among which may be named Georges Bareaux's *Le Semeur*, a striking relief by E. Houssin entitled *Le Bateau de Sauvetage*, a bust by Raymond

Sudre, and the works of Allar, Carlès, Caron, Marx, Pernot, Pompon, Segoffin, and David. The section of graphic arts contained divers contributions of special interest; and in the architectural section various eminent members were well represented.

The Société Nationale participated in the exhibition with no less enthusiasm than that shown by the older society. Among the painter members of this Society whose works gave particular pleasure were Abel-Truckett, F. Béraud, Besnard and his son Robert (who has given his life for his country), J. E. Blanche (whose sketch portrait of the late Mme. H. Germain was especially noteworthy), Boutet de Monvel, Carolus-Duran, Mlle. Carpentier, Louis Charlot, Costeau, Charles Cottet, Degas, Georges Jeannot, La Gandara, J. L. F. Lepine, H. Lerolle, Le Sidaner (with a fine *Table du Marin*), Menard, F. A. Olivier, Roll, Lucien, and Mme. Simon. The sculpture was equally important, prominent among the exhibits being Bartholomé's charming *Jeune Fille à sa Toilette*,



"PORT DE PÊCHE EN PROVENCE" {Exhibition of French Art, Barcelona} BY FERDINAND ADOLPHE OLIVIER

Bourdelle's *Penelope*, a group of works by the great master Rodin, and works by Lenois, Nelaton, and others. The graphic section contained numerous features of interest. Special mention must be made of the contributions of Forain, who was here represented by a large number of drawings, etchings, and paintings, which attracted a large amount of attention. His painting *En Esclavage dans le Nord* and the series of drawings reproduced week by week in "Le Figaro" are not only notable as artistic achievements but are truly French in the irony and spiritual force expressed in them.

In point of numbers the representation of the Salon d'Automne was on a smaller scale than that of the other two societies, no doubt because a larger proportion of its members, chiefly younger men, have responded to their country's call. On the other hand, it was in the contributions of this group that one observed most variety and a greater desire for new modes of expression. It is true that in certain cases

their leanings appeared to be somewhat equivocal, though perhaps time and experience may turn their footsteps into the right path. Among prominent paintings in this collection were those of Henri Deziré, and especially the one entitled *L'Age d'Or*, pervaded by a fine decorative feeling. D'Espagnat attracted much attention by his vivacious colour and graceful models in *Marthe et Josette*, Jaulmes by his decorative friezes, Albert Marquet by his *Place du Carrousel*, executed with charming simplicity, which evoked much appreciation, and the celebrated cartoonist Steinlen by a beautiful pictorial composition, *Ruth et Boaz*. Other works which call for note are Maurice Taquoy's *Le Gros Nuage*, and Eduard Vieillard's *Le Square Berlioz*.

In addition to these collections representing the three Salons, the exhibition comprised an important section of Decorative Art, containing excellent examples of work by the leading artist-craftsmen of France. The exhibition as a

whole was an unqualified success. All through the two months during which it was open it was visited by throngs of people, and a large number of purchases were made. J. G. M.

TOKYO.—The Kokumin Bijutsu Kyokai (National Fine Art Association) lately held its fifth annual exhibition at Uyenoh Park. Several paintings in the European style were noteworthy. *Cherry Tree in a Barley Field*, by Sakamoto-Shigejiro, was distinguished for its depth of feeling. *At Sundown*, in oil, by Makino-Torao, had a charm and strength in direct expression of the intense glow of the west caught by the clouds, and of the gloom of the approaching night in the deep turbulent sea. The serene calm of a moonlight night was well expressed by Kikuchi-Goro in his *Light Night* in oil. The exhibition

also contained an interesting collection of Japanese prints, etchings, and lithographs, showing European influences on our art. We reproduce here a pair of panels for mural decoration by Kawabe-Masao which were shown at this exhibition. The subject is the well-known Japanese fairy-tale, "Hagoromo" (The Feather Robe). I venture to give a brief synopsis of the tale from the text in the Japanese "No" drama.

When a fisherman named Hakuryo was admiring the beauty of spring scenery on the pine-clad promontory of Miho early one morning, flowers fell from the sky and sweet music and fragrance filled the air. After a search he found a strange robe of beautiful feathers of eternal colours hanging on the branch of a pine-tree near by. He took the robe down



"HAGOROMO"



MURAL PAINTING BY KAWABE-MASAO

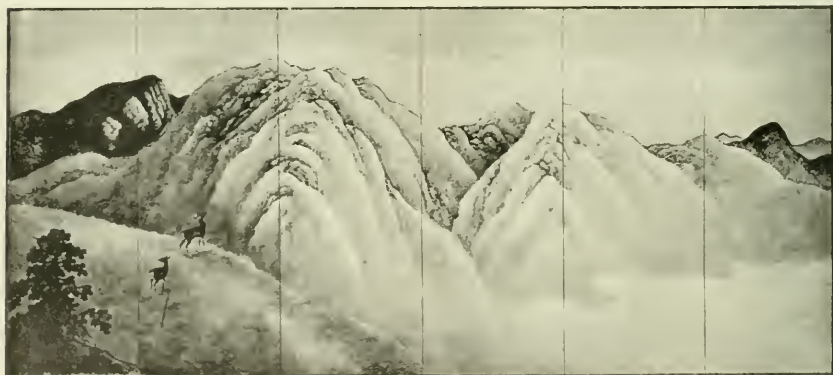
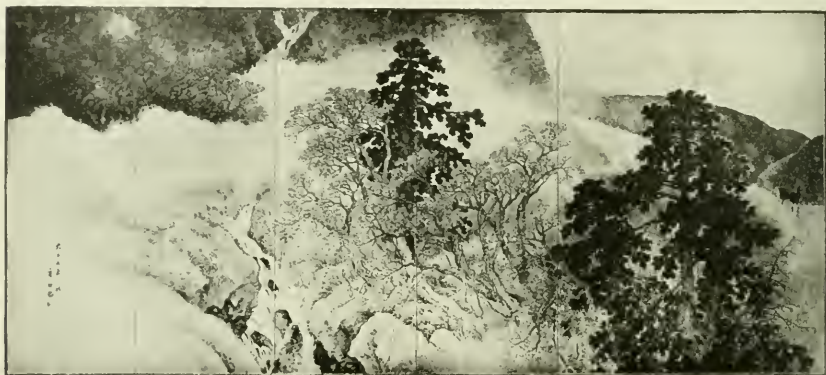
(National Fine Art Association, Tokyo)

Studio-Talk

and, elated with joy, was taking it to the village to show it to his neighbours when a fairy moon-maiden appeared before him and assured him that it was hers and that it was not to be kept by a man. However, the fisherman wanted to keep it as a treasure, to be handed down to his posterity as a souvenir of the visit of a heavenly being, but moved by her sorrow, he said he would return the robe if she would dance for him, for he had often heard of a celestial dance. She consented, but said that she could not dance without the robe. The suspicious fisherman was afraid that she might fly to heaven without dancing. Thereupon the moon-maiden answered, "Heaven knows no lie." Ashamed of mortal weakness, the fisherman returned her the robe, which she donned and

danced to an exquisite music describing her life in the moon. Hakuryo was transported by the fairy dance, and prayed that the wind might close her passage in the clouds and so cause her to linger a while longer on earth. But his wish was in vain, for the celestial dancer rose from the sandy beach even as she danced, and flying to the north like a fleecy cloud disappeared beyond the high peak of Fuji-no-yama.

The Nihon Gakai held its nineteenth annual exhibition of paintings at the Takenodai, Ueno Park, and showed some excellent examples by contemporary artists in the Japanese style. Noteworthy among them were *Snow and Rain* by Moroboshi-Raisho, *Spring Landscape* by Komuro-Suiun, and a similar subject by Hata-



"EVENING MOON" (PAIR OF SCREENS)



"KACHO"

BY ARAKI-JIPPO

Senrei and Satake-Eiryō. A few paintings stood prominent at the Dokugakai exhibition recently held in the same building. Araki-Jippo had a pair of gold screens, upon which he painted an autumnal scene with geese among reeds. Like his father Kwampo, who died not long ago, he excels in *kacho* subjects (flowers and birds). Especially is he strong in the bold and free use of the brush, as in the picture above referred to, and as shown in *Kacho*, here reproduced, with three *kasasagi* on an oak branch. Ikegami-Shuho also exhibited a pair of gold screens with pine-trees and a flock of *kasasagi*

drawn in *sumi* (black ink). He, too, is at his best in this medium, and his drawings are characterized by strength of brush-work and vigour of expression. His *Evening Moon*, an autumnal scene, here reproduced, is one of the best works he has executed in recent years.

The fourth exhibition of water-colour paintings contained some representative works and presented an interesting phase of a new tendency. A number of artists who have hitherto been recognized as oil painters showed here their efforts in water-colours. Not only the works of these artists, but those of others who have always used the water-colour medium, have come to resemble oil paintings both in treatment and in general effect. Terazaki-Takeo's sketches, numbering nearly one hundred and mostly done in Venice in the post-impressionistic style, emphasized rhythm in colours.

The fifth annual exhibition of the Kofukai contained a number of interesting works in oil and in water-colours, and also a memorial exhibition of works by Raphael Collin, who died a few months ago, and under whom some of the principal promoters of the society studied while in Paris.

HARADA-JIRO.

THE well-known "Yellow Door" School of Modern Landscape and Pictorial Art is to be transferred from Beckenham to new London quarters at 116 Victoria Street, Westminster, this coming October, where the classes will be carried on under the personal direction of Mr. Frank Spenlove-Spenlove, R.I., as hitherto. The "Spenlove" School was founded some twenty-three years ago, and owing to the increased demand for instruction by pupils from all parts of the world, it has been found necessary to make London its permanent centre and address.

IN reference to the report in our June issue concerning recent acquisitions by the National Gallery of Canada at Ottawa, it should have been stated that the sum paid by the trustees for the late Mrs. Forbes's painting *When Daffodils Begin to Peer* was divided between the Canadian Red Cross and the Canadian Young Men's Christian Association as a donation to their war funds in memory of the artist. This allocation of the purchase money was a condition expressly stipulated by Mr. Stanhope Forbes.

THE LAY FIGURE: ON DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE AFTER THE WAR.

"THERE seems to be good reason for thinking that the war will bring about many changes in our social institutions and arrangements, and I wonder how such changes will affect domestic architecture," said the Critic. "Architects have had a pretty bad time since war broke out, but there is sure to be plenty for them to do when it is all over, and the question is, are they turning their thoughts to the new conditions which are arising and must certainly lead to new developments in their practice?"

"I cannot in the least see how any changes in social conditions such as you appear to anticipate are likely to affect the building of houses," replied the Plain Man. "There is, of course, a very great shortage to be made good, but after a little while things will be very much as they were before the war, except, perhaps, that building, like nearly everything else, will cost a good deal more."

"That is very probable," exclaimed the Man with the Red Tie, "and the question of cost will itself, of course, be an important factor in future developments. But you are entirely mistaken in supposing that social conditions will have no effect on building. The history of architecture is conclusive proof to the contrary."

"Well, I cannot say I know much about the history of architecture," retorted the Plain Man, but after all, is it not the chief concern of the Architect to provide people with houses that are attractive in appearance, and will he not continue to do this whatever happens?"

"Your view of the Architect's function is a very narrow one," broke in the Critic. "If he is an artist, as he ought to be, he will, of course, be mindful of the aesthetic problems with which he has to deal, but he must never lose sight of the purpose for which a building is intended, and if that building is a dwelling-house he must take account of the needs and circumstances of its occupants."

"I should think the occupants might be trusted to look after their own comforts and convenience," replied the Plain Man. "I do not see what social changes are likely to arise that will make any difference as regards that."

"Social changes are already taking place which do affect very considerably the amenities

of domestic life," rejoined the Critic. "If you lived in one of those tall terrace houses with dingy basements which the mid-Victorians were so fond of, you would soon find how difficult it was to get servants to live in them."

"I fancy those basements have served a very useful purpose of late," interposed the Man with the Red Tie. "But, of course, though they may be all very well during an air raid, they certainly are objectionable to live in always, and I am not surprised at servants shunning them."

"Precisely," concurred the Critic. "And then there are now so many other occupations open to women that domestic servants are scarcer than ever, and this scarcity is likely to continue long after the war. Clearly it will be the duty of the thoughtful Architect to take these circumstances into account in planning new dwelling-houses. The habitations of the future must be adapted to conditions markedly different from those which have existed hitherto."

"But the war and the conditions produced by it are not going to last for ever," observed the Plain Man.

"The war will, of course, come to an end sooner or later, but the changes in the status of women which it has helped to introduce will be permanent," replied the Critic. "And those changes may be expected to react on domestic architecture in more ways than one. In families that have to dispense with part or even the whole of the assistance they have been accustomed to receive from servants, the demand will be for a type of dwelling that involves as little expenditure of energy as possible—domestic drudgery must be reduced to a minimum."

"And then, of course, there will be so many single women earning their own living that their requirements also will have to be considered," suggested the Man with the Red Tie. "And it is obvious that those requirements cannot be quite the same as those of a family."

"Certainly, and there you come upon another problem awaiting the architect," observed the Critic. "If he takes a conscientious view of his responsibilities he will not fail to devote attention to the best means of meeting these in common with other requirements which will ensue from the new conditions. Architecture is the most vital of all the arts, and the architect's chief duty is to ascertain and fulfil vital requirements as they arise."

THE LAY FIGURE.



"THE ESTUARY," OIL PAINTING
BY ARNESBY BROWN, R.A.

The Recent Work of Arnesby Brown, R.A.

THE RECENT WORK OF ARNESBY BROWN, R.A. BY CHARLES MARRIOTT

IF popularity be the test of art, and assuredly it is one test, the landscapes of Mr. Arnesby Brown, R.A., will rank high in the art history of the present generation. Outside portraiture and anecdote, which have an obvious "pull" unconnected with art, it would be difficult to point to a living painter whose work appeals to a wider public. Nor is the popularity of Mr. Brown's landscapes hard to explain. It is due, first of all, to their broadly bucolic interest. Without sentimentality on the one hand, or special reference to sport on the other, they combine two of the most fundamental interests of the great majority of English people: love of the country and love of animals.

A very slight critical examination of Mr.

Brown's work is enough to show that its popularity is not gained at the expense of painting, but rather the reverse. The truth is that he has the good fortune, less common in art than might be supposed, to be doubly interested in what he paints; as a painter and as a human being. This identity of interests not only gives him an enormous advantage, since he can indulge the one without prejudice to the other and still be sure of pleasing his public, but it makes him an invaluable agent in spreading and raising the popular appreciation of painting. There have been landscape painters whose very popularity has hindered this appreciation because they seemed to make the business of art to consist in the literal imitation or sentimental falsification of nature. On the other hand there are good landscape painters who, because their interest in nature is mainly technical, encourage the belief that art is a trade secret. But Mr. Brown's grasp of the subject is so



"MIDSUMMER"

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OIL PAINTING BY ARNESBY BROWN, R.A.

The Recent Work of Arnesby Brown, R.A.

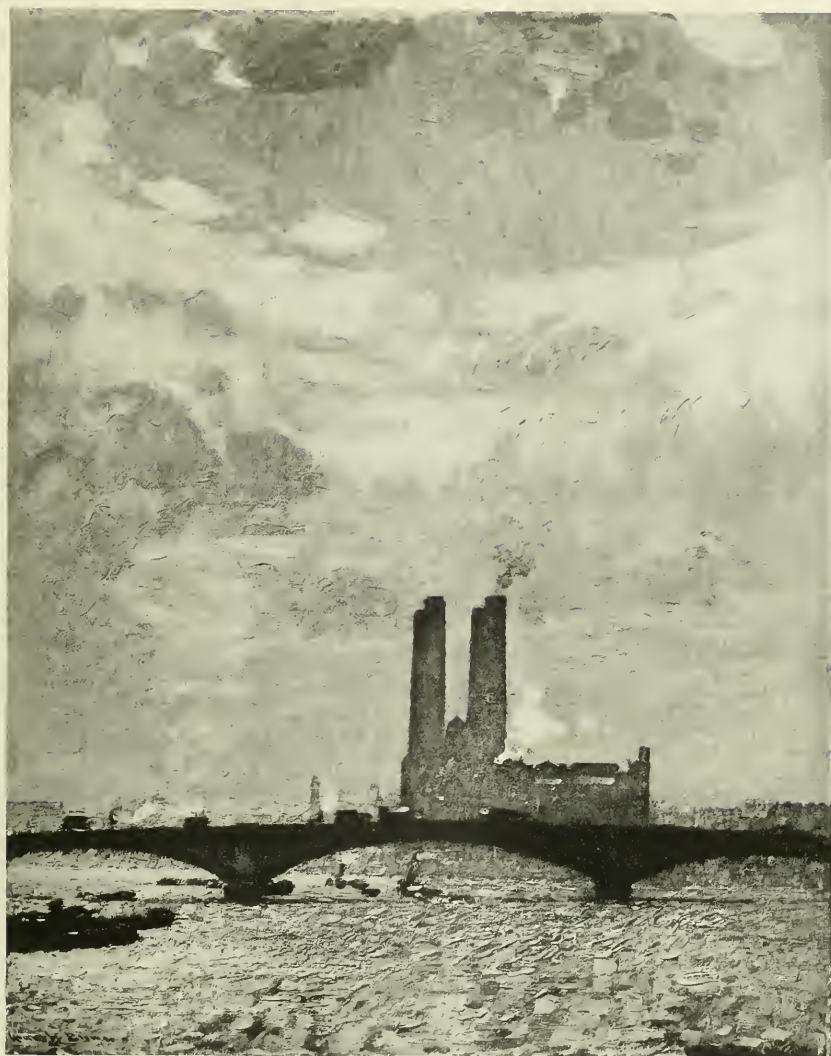
unaffectedly human, and his handling of paint so characteristic and consistent, that there is no risk of confusing the simplest of his admirers as to the relationship between art and nature ; and few artists can have done more to carry the plain person insensibly from an appreciation of landscape in nature into an appreciation of painting for its own sake.

If personalities may be allowed, there is a remarkable harmony between Mr. Brown's name, his appearance, and his pictures. All are strongly and directly English. You might almost deduce from his work that he is a big man, of quiet manners, slow movements, and few words ; with at least a general taste for field sports. You would guess rightly that he has been a cricketer and still cares about fishing. Not only is his work intensely English, but it is intensely masculine. He is emphatically a man's painter. Though he has painted some charming nocturnes he is not by tem-

perament a lover of twilight and undertones, and it is noteworthy that comparatively few of his pictures are concerned with spring or autumn. Full summer and the middle of the day are his time and season ; he is pre-eminently the painter of "Royal June." As a glance at our illustrations will show, he takes the whole "day" rather than the mere physical features of the landscape for his subject ; there is no separate consideration of earth and sky, of objects and lighting, of character and atmosphere. All the factors are regarded as unity, as a particular sort of day, with a sculptural character in the sky as well as in the more solid elements. Trees interest him as cliffy masses rather than as individual organisms ; indeed, I do not remember any picture of his that showed any inclination to dwell on the tracery of boughs. Even his cattle are felt as parts of the whole, so that his profound knowledge of their anatomy is concealed rather than exposed



"OCTOBER"



"BATTERSEA BRIDGE." OIL PAINTING
BY ARNESBY BROWN, R.A.

The Recent Work of Arnesby Brown, R.A.

in them. And if you pass a series of his pictures in review you will see that his constant effort is to relate the parts more perfectly to the whole, even at the apparent sacrifice of individual character.

This, I think, accounts for his frequent repetition of the same or similar subjects. It is not so much the desire to paint the same subject better in detail, or even to show the same elements under different conditions, as to give a more perfect translation of the whole architecture of a day, with its weighty foundations below and its lofty vault above, in still more characteristic terms of painting. That the day should be at the top of the year, with none of the sentimental associations of spring or autumn, gives a wider and more virile scope to his ambition. The boldly architectural conception of the scene, particularly of space, marks him off from such a painter as Monet, as the disinclination to use formal expedients in emphasizing volumes distinguishes him from

Cézanne, with whom otherwise he would seem to have a good deal in common, at any rate in the general aim of giving solidity to Impressionism.

Reference to Monet and Cézanne and to Impressionism helps to place Mr. Arnesby Brown amongst his contemporaries. Better than any other living painter he represents the native development of the Impressionism which derives from Constable. Most of our landscape painters have got it back from France; inevitably prejudiced by the theoretical character which marked its reception and cultivation by the Latin temperament. They might be said to paint English landscape with a French accent. The work of Mr. Brown resumes exactly the same developments, from Constable to the brink of Post-Impressionism, that appeared successively in certain of the Barbizon painters—Daubigny and Troyon, for examples—in the Monet group and in Cézanne; but it resumes them in a purely English way. Not that Mr.



"THE RIVER EDGE"

(National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa) DRAWING BY ARNESBY BROWN, R.A.



"IN JUNE"

OIL PAINTING BY ARNESBY BROWN, R.A.

Brown has remained stolidly indifferent to the progress of painting in France ; but that he has taken from it only such elements as could be digested in his own body of painting. His modified use of "pointillism" in the treatment of certain effects of light is an illustration.

Like Constable Mr. Brown is a good composer rather than a great designer. The distinction may seem arbitrary but it is vital for all that ; as vital as the distinction which divides mankind into Platonists and Aristotelians, and much more vital than that which divides them into Liberals and Conservatives. The two faculties, of design and composition in painting, proceed from entirely different orders of the human mind. The designer feels everything instinctively as rhythm and pattern, which he may or may not learn to substantiate by study of the facts ; the composer feels everything, whether facts or conditions, instinctively as character ;

and his arrangement of the facts and conditions into an effective whole is always a more or less conscious and deliberate process. Both may arrive at equally good and apparently similar results, but the designer works deductively, the composer inductively. It is idle to debate which is the higher art in painting ; every artist must work his own way, and there always will be painters in whom the sense of rhythm and pattern or the sense of character predominates.

Now, just as the Platonist in life is always in danger of tumbling over the facts through insufficient acquaintance with their character, so the designer in painting is always in danger of missing his public through inadequate realization of the facts with which they are familiar. On the other hand, the composer, though he will never lose touch with his fellows in respect of character, may easily fail to relate his facts to that hidden pattern of the universe,

The Recent Work of Arnesby Brown, R.A.

summed up in the harmony of the spheres, some hint of which alone distinguishes a work of art from an imitation of nature. It follows that the artistic duty of each, the designer and the composer, as distinct from his natural indulgence, is pretty clearly defined. The designer must be constantly "touching earth"; the painter with a strong sense of character must be always improving his composition.

This is exactly what we find in the progress of Mr. Arnesby Brown, a progress which it is the main object of this article to illustrate. His general advance has been in breadth and simplicity: in relating his parts into a more consistent and more impressive whole, and in that organization of craftsmanship which is in itself a part of composition since the design—to waive a distinction that has served its illustrative purpose—must be based upon the character and handling of the medium as well as upon the character of the objects represented. One has only to compare these illustrations with

his earlier work, say *Morning* in the Tate Gallery, or *The River Bank* at the Guildhall, to recognize how rapid, sure, and steady the advance has been. It is immediately obvious that the later pictures contain fewer facts of nature than the earlier, and that the facts are better arranged for emphasis and more completely fused in the general impression of the day. But these improvements in picture making and meaning, though great, are less remarkable than the progress in craftsmanship, in the sheer handling of paint. The earlier pictures, though still painter-like, are done in a succession of comparatively small touches, each of which begs any question beyond its own immediate contribution of tone. In the later works the brushwork has become boldly synthetic. Every movement of the brush not only fulfils several functions, defining structure, settling tone, indicating texture, and modulating colour, but in both scale and direction it bears the strictest organic relationship to the general



"ON THE HILL"

(National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa)

DRAWING BY ARNESBY BROWN, R.A.



"SEPTEMBER MORNING"

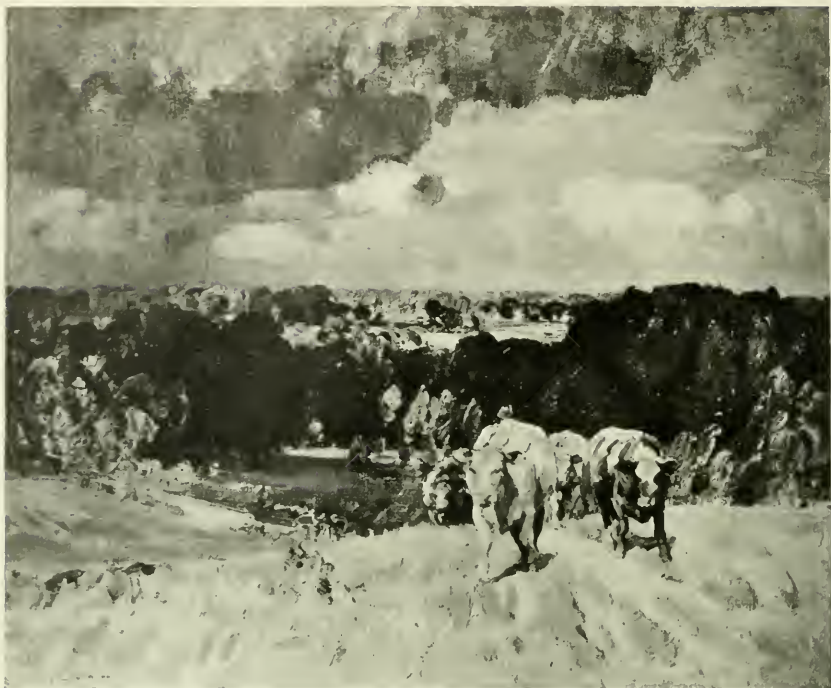
OIL PAINTING BY ARNESBY BROWN, R.A.

design. In pictures like *September Morning* and *In June* you could not alter a single brush-mark without loosening the design as well as affecting the representation. There is not a painter living who can "say" more in a naturalistic way with a single movement of the brush than Mr. Arnesby Brown. Any more broadly inclusive handling of paint would need some decorative formality in the shapes to contain it; which would be to abandon the attitude to nature upon which he bases his whole practice. Not the least interesting thing about his work, indeed, is the perfect harmony not only between matter and style, but between them and the implied æsthetic belief in which the picture is painted. Now and then, particularly in some of the London pieces—*Battersea Bridge*, for example—in arrangement, colour, and handling Mr. Brown allows it to be

seen that he could paint in a deliberately "decorative" way if he chose; but the change of style is hardly more than a compliment to an architectural subject, and in his general outlook he is frankly and staunchly a naturalist. Incidentally, however, the London pieces are enough to establish Mr. Brown's right to a wall when our public authorities shall have waked up to the fact that painting is the necessary completion of architecture.

Most of the characteristics of Mr. Brown's work proceed from the fact that he is about as purely a painter, as distinct from every other kind of artist, as any man could be. This determines not only his treatment of natural forms, with the sacrifice of everything that should hinder the free handling of paint, but his choice of subjects as well. Obviously the Eastern Counties, with their tall, thundery skies,

The Recent Work of Arnesby Brown, R.A.



"RAIN CLOUDS"

OIL PAINTING BY ARNESBY BROWN, R.A.

rolling woods, lush meadows, broad-flanked bullocks, slow streams and wide estuaries, are best for his purpose. He would be checked among silver birches or if his brush had to follow the sinewy lines of mountains. Movement with him is generally slow movement, though sometimes, as in *The Estuary*, he will give you a briskly going day, as expressed in the sudden downpour of light, turning and gliding sails, and sharply curving foreground.

Mr. Brown's concern with nature being so exclusively that of a painter gives particular interest and value to such rare drawings as the National Gallery of Canada has been fortunate enough to secure. For one thing they serve to show the draughtsmanship which, though always present, might be overlooked in the broadly synthetic handling of the paintings; and for another that the sympathy for materials is not limited to oil-paint. Obviously a painter's drawings, they are still completely finished,

with a most tactful recognition of the nature of the means employed.

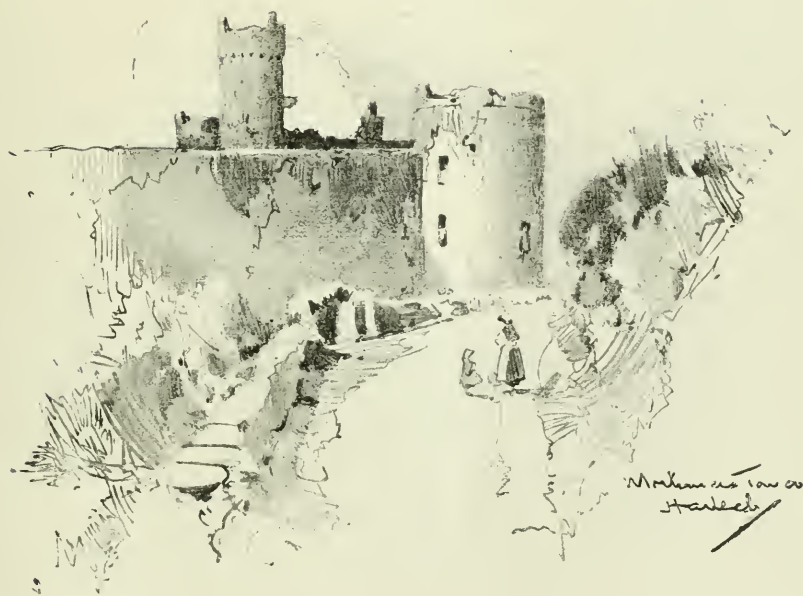
As might be expected of such a consistent worker, the life of Mr. Arnesby Brown affords few biographical details. Apparently he has been painting all his life, with as little consciousness of an aesthetic occupation as if he were growing beans or breeding cattle. Born at Nottingham in 1866, he received his art education at the local School of Art, and at the Herkomer School, Bushey. He first exhibited at the Academy in 1890, was made an Associate in 1903, and elected R.A. in 1915. Two of his pictures have been bought for the nation out of the Chantrey Bequest Fund; *Morning* in 1901, and *Silver Morning* in 1910; and he is represented at the Guildhall, in the National Galleries of Canada and Australia, and in all the provincial public galleries of England. It is a fortunate circumstance that so popular an artist should be such a genuine master of painting.



"THE WHITE HOUSE," OIL PAINTING
BY ARNESBY BROWN, RA.

FURTHER
LEAVES FROM THE SKETCH-BOOK
OF
ARTHUR TUCKER, R.B.A.

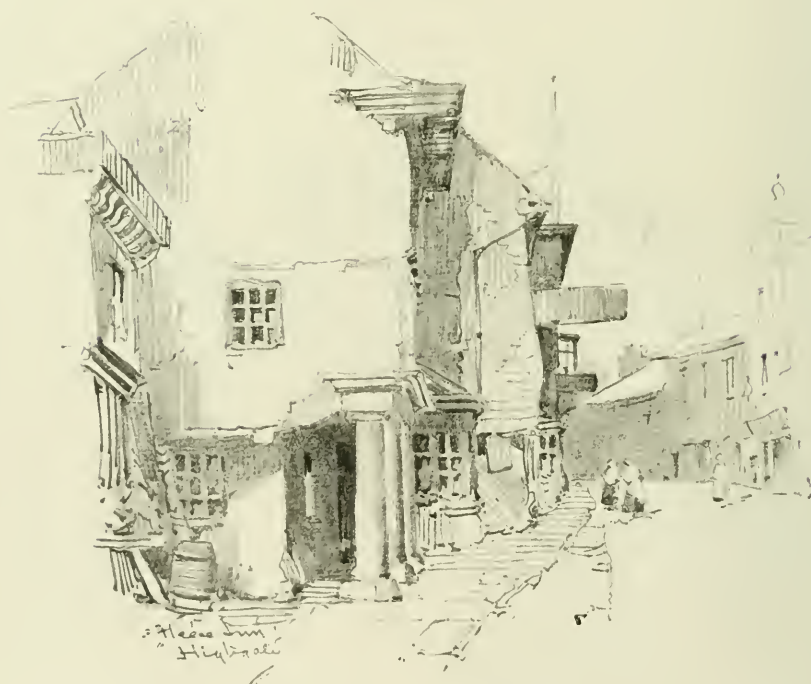
*(A first series of Leaves from Mr. Tucker's Sketch-Book was published
in our issue of July 1914)*



Mortimer Tower, Harlech



Nether Bridge, Knaal



The Fleece Inn, Highgate



The Market-Place, Kendal



Cartmel



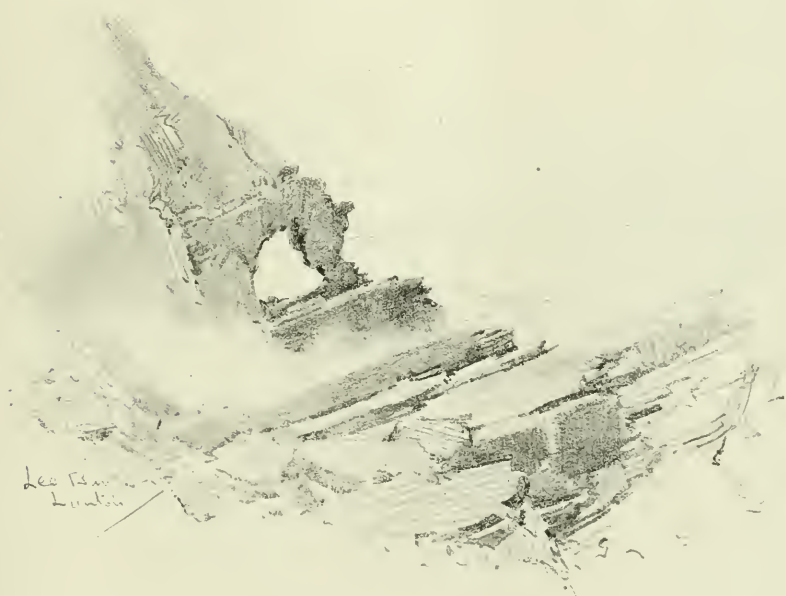
Lynmouth



Lynmouth



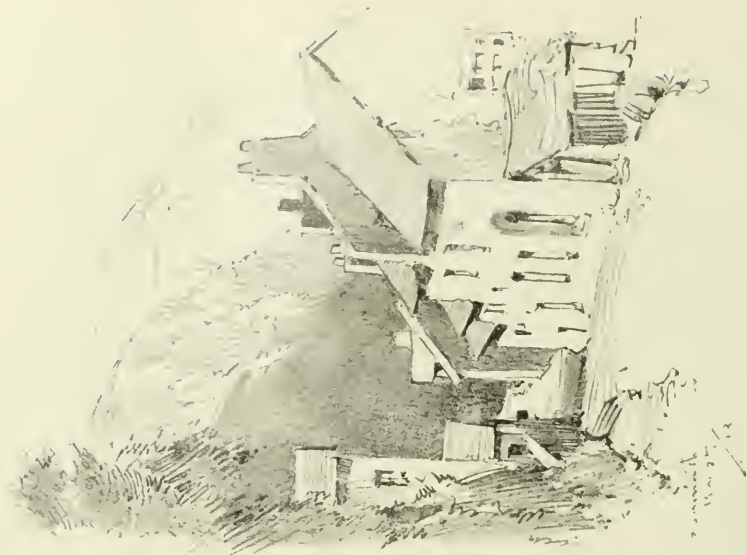
The Valley of Rocks, Lynton



Lee Bay, Lynton

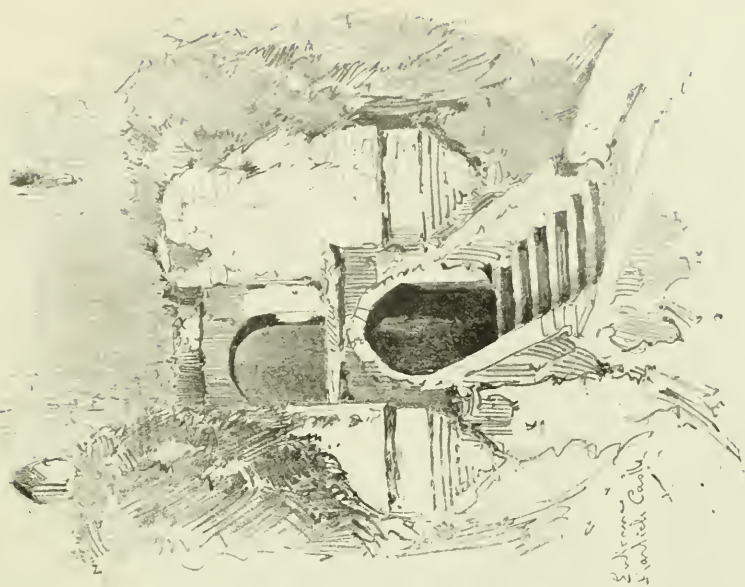


Lymouth, North Devon

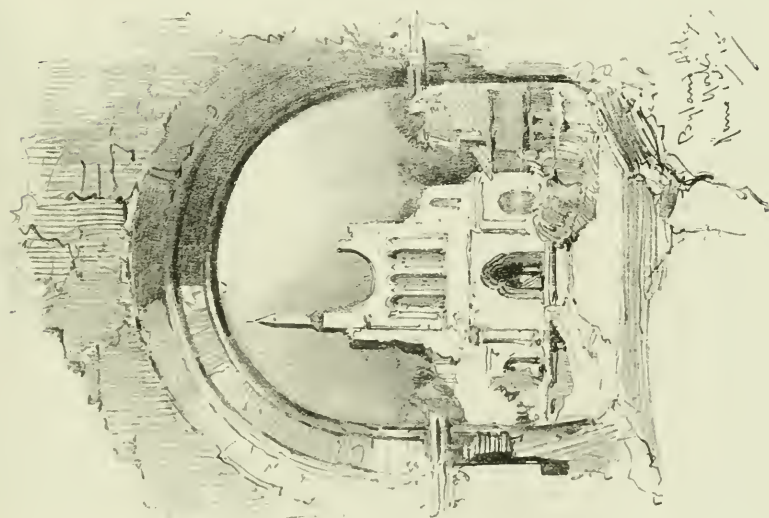


Lymouth, North Devon

Entrance to Harlech Castle



Byland Abbey, Yorkshire



RECENT DESIGNS IN DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE

THE water-colour drawing by Margaret Felkin which we reproduce opposite illustrates an interesting example of brickwork applied to garden architecture. The arch is a quite modern structure, but already after standing only five or six years the new work is indistinguishable from the old brickwork of the walls, which are about two hundred years old.

Our illustrations of "Hutchings' Barn" at Beaconsfield in Buckinghamshire show the results of the conversion of an old homestead and barn into a commodious and comfortable dwelling fulfilling the requirements of modern life. The house itself, when handed over to the architect, Mr. Melville Seth-Ward, of London, for reconstruction, was in a very decrepit state, and it was found that very little indeed could be preserved. The structure was in fact practically held together by a delightful wistaria creeper, reputed to be some centuries old, and the plans of the additions were so arranged that this creeper was saved, and when the new walls were ready to receive it, was again attached thereto. The old barn was carefully shored up and made the central feature of the new building, and all timbers were retained that were in such a state of repair as made this possible, and all the old and new oak was left in its "silvered" state and no stain was used. The bay of the large hall shown both internally and externally in our illustrations, occupies the position of the old barn doors. The

whole of the tiling and brickwork was carried out with old material chiefly collected from the buildings demolished.

The announcement was made in the House of Commons a few weeks ago by Mr. Hayes Fisher, the new President of the Local Government Board, that the Government had resolved to afford financial assistance from public funds to local authorities for the construction of houses for the working classes, of which there is now throughout the country an alarming deficiency, variously estimated at from half a million to a million dwellings. It has also been announced that the same Minister has appointed a committee to consider the question generally and to report on the best methods for securing



"HUTCHINGS' BARN," BEACONSFIELD. MELVILLE SETH-WARD, F.R.I.B.A.,
ARCHITECT FOR THE RECONSTRUCTION



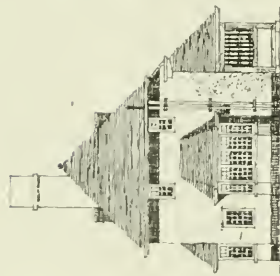


"HUTCHINGS' BARN," BEACONSFIELD. MELVILLE SETH-WARD, F.R.I.B.A., ARCHITECT FOR THE RECONSTRUCTION

economy and dispatch in the provision of such dwellings. That the services of professional architects will be enlisted in carrying out a scheme of such magnitude is to be expected as a matter of course, and as much on the score of economy as for other reasons, especially where a process of standardization is adopted, as is likely to be the case with the contemplated multiplication of small houses. Many of the leading members of the profession have in fact devoted special attention to domestic architecture of this kind, and both in these pages and in those of our YEAR BOOK OF DECORATIVE ART illustrations have been given from time to time of their designs. Thus only a few months ago we illustrated some cottages designed by Mr. Arnold Mitchell, which we believe have been repeated in various localities. The late Mr. Edward Cratney, whose designs for cottages at West Calder, Midlothian, we illustrate on the following page, also achieved during his comparatively brief professional career (he was only thirty-four when he died last December) a considerable reputation in connexion with housing schemes in the North

of England, more particularly at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where he acted as architect for the Corporation in respect of the municipal housing scheme at Walker, and at the North of England Cottage Exhibition his designs for model cottages gained for him the gold, silver, and bronze medals. His cottage designs were well thought out, and while the convenience of the occupants was always consulted in the planning, the general design was of an agreeable character. In the construction of these cottages at West Calder the practice of building the external walls with cavities was followed; the surfaces were rough-casted and lime-washed and the bases tarred as an additional precaution against dampness. Highland slates of a rough texture were employed for the roof, and the porch, loggia, terrace, and paths were paved with stone flags. Inside the woodwork was painted white, and the walls throughout distempered a light grey colour, giving a pleasing and restful effect. As constructed the cottages contain three bedrooms, and all the rooms look on to the garden and get sun at some part of the day.

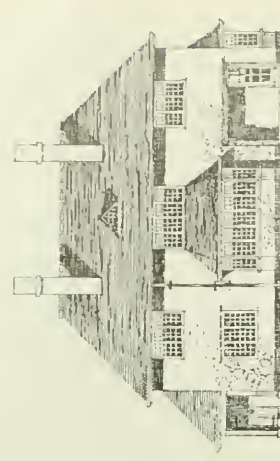
Our remaining illustration is of a country



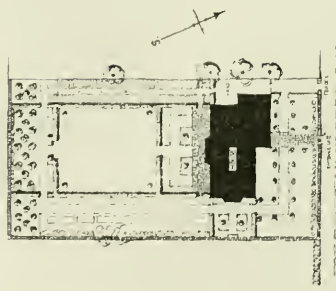
EAST ELEVATION.



NORTH ELEVATION



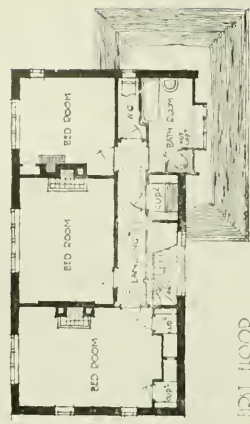
SOUTH ELEVATION



GROUND FLOOR PLAN



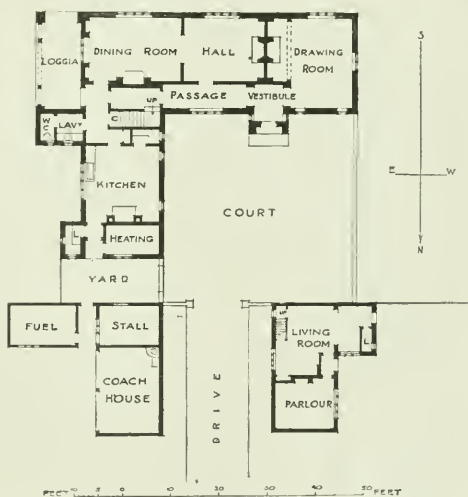
FIRST FLOOR PLAN.



COTTAGES AT WEST CALDER, MIDLOTHIAN
EDWARD CRATNEY, F.R.I.B.A., ARCHITECT



residence at Hartfield in Sussex, designed by Mr. Morley Horder, F.R.I.B.A. The plan of this building, which is situated in a very picturesque locality, is of interest as showing the advantage of grouping subordinate buildings into a definite scheme. The little cottage and stable forming one side of the court would have been very little more than isolated boxes, but as planned get an almost architectural interest and add to the value of the house. This is done without any loss of privacy, as none of the windows in these buildings face towards the house. The walls are built of ordinary local stock bricks and the roof is covered with dark hand-made tiles. The accompanying plan shows the location of the various rooms and offices on the ground floor. The loggia adjoining the dining-room at the south-east corner faces an old pond, which has become an interesting feature in the garden.



"SPYWAYS," HARTFIELD, SUSSEX. P. MORLEY HORDER, F.R.I.B.A., ARCHITECT

STUDIO-TALK.

(From Our Own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—Mr. K. Takekoshi must be numbered among the more promising recruits recently joining the ranks of the etchers. The son of a provincial Governor of Japan, he came to Europe about three or four years ago in pursuit of his study of architecture, visiting Italy, Switzerland, France, and England. When he came to this country some eighteen months ago he was unable to speak English. He now not only speaks it fluently and has been practising with a well-known firm of London architects, but has passed with distinction the examinations which qualify for Associateship of the Royal Institute of British Architects, a success to which an essay in English on Japanese architecture contributed. His industry and enthusiasm have carried him further still, for following the practice of so many of his British confrères he has, in his restricted leisure, learnt etching,

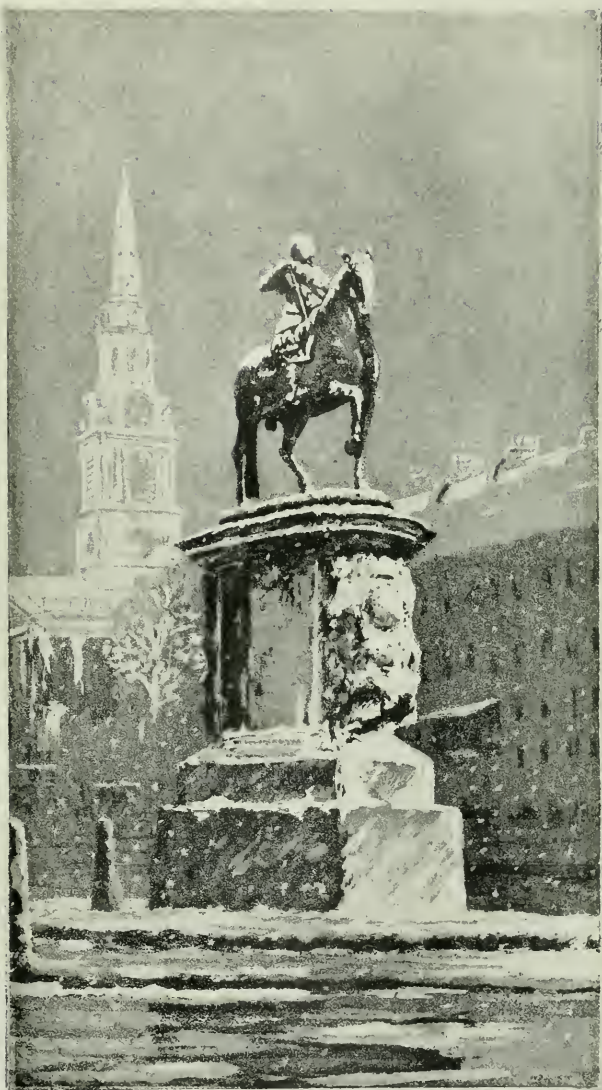
aquatint, soft-ground, dry-point, etc. Our illustration, *Trafalgar Square, Winter*, represents Mr. Takekoshi's first attempt at aquatint and incidentally it is the only one of his plates in which one can discern even a slight trace of Japanese influence. Equal success followed his initial effort in soft-ground etching and other methods.

"What strikes one most in nearly all the plates Mr. Takekoshi has executed," writes Mr. Frank Emanuel, to whom we are indebted for the information here given, "is the absolutely European eyes with which he appears to see his subjects. One might suppose from this that the young generation of Japanese artists (Mr. Takekoshi is twenty-eight years old), owing to the atmosphere of Western ideas in which Japan is now bathed, no longer inherits the Japanese or Oriental vision, but is born with the Occidental way of seeing things. Mr. Takekoshi, whose elder brother is a Professor of the Government School of Art in Tokyo,

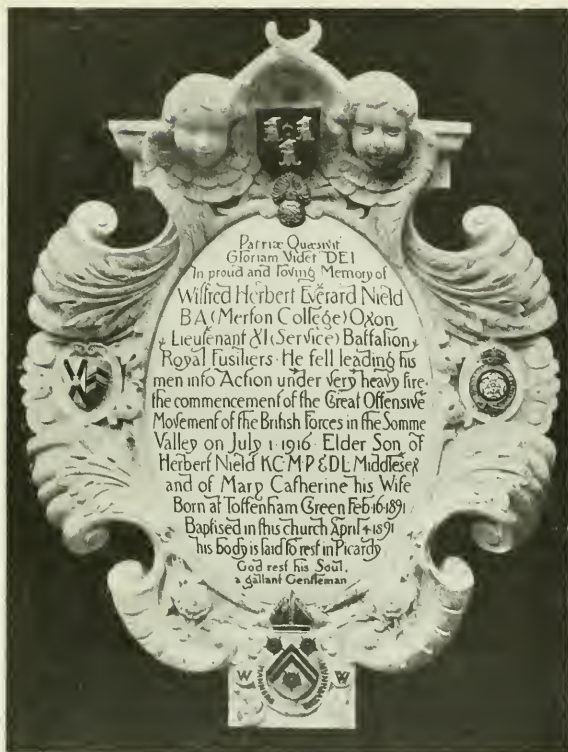


"S. PIETRO, ASSISI"

ETCHING BY K. TAKEKOSHI



"TRAFALGAR SQUARE, WINTER.
FROM AN AQUATINT BY K. TAKEKOSHI.



MEMORIAL TABLET IN ALL HALLOWS CHURCH, TOTTENHAM
DESIGNED BY MAURICE B. ADAMS, F.R.I.B.A.

declares, however, that the old Japanese way of seeing things is not, and never has been, natural or innate, but has had to be taught as a frank convention, much in the same way as has the art of the arrangement of flowers, which one is liable, here, to regard as the expression of spontaneous national tastefulness. Mr. Takekoshi was early offered the choice of an art education on either Japanese or European lines. Japanese art had never appealed very convincingly to him, so he had no difficulty in choosing. He has now returned to take up a post as an architect to his Government." We should add that Mr. Takekoshi's prints, including those we reproduce, are published by Messrs. Alfred Bell and Co., of Old Bond Street.

The memorial tablet we illustrate on this

page was designed by Mr. Maurice B. Adams, F.R.I.B.A., for a position in All Hallows Church, Tottenham, which called for bolder treatment than would otherwise have been adopted owing to the close proximity of a big tomb displaying the effigies of an armoured knight of Stuart days and his lady, with those of his ten children ranged below and heraldic devices above. Small in dimensions as compared with its pretentious neighbour, this tablet, perpetuating the memory of a brave young officer who fell at the onset of the great "push" just over a year ago, is effective, as such memorials should be, the excellent lettering, in dead black on white marble, forming an important part of the design, which is agreeably relieved by the use of colour in the heraldic features representing the gallant soldier's family, school, and regiment.

The War Office has announced a competition, open to British-born subjects only, for designs for a Memorial Plaque in bronze to be presented to the next-of-kin of members of His Majesty's Naval and Military Forces who have fallen in the war, and prizes amounting in the aggregate to £500 will be awarded for a limited number of the most successful models. The plaque is to be approximately 18 inches in area and modelled designs of this size in wax or plaster must be delivered to the Director, National Gallery, Trafalgar Square, not later than November 1 next. A symbolical figure subject is suggested for the design, but the inscription *He died for Freedom and Honour* must form part of the design, and space is to be provided for insertion of the initials and surname of the person commemorated. A copy of the printed instructions can be obtained from the

Secretary of the War Office or the Secretary of the Admiralty.

In their publicity arrangements the managers of the London Underground Railways have freely availed themselves of the services of artists of repute for the designing of posters calling attention to the facilities afforded by their system of communications, and these posters now form a long and unique series. We have on previous occasions reproduced various of them, and now add one designed by Mr. J. Walter West, R.W.S., who, after earning a wide reputation as a painter, has only during the last few years turned his attention to lithography. That he should have succeeded in this medium as he has is not at all surprising, for draughtsmanship has always been one of his strong points.

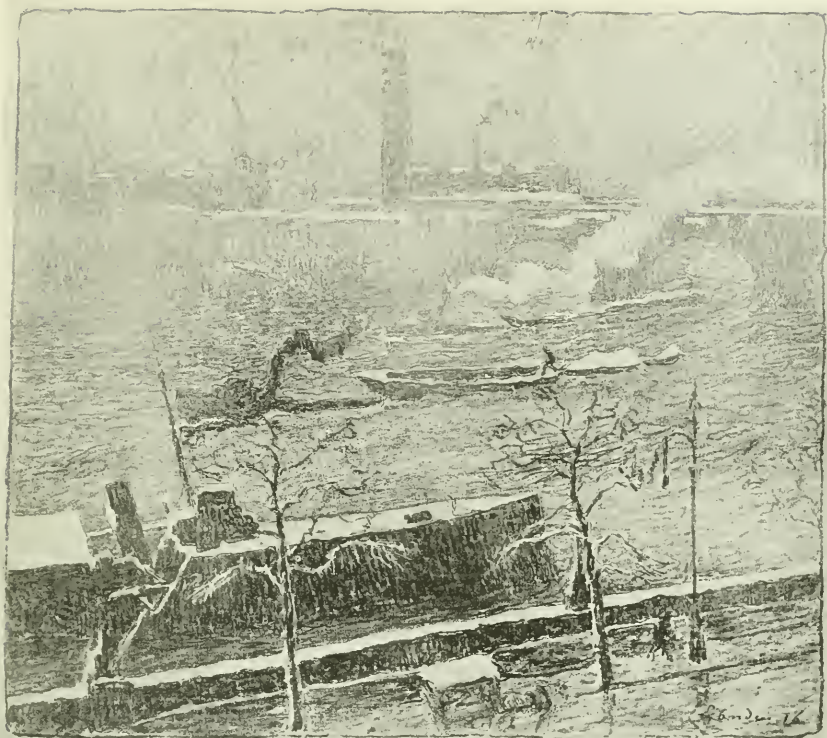
Like Mr. West, M. Emile Claus has, since his migration to London in the fateful autumn of 1914, availed himself of the generous facilities provided at the Central School of Arts and Crafts, Southampton Row, for practice and experiment in lithographic drawing, but with the methods proper to this medium the eminent

Belgian painter had long been familiar, ere he was compelled by the approach of the invading Teutonic hordes to quit his pleasant abode on the banks of the Lys. The lithograph we now reproduce (page 157) is a product of last winter, when the veteran artist, looking out from the windows of a studio overlooking the Embankment, gathered and recorded those interesting impressions of the Thames which were the subject of the paintings exhibited a few months since at the Goupil Gallery, and it demonstrates admirably the power of this worshipper of sunshine and colour to register kindred impressions in a monochrome medium. The print was included in the last exhibition of the Senefelder Club, but in the catalogue was unfortunately attributed to another artist.

We referred recently to Mr. Joseph Pennell's resignation of the presidency of the Senefelder Club and acceptance of honorary membership. Mr. Pennell, as we now learn, has gone, or is about to go, to America with the intention of residing there permanently. The Club has not yet elected his successor, but meanwhile Mr. A. S. Hartrick is acting as president. Mr.



LITHOGRAPH DESIGNED AS A POSTER FOR THE LONDON UNDERGROUND RAILWAYS
BY J. WALTER WEST, R.W.S.



"THE THAMES: WINTER"
LITHOGRAPH BY EMILE CLAUS

Charles Shannon, A.R.A., has become a member of the Club.

Until March last the administration of the National Gallery of British Art, more widely known as the Tate Gallery, at Millbank, was in the hands of the Trustees of the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square, but, acting on the recommendation of Lord Curzon's Committee, the Treasury then constituted a separate Board of Trustees for managing its affairs. The new Board as thus appointed consists of Lord Plymouth, Lord d'Abernon, Mr. R. C. Witt, and Mr. C. J. Holmes, representing the Trustees of the National Gallery, Lord Henry Bentinck, M.P., Mr. D. S. MacColl, Mr. Robert Ross, Mr. J. R. Holliday, and Mr. C. Aitken, Keeper of the Tate Gallery. Mr. J. S. Sargent's name was included in the list as first announced, but he declined the invitation to join the new body. As it was understood that the chief object for which the separate Board was constituted was to provide for a representative body interested in and capable of dealing with various questions relating to modern art, the absence from the Board as now constituted of members expressly representing modern British art (Mr. Holmes and Mr. MacColl having been nominated in their official capacities) has created considerable dissatisfaction, to which expression is given in the following letter, addressed to the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury in July, which we have been asked to publish:

"We, the undersigned, being representatives of the leading Royal and other important Art Institutions throughout the Country, desire to call your attention to the dissatisfaction of the general body of Artists with the composition of the new Board appointed to manage the affairs of the National Gallery of British Art (Tate Gallery). In view of the importance of the decisions of this body to the future welfare of British Art, we regard with

gravest misgiving the absence of members directly and adequately representing the artists of this Country."

The letter bears the following signatures: Edward J. Poynter (President, Royal Academy); Frank Brangwyn (President, Royal Society of British Artists); Frank Short, R.A. (President, Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers); Thos. Brock, K.C.B., R.A. (President, Royal Society of British Sculptors); Dermot O'Brien (President, Royal Hibernian Academy); Cuthbert Grundy (President, Royal Cambrian Academy); T. C. Goch (President, Royal British Colonial Society of Artists); Lota Bowen (President, Society of Women Artists); J. J. Shannon (President, Royal Society of Portrait Painters); David Murray, R.A. (President, Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours); Alfred Parsons, R.A. (President, Royal Society



EMBROIDERED PANEL: "THE MAY QUEEN." DESIGNED
AND SEWN BY RACHEL GEORGE



"DANAË." TAPESTRY PANEL
DESIGNED BY EDMUND DULAC,
WOVEN BY LEO BELMONTE.



EMBROIDERED PANELS FOR AN OVERMANTEL. DESIGNED BY RACHEL GEORGE
SEWN BY CATHERINE GRIMSHAW

of Painters in Water Colours); E. A. Walton, R.S.A. (President, Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Water Colours); J. Coutts Michie (Vice-President, Aberdeen Artists Society); Robert Home (President, Society of Scottish Artists); Alfred Drury, R.A. (President, Society of Artists, Birmingham); E. Rimbault Dibdin (President, Museums Association); Frank Walton (President, Royal Institute of Oil Painters); Janet Stancomb-Wills (President, Royal West of England Academy); Nellie M. Hepburn Edmunds (Vice-President, Royal Society of Miniature Painters); A. S. Hartrick (Acting President, Senefelder Club); S. Melton Fisher (Chairman, Pastel Society); L. Kemp-Welch (President, Society of Animal Painters); Michael Simons (President, Royal Glasgow Institute of Fine Arts).

In reply to a question put by a Member in the House of Commons on August 9, Mr. Bonar Law stated that the letter was under consideration by the Government.

Our supplements this month include a reproduction in colour of a tapestry panel, *Danae*, designed by Mr. Edmund Dulac, and woven by M. Leo Belmonte at his atelier in Paris, its ultimate destination being the United States.

Our remaining illustrations show two attractive examples of needlework designed and worked by Mrs. George, a Manchester artist, with the co-operation of Miss Grimshaw. Mrs. George's work consists mostly of embroidery and stained work of a decorative character, and in conjunction with her husband, now serving with the

Royal Flying Corps, she has executed numerous figure panels for rooms designed by him.

To our obituary records have to be added the names of two artist-officers who have given their lives for their country, and both of whom were familiar by their work to frequenters of London exhibitions—Capt. C. M. Q. Orchardson, son of the late Sir W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., and himself a painter of marked ability, and Capt. Gerard Chowne, known chiefly as a talented painter of flower-pieces. Capt. Orchardson, who was attached to a camel corps in the East, died of wounds, and Capt. Chowne met his death in the same way while taking part in the operations in Macedonia.

We regret also to record the death of Miss Hilda Fearon, well known as an exhibitor at the Royal Academy, the International, and the New English Exhibitions. She excelled in studies of figures and still-life out of doors, in full sunlight, and a delicate sense of colour and a natural spontaneity of style gave lyrical charm to her work, which had many of the attractive features that characterize the painting of the self-taught. A brief period at the "Slade," and later some coaching, was all the strictly professional training she received.

The following artists have been elected members of the Council of the British Water-Colour Society: Mr. John Barker, Mr. A. Warren Dow, R.B.A., Mr. E. W. Haslehurst, R.B.A., Mr. Thomas Huson, R.I., Mr. William Matthison, Mr. E. Sharland, Mr. W. S. Stacey, and Mr. W. Vanderlyn, R.I.



"A THATCHED HOUSE AND THE VOICE
OF THE PINE." BY ARAI-SUIKO

TOKYO.—The tenth annual art exhibition under the auspices of the Department of Education, which was recently held at Ueno Park, Tokyo, was extremely popular. (The exhibition is generally known in Japan as "Bun-Ten" for short: "Bun" is another pronunciation of the first character of Mon-bu-sho, or the Department of Education, and "Ten" is the first character of Ten-ran-kai, or exhibition.) Its popularity may be judged from the fact that during its run of about five weeks, nearly a quarter of a million persons visited the galleries.

And when it was moved to Kyoto to be shown there for a brief period, it again drew thousands of visitors daily. The "Bun-Ten" in Tokyo contained 144 paintings in the Japanese style, chosen out of 2356 pictures submitted; 92 paintings in the Western style selected from among 1551 oil and water-colour paintings sent in; and 36 pieces of sculpture passed out of 221 submitted to the judging committee. I can refer here to only a limited number of these works, and chiefly those in which new tendencies were indicated.

To judge from the paintings generally, strong efforts are being made by our artists to express the moods, the inner feelings of their subjects. On this point perhaps none has succeeded so



"FUJI-MAME"

BY EMORI-TENJU



"A SHOWER" (PAIR OF SCREENS)

BY IKEDA-TERUKATA

well as Tsuchida-Bakusen in his *Three Dancing Girls*. Contrary to the usual custom, Bakusen has drawn these girls' faces far from beautiful. He caught them at a serious moment, when their minds were concentrated on the card game they are playing. Bakusen has always shown us something new and original in his work, and in this panel he has succeeded in expressing very cleverly the varying conditions of minds in simple intensity. *Women of Muro* (a pair of six-panelled screens) by Matsuoka-Eikyū was another work of a similar class. Shut in by a fence, four girls are idling away their time. Delicate flowers in the garden drenched in the spring rain, drawn with wonderful realism in silver lines, suggest the life and fate of the girls, who live in seclusion to wait on

occasional noble visitors. So in *Preparing the Elixir* (a pair of two-panelled screens), by Hashimoto-Kwansetsu, the spirit of youth radiates from the face of an aged man watching a boy grinding the ingredients of life. Again, in *Pure Beauty*, by Terasaki-Kogyō, the beauty of nature in summer is incarnated in a pure innocent girl who stands in the full enjoyment of the balmy air and the freshness of the foliage about her.

The tendency towards the expression of mood, rather than a mere display of skill in decorative treatment, has naturally made some of our artists philosophically inclined. There were a greater number of pictures than before, which constrained one to ponder over them, suggesting



"EIGHT SEA-SHORE SCENES"

BY KAWAKITA-KAHO

certain phases of life's problem. No painting on exhibition appealed to me more profoundly than Kawai-Gyokudo's *Departing Spring*. The artist has painted cherry blossoms being scattered from the branches by the wind, some petals falling on the stream below to be whirled away on their eternal journey—"The flower that has once blown for ever dies." In the endless routine of life revolve the wheels of the floating mills secured by ropes over a current swiftly flowing through a gorge. Here a phase of this fleeting and transient life is vividly portrayed. Ceaseless time flows on even as the water in the stream—so the seasons pass and years roll by.

I turn now to another phase of this exhibition.

The work of contemporary artists, on the whole, has grown very decorative—decorative in two ways—on the one hand, quiet tones and graceful lines, and, on the other, glaring colours and bold composition. As the best example of the former, *A Flowery Meadow* (a pair of screens) by Kikuchi-Keigetsu may be cited. The graceful lines of *susuki* in lapis lazuli, strewn with purple blossoms of *kikyo* with a stream of silver on one screen, and a bent form of an aged woman leaning on a staff on the other, were very delicately yet decoratively treated. As examples of the bolder style, Kawasaki-Kotora's *Flower Contest* and Hirata-Shodo's *Rival Flowers* may be mentioned, the decorative quality of the latter being derived from a

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pleasing harmony of bright colours in painting a large variety of flowers pictorially grouped.

The existence of a strong realistic school of painters cannot be overlooked. Indeed, on the whole, there is a marked tendency to realism, and this was plainly visible in the exhibition, a notable example being Kawamura-Manshu's triptych *Chikubu-shima*, and especially the two side panels—one depicting an early morning scene and the other that of a moonlight night, which were wonderfully realistic.

Another point to note is the general advancement of technique shown. It is the result of a universal effort to try all sorts of new means of expression while not neglecting the methods used by our old masters. In this connexion, Tsuji-Kwako's *Clay Figures* (a pair of screens) attracted considerable attention, mainly because it stood in strong contrast to the pictures that surrounded it. The contrast came from an apparently simple, unpretentious treatment, devoid of gay colouring. A closer observation revealed very interesting marks of baked clay, a peculiar

effect of *sumi* (ink) on paper, which added much to the quality of this painting, though similar marks, apparently accidental, were visible in Emori-Tenju's *Fuji-mame*, which escaped people's attention.

Noticeable also was the evidence of an approximation in our painting to the style of oil painting of the West, alike in composition, in quality of colours, and in the manner of treatment. Among several striking examples of this character may be named Ono-Chikkyo's *Early Spring* and *Wintry Hillside*, and Yuda-Gyokusui's *Summer on the Coast of Hitachi and Iwaki*. Simultaneously there was a marked decrease of paintings in the pure *nanga* style, of which only a few examples were shown. The best was Mizuta-Chikuho's *Early Summer* in black monochrome. With perfect ease, Chikuho has given the expanse and freshness of life in landscape, with an excellent gradation of colour values and poetic suggestion.

The work at the exhibition showed a general advance in handling figure subjects. There were



"A PEACH ORCHARD"

OIL PAINTING BY OKADA-SABUROSUKE



"WOMEN DIVERS"

OIL PAINTING BY KOBAYASHI-SHOKICHI

numerous paintings dealing with historical subjects, such as *A Sea Fight* by Yamakawa-Eiga and *The Fan Target* by Ogata-Gessan, but not a single example of portrait painting as such. I have also to note the almost total disappearance of paintings in which an effective use of blank space is made. It must be conceded that one of the valuable assets of the traditional style of our painting is to present only the essentials, leaving no small space of the silk blank in such a way that it performs its own function of depth and intensity. By *the Water in Winter* (a pair of two-panelled screens) by Takebayashi-Shuho was one of the very few pictures in which the blank space was well utilized.

Before concluding, let me say that, judged by this exhibition, the qualities which used to distinguish the works of Kyoto artists from those of Tokyo are fast disappearing. The former have generally been known for their skill in the use of brush and colours, and the latter for emphasizing thoughts rather than the skill. It has been aptly said that the Kyoto artists

paint with their hands, while those of Tokyo paint with their heads. But the recent Mom-busho art exhibition has shown that this local colour is fading away.

Great strides are being made by our artists who use the oil medium. With the increase of European architecture in Japan, the demand for oil and water-colour paintings has grown and their appreciation enhanced, giving stimulus to the artists who have adopted the methods of the West. I shall merely mention here some of the works which were highly commendable. Among the best were *Picking Mulberry Leaves* and *Summer Morning* by Ota-Kijiro, *A Fine Breezy Day* by Nagahara-Kotaro, *A Peach Orchard* by Okada-Saburosuke, *Portrait of Prof. Tanakadate* by Nakamura-Tsune, *When Grapes Ripen* by Touji-Hisashi, *Spring* by Nakagawa-Hachiro, *Women Divers* by Kobayashi-Shokichi, *Potters* by Mitsutani-Kunishiro, *Under the Shade in the Garden* by Okubo-Sakujiro, *Blue Light* by Nakazawa-Hiromitsu, and *Dawn* by Nakamura-Fusetsu.

HARADA JIRO.

REVIEWS.

The Western Front.—Drawings by MUIRHEAD BONE. Text by Captain C. E. MONTAGUE. Introduction by Field-Marshal Sir DOUGLAS HAIG, G.C.B., etc., (London: Published by authority of the War Office from the offices of "Country Life," Ltd.) Vol. 1. 15s. net.—After what has already been said in these pages apropos of Mr. Bone's remarkable series of drawings at the time the first instalments were issued to the public, little remains to be added concerning the present volume, which comprises Parts I to V. As artistic achievements they enhance the high reputation which Mr. Bone had gained long before this gigantic upheaval of armed force burst upon the world; the significance of the scenes he has witnessed has been conveyed with an eloquence far transcending that of the spoken or written word, and in a way too which completely establishes the superiority of the artist's vision over that of the camera. As Sir Douglas Haig remarks in his brief foreword, "The destruction caused by war, the wide areas of devastation, the vast mechanical agencies essential in war . . . the masses of supplies required, and the wonderful cheerfulness and indomitable courage of the soldiers under varying climatic conditions, are worthy subjects for the artist who aims at recording for all time the spirit of the age in which he has lived"; and every one will agree that the War Office did the right thing in appointing an artist of Mr. Bone's calibre to the special duty of making these drawings as a permanent record of the conditions incidental to the campaign carried on by our armies in the West with its "long left flank" on the water—for by no means the least interesting of the drawings are those which give us an insight into the life of our sailors, whose untiring vigilance has made the land campaign possible. The name of Captain Montague as the author of the textual commentary accompanying the reproductions now appears for the first time, and here again the War Office selection has been most fortunate, for the Captain's notes are written in a vigorous, racy vein, avoiding all unnecessary verbiage. Praise is due to those responsible for the production of the publication, and the way in which the drawings have been reproduced calls for particular commendation.

Quilts: Their Story and How to Make Them. By MARIE D. WEBSTER. (London: B. T. Batsford, Ltd.; New York: Doubleday, Page and Co.) 10s. 6d. net.—We were under the impression that the home-made quilt was to be numbered among the many articles of domestic use which have been almost wholly supplanted by the machine product, but it is gratifying to learn from the author of this entertaining and beautifully illustrated book that "there are more quilts being made at the present time—in the great cities as well as in the rural communities—than ever before," and that "their construction as a household occupation—and recreation—is steadily increasing in popularity." Especially in the remote country districts of America—and the book is mainly concerned with the practice of the craft in the United States—the making of quilts, in common with other household crafts that flourished before the advent of machinery, is, we are told, carried on exactly as in the old days, and perhaps nowhere with more energy and passion than in the humble dwellings of the mountaineers of Kentucky, whose womenfolk "still sit at their quilting-frames and create beauty and work wonders with patient needles." In days gone by, however, quilt-making was an occupation pursued by women of all classes in America, where the "quilting bee" was as much a social institution as the "At Home" of modern times; and as showing the great diversity of the patterns worked, the author gives a list of several hundred names bestowed on them, some of which are very curious, such as "Johnny around the Corner," "Joseph's Necktie," "Puss in the Corner," "Toad in the Puddle." It is interesting to note that the introduction of the arts of patchwork and quilting to the American continent is due entirely to the English and Dutch, for, says the author, "no evidence has been found that Spanish and French colonists made use of quilting." In the earlier chapters of her book Miss Webster sketches the history of the craft in the Old World, observing that it came into vogue in Western Europe after the return of the Crusaders from the East. The practical side of the subject is also dealt with, and as supplementing her remarks in this connexion the numerous excellent illustrations, of which sixteen are in colour and all are admirably printed, will be welcomed by the needleworker of to-day who is interested in this fascinating domestic craft.

THE LAY FIGURE: ON THE BROTHERHOOD OF BRITISH ART

"DO you not think that there is a tendency to subdivide art a great deal too much, to split it up into small groups and to separate it into minute sections?" asked the Critic. "I would like to see more cohesion among artists and more community of feeling."

"But I suppose there must be some subdivisions," said the Man with the Red Tie. "Universal brotherhood in art is an impossibility, I think, and absolute community of feeling among artists, even if it were a thing worth striving for, an ideal that can never be realised."

"Perhaps so," agreed the Critic; "but at least there might be some sort of brotherhood among the artists of each nation. Surely they are all working to express the national sentiment even if they are doing it in different ways, and that fact should be sufficient to prevent too much divergence."

"How is it possible for all the artists in a nation like ours to have a common national sentiment?" broke in the Plain Man. "They are scattered all over the world and each one must as a matter of course be affected by local influences."

"Yet they are all British artists and think and work as members of the British race," argued the Critic. "Local influences may affect the manner of their expression, but the fundamental principles of British art will still guide their work."

"And British art, you think, will be British art, wherever it is produced," commented the Plain Man. "I am not sure that I agree with you, but there is, I admit, something big in the idea of a kind of artistic unity throughout the whole Empire."

"Yes, and it is an idea worth developing," said the Man with the Red Tie. "It is an idea, too, which could be developed effectively without any interference with artistic liberty of opinion."

"But how is the process of development to be carried out?" asked the Plain Man. "It is one thing to have ideals and quite another to make them practical."

"That is true enough," assented the Critic; "but people who believe sufficiently in their

ideals can find the way to make them workable. The first step, I think, would be to bring the British artists in all parts of the world into closer contact."

"Certainly that would be a good beginning," agreed the Plain Man. "Closer contact would lead to better understanding, and from better understanding would come fuller sympathy. But by what means is this closer contact to be secured?"

"By freer interchange of art work between the Home Country and the Overseas Dominions," replied the Critic. "As it is, a good deal of the work done in the British Isles has been exhibited in other parts of the Empire; let us respond by showing here freely and amply what the artists in the Dominions have achieved."

"You mean that you want representative exhibitions of overseas work to be held in this country," commented the Man with the Red Tie.

"Exactly; that is what we want first of all," declared the Critic. "We want the overseas art to be as well known to artists and art lovers in this country as is the work of our own men. We want each Dominion to show to us fully and regularly what its artists can do and how they are maintaining the British spirit under local conditions. We want to be always in close touch with them and to acquire in full measure that understanding of them and their aims which fosters sympathy."

"And where do you suggest that these representative exhibitions should be held?" inquired the Plain Man.

"I do not care much where they are held so long as they are given a proper setting, and are accorded the right kind of attention," answered the Critic. "The Royal Academy might very well take the matter in hand and devote its galleries to periodical exhibitions of overseas art—and in this way it would be fulfilling its official mission as a directing influence in British art more completely than it ever has before. All I ask is that each Dominion, after having properly organized its artistic resources, should select and send us its best, and that every artist outside the shores of the British Isles should strive to be a worthy member of the brotherhood of British art. That is the only way to establish the unity of our school." THE LAY FIGURE

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